HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL COMBINED WITH

MARCH 1951 • 35¢
CANADA 40 CENTS

Cosmopolitan

Why we should draft the 4-F's

Men need a New Line
By JOAN CRAWFORD

Complete Novel of Violence and Mystery

THIS ISSUE ONLY... 25¢

Tall Girls (see page 71)

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Whatever your favorite drink—no other whiskey in all the world will endow it with the *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* of Lord Calvert. For, of all the millions of gallons we distill, only the very choicest are set aside for Lord Calvert . . . custom-blended for moderate men who appreciate the finest. So why not let Lord Calvert make *your* next drink a *better* drink? Your guests will certainly compliment your choice.

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

MR. STEVAN DOHANOS—*distinguished artist and illustrator. Raised by immigrant parents in Ohio, Stevan Dohanos earned his art tuition as a steel-mill worker, truck driver and grocery clerk. He then painted steadily for five years before his talents for dramatizing commonplace scenes gained widespread recognition. Today Mr. Dohanos' murals beautify many public buildings, his cover illustrations appear regularly on the country's most popular magazines, and his devotion to developing young talent has led him to an outside teaching career in the Famous Artist Course, Westport, Connecticut.*

For every woman who leads a double life . . .

COMPETENT YOU. You whip up rave-winning dinners, breeze through stacks of dishes, tub your fine things, too. But your hands don't get rough and red—for you keep Trushay by your kitchen sink and smooth on its fragrant creaminess *before* each washing task. Then when HE is around, it's . . .

CAPTIVATING YOU—with hands so soft and appealing, he can't resist holding them. Yes, "beforehand" Trushay guards hands *even in hot, sudsy water.* But that's only part of its magic. Trushay is such a wondrous quick *softener*—you'll want a bottle on your dressing table as well as in your kitchen.

TRUSHAY . . . *the "beforehand" lotion . . . guards your hands even in hot, sudsy water!*

And OH, what a fabulous skin softener! Trushay's oil-richness gives dry skin a velvety feel. Softens and smooths elbows, heels, knees.

A "lovelier-you" powder base! So flattering—so natural looking—the way your Trushay-based make-up clings! No cakey, gummy look!

Such soothing relief for chapped skin! Cracked, sore skin *feels* better—*looks* better—the moment Trushay's soothing, smoothing oils go to work.

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

BUY TWO BOTTLES OF TRUSHAY—ONE FOR YOUR KITCHEN AND ONE FOR YOUR DRESSING TABLE

Picture of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

FRED JANE

ASTAIRE • POWELL

"ROYAL WEDDING"

in

co-starring **PETER LAWFORD**

SARAH KEENAN

CHURCHILL • WYNN

with **ALBERT SHARPE**

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Story and Screen Play by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by BURTON LANE
Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Directed by . . . STANLEY DONEN
Produced by . . . ARTHUR FREED

It's a mystery to us how M-G-M can capture such a mood of holiday. They did it with "Annie Get Your Gun", "Three Little Words", "Easter Parade", "Summer Stock", and now—the Technicolor musical that goes merrily as a marriage bell—"Royal Wedding".

There's joy and pace from the very beginning as the brother-and-sister team of Fred Astaire and Jane Powell whirl their singing, dancing way from Broadway to London.

Fred meets Sarah Churchill, who makes her charming American film debut in "Royal Wedding". Soon Fred's romance is soaring so high he's dancing on the ceiling. That's what we said! In fact, Fred's solo specialities are practically out of this world for sheer invention.

As for sister Jane, she has shipboard romances but walks into the real thing in the person of Peter Lawford. What better excuse could a girl have to sing love songs?—and Jane does!

Also, you're in for a dazzling surprise when she joins Fred in three comedy song-and-dance numbers. We haven't seen such exuberant grace since Fred was dancing with his real-life sister.

"Royal Wedding" boasts a double-header of comedy. Keenan Wynn is twins in this!

The score of "Royal Wedding" (music by Burton Lane, lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner) contains eight new songs, from rhumbas and ballads to jump tunes and novelties, all available on M-G-M Records.

So go with your favorite guy or gal, but remember, we warned you—that "Royal Wedding" fever is catching!

P.S.: More big ones in Technicolor on the way from M-G-M shortly bring you "Across The Wide Missouri" (Clark Gable) and "Mr. Imperium" (Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza). And remember, 1951 is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

Hearst's International Combined with

Cosmopolitan

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MARCH, 1951

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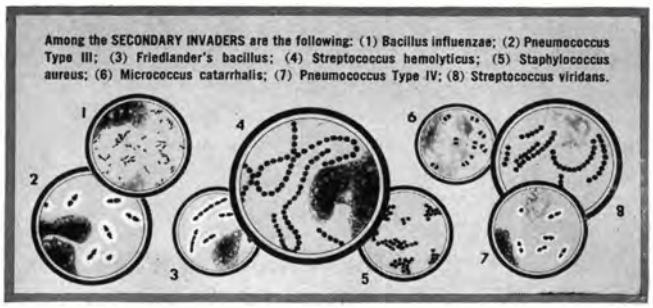
THE COSMOPOLITAN COVER GIRL KODACHROME BY JAMES ABBÉ

COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HEARST MAGAZINES INC., 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., U. S. A. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD; RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; JOHN RANDOLPH HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; FRED LEWIS, VICE-PRESIDENT & TREASURER; A. S. MOORE, VICE-PRESIDENT; ROBERT E. HAIG, VICE-PRESIDENT; HARRY M. DUNLAP, VICE-PRESIDENT; R. F. McCAULEY, SECRETARY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, $3.50 FOR ONE YEAR, $5.50 FOR TWO YEARS, $7.50 FOR THREE YEARS; CANADA, $4.00 FOR ONE YEAR; PAN-AMERICAN COUNTRIES AND SPAIN, $4.50 FOR ONE YEAR; OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, $6.50 FOR ONE YEAR. WHEN CHANGING ADDRESS, GIVE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW, WITH POSTAL ZONE NUMBER IF ANY, AND ALLOW FIVE WEEKS FOR CHANGE TO BECOME EFFECTIVE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. AUTHORIZED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL, POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA. MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE TYPEWRITTEN AND WILL NOT BE RETURNED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY SUFFICIENT POSTAGE. COSMOPOLITAN CANNOT ASSUME ANY RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE SAFETY OF UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS.



When this happens...

Wet feet, or cold feet, may so lower body resistance that germs in the throat called the Secondary Invaders can get the upper hand.

these germs may invade tissue...

Here are some of the Secondary Invaders which many authorities think responsible for most of a cold's misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes it easier for them to invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion.

you start sneezing!

That sneeze, or cough, or sniffle is usually a sign that you may be in for a cold . . . that you should start fighting it with Listerine Antiseptic.

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*QUICK!*

The safe, direct way to attack colds and sore throat

That Listerine Antiseptic gargle gets right to the seat of the trouble . . . the threatening germs in the throat shown above. They can cause most of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic kills them by millions on throat surfaces.

So, if you gargle Listerine Antiseptic early, you may head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity, once started.

The Listerine Antiseptic way is a safe way, a direct way, with none of the undesirable side-effects of some so-called "miracle drugs". It has a wonderful record against colds and sore throat.

Tests made during twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats—and generally milder ones—than those who did not gargle.

So, if you feel a cold coming on, or your throat is scratchy, get busy with Listerine Antiseptic at once, no matter what else you do. Attack the infection before it attacks you.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

What goes on at

SOME NOTES ON OUR AUTHORS, A LOOK BACK TO 1905.

Because editors spend an unusually large number of hours at luncheons and cocktail parties, someone recently wondered when an editor ever got to his primary task, namely, editing.

The simple answer is that most editors use the evenings and the weekends trying to catch up with the deadline that is always on top of them.

The difficulties of working at home are in direct proportion to the number of little people under, say, ten years who police the workroom. Weary hours of homework are inevitably complicated by the little ones, who believe enthusiastically and sometimes with justification, that manuscripts make better cutouts and toy airplanes than reading matter. The editor's irritation at this game is exceeded only by the author's when he receives his rejected and wounded manuscript in the mail. Nor is a small child wont to respect the quiet needed to concentrate on articles to be edited and stories to be read. Again with some justification, they resent it like mad.

So, dear friends, next time you see an editor shakily dipping into a Martini, take a searching glance at the circles under the circles under his eyes. Here, indeed, is the true badge of his profession.

◆ ◆ ◆

Michael Drury, author of the article on big-shot secretaries, page 56, is a girl who tells us that bearing a man's first name is a very interesting thing, and she recommends it for all females.

In the first place, Mike says her name is an ideal conversation-opener. Everyone wants to know how her mother came to call a girl a boy. Mike's greatest regret is her answer can be no more dramatic than that her mother thought it a cute idea. Mike's been working on a new answer for years.

Nowadays, Mike is always careful to sign "Miss" in front of her name on letters. One hot day she forgot to do so, and a man she had an appointment with came to the door in shorts, looked at Mike, and, in a panic, slammed the door in her face. A few moments later he came back, fully clad, opened the door cautiously, and inquired, "*Miss* Drury?"

The lady named "Mike"

Mike has never forgotten again.

◆ ◆ ◆

Milton Lehman's indignant, documented article on "The 4-F Scandal," page 32, comes partially from his own draft-board experience in World War II. Lehman was almost rejected at the time because of 20-100 vision in his left eye. After his plea that he could see well enough with glasses, the Army reluctantly consented to take him. After that near-rejection, Lehman's war record goes like this:

He first went to Fort Meade for training in the Twenty-ninth Infantry Division. He was on maneuvers in South Carolina with that outfit when Pearl Harbor erupted. Lehman went to England as a supply corporal with the Twenty-ninth, was transferred to Public Relations in the II Army Corps, and landed in Oran, Algeria, in 1942, where he was assigned to Stars and Stripes. *He served his overseas hitch with that newspaper as a combat correspondent, covering campaigns in Tunisia, Sicily, Italy, and France.*

When Lehman was mustered out

Cosmopolitan

AND THE PROBLEMS OF AN EDITOR WITH CHILDREN

of the Army in 1945, he had seven battle stars in his Europe–Africa ribbon, an invasion arrowhead, and the Legion of Merit.

According to the Lehman article, his own experience in having to fight his way into the Army was anything but unique.

◆ ◆ ◆

The man who is beginning a whole new series of domestic crises with his quiz on page 68, is not, as you might suspect, a marriage counselor. He is a safety engineer of high repute from Oklahoma City, named Ralph H. Snyder. He has done extensive research in traffic safety, and his "Driver Testing and Training Service" in Oklahoma is recognized as one of the leading laboratories of its kind.

Mr. Snyder insists his quiz, "Are You a Better Driver Than Your Husband?" is not another slur on female auto-pilots. "The average male driver," says Mr. Snyder, "believes he is 'the best driver on the road.' Women, on the other hand, have a feeling of inferiority and are never sure of themselves behind the wheel. Both attitudes are dangerous, and correcting them would cut the accident rate enormously."

◆ ◆ ◆

Hyman Goldberg, who went to Chicago to interview members of the Tall Girls Club in the Windy City (see page 74), stands five feet five inches (in shoes, which he almost always wears), and he weighs in at 180 pounds. "Never," he says, "in all my life, have I felt as I did when I was talking to a half-dozen of the Tall Girls at once. I felt petite and dainty."

Goldie made quite an impression on the staff of the Palmer House Hotel, where he stayed during his visit.

"The floor clerks at the Palmer House," he said, "are nice, gentle, genteel old ladies. For three days running, I had a constant stream of six-foot girls calling on me. They would arrive singly, in pairs, and several times five or six showed up at once. Every time I would escort several of the long-legged girls to the elevator, the room clerk would eye me with openmouthed awe. By the time I left, she was shaking her head whenever she saw me and mumbling, 'My, oh my, oh my.'

"I don't know *exactly* what she thought, but I like to think that I have a pretty good idea."

◆ ◆ ◆

Not long ago, an old COSMOPOLITAN *fan sent this bureau a copy of the December, 1905, issue, with a special note directing us to "Magazine Shopping Talk"—the 1905 equivalent of this column. Its author shared our own unbounded enthusiasm for the magazine. In fact, the opening lines of his column seem apt enough to repeat now, forty-six years later:*

"Despite all this cry of greed and graft, the sniffs and snorts of the pessimists and the lament of the socially disaffected generally, the readers of COSMOPOLITAN *can still find pleasure in the best reading to be found anywhere."*

J. O'C.

I.N.P.

Some visitors for Hyman Goldberg

Readers Write

Drafting Women

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: The article, "The Government's Plan for Drafting Women," in the November issue of COSMOPOLITAN is a genuine contribution to proper understanding of the role of professional nursing in the event of a national emergency.

However, we feel that the statement in the article—"The American Nurses' Association is advocating . . . national registration of women, and some sort of compulsory selective service"—does not adequately present the position of the American Nurses' Association.

We would like the readers of COSMOPOLITAN to know that ANA has opposed a draft of nurses. However, if a national emergency suddenly required registered nurses in large numbers, ANA would support selective service for all women. —ELLA BEST, R.N.
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY
AMERICAN NURSES' ASSOCIATION

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA: I object strongly. If our country stoops to drafting women, it will be no better than Russia. Our people will not be free. Our women will become hard and unfeeling. Our children will be raised in institutions. I pray to God to send us help before we make this mistake and lose all the love and humanity left in this hard, unfeeling world. —UNSIGNED

Real Beauty

GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO: You finally made it! Your December cover girl looks real—not like a superficial New York model. Bet she originated in the good old West, or at least in a small town. She's beautiful!

But nowhere could I find a word about her. Shame on you!
—MRS. C. A. THOMPSON

December's cover girl—a Westerner—is a nineteen-year-old Californian named Alice Kelley. She has turned down three movie offers in order to finish college. —THE EDITORS

Resemblance?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: I am a new reader, and though I found it much too short, your wonderful article on the fabulous "Churchill lass" was delightful. I could not help but notice the distinct resemblance of Miss C. to Garbo. At twenty-one, I am too young to remember G.G., but I've seen many photos of her. —MRS. H. HAGOPION

Sarah Churchill

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Miss Churchill, whose charms you illuminated in your December issue, should have no difficulty succeeding as an actress. Her distinguished father is one of the greatest actors of all time, and surely the epoch in which he has lived is more dramatic than the greatest play ever written. —SYLVIA WESTMORE

Too Few Blondes?

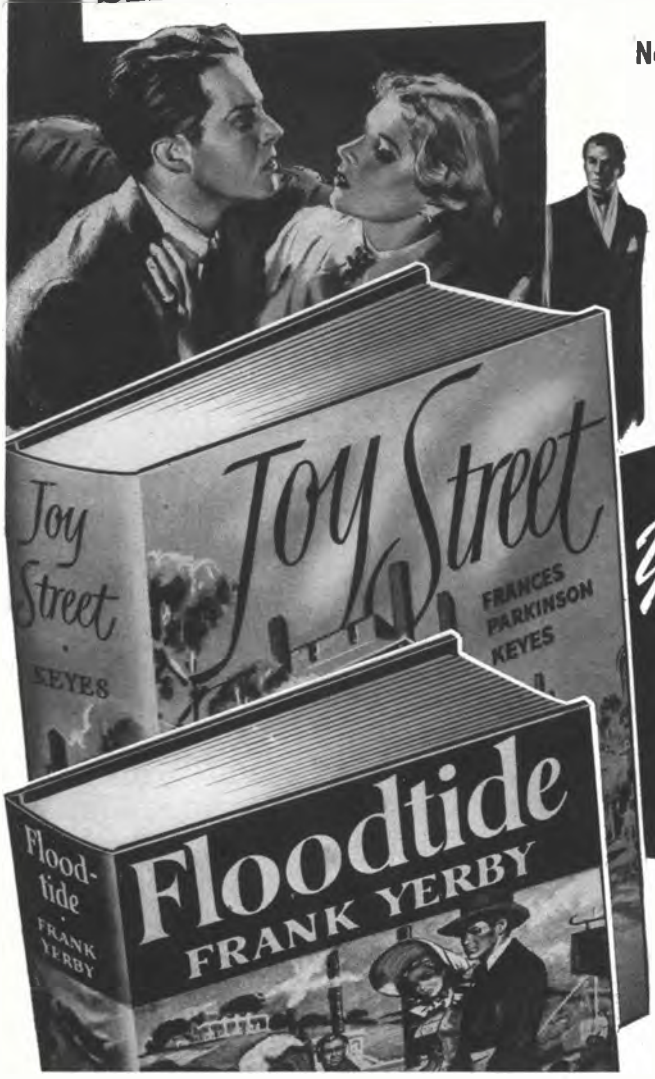
TOKYO, JAPAN: As one of the many veterans of the Korean campaign, who until getting wounded had relinquished all the fine and beautiful things associated with home, I particularly welcomed your feature "Too Many Blondes" [October issue]—although I considered it the greatest overstatement of the year! —Q.R.

Dodging the Draft

BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA: I was shocked to read [in "How to Dodge the Draft," November issue] the lengths to which some Americans will go to avoid military duty. There is something wrong with our educational system and our churches if we continue to produce such citizens. —ANNE JAMESON

(Continued on page 10)

On Her Wedding Night..
she fell in love with a Stranger!



FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES'
Newest Hit... the Story of a "Society Marriage" that Concealed a Shocking Secret!

Beautiful Emily Thayer's marriage to Harvard-bred Roger Field made big headlines on every "society page" in the East. All of Boston's aristocracy turned out to wish happiness to the wealthy young couple.

But, at her own wedding reception, Emily met a total stranger—not even a "blue-blood"—*and fell in love for the first time in her life!*

For as long afterwards as she could, she re-assured herself that her marriage was right. After all, her husband was "her own kind." *Then, one night, David the stranger, David the strong and tender, took Emily into his arms, and she felt her cherished respectability crumbling away forever.*

JOY STREET, the sensational best-seller by the author of *Dinner at Antoine's*, is yours FREE, together with Frank Yerby's new hit, *Floodtide*—also FREE—if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

with membership in The Dollar Book Club

Yours FREE! BOTH THESE HITS

Your Second FREE Book—The Newest Hit by the Author of "The Foxes of Harrow"!

Morgan Brittany was ravishingly lovely, and she taught the art of love to young Ross Pary as no woman had done before—but she asked a price no man could pay! Fiery passion, breathless action and colorful Mississippi background make Frank Yerby's *Floodtide* the year's big novel—his best yet! Yours FREE, plus *Joy Street*—when you join!

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What's New in Medicine

POLIOMYELITIS VIRUS infects most people on contact, but they usually develop an immunity and escape paralysis. Frequent subsequent attacks of the virus maintain this protective level of immunity in most people. These facts, uncovered in a recent survey, raise the question of whether it would be wise to protect children against the slight subclinical infection that can give them an immunity to the virus. Immunologists now oppose annual vaccinations against polio for the mass of children. However, one leading authority believes that the wisest course is to prevent infantile paralysis with gamma globulin. Experiments have shown that this substance, commonly used to inoculate against measles, protects animals against poliomyelitis virus as well. Gamma globulin is convenient, safe, and available, and this expert believes that an extensive, controlled experiment should be carried out in one area to establish its usefulness against polio.

HAIR GROWTH *was stimulated in an experiment with a male-sex-hormone solution conducted by Uruguayan physicians. They applied the solution to one underarm of a thirteen-year-old boy, and then applied a similar solution—but without the hormone ingredient—to the other underarm. The application stimulated the growth of sex organs, and the underarm treated with the hormone solution developed more hair than the other underarm.*

SEX DETERMINATION has been the subject of recent Russian experiments. Electric poles, plus and minus, were used to separate the sperm of rabbits. The idea was that the sperm carrying male determinants differed from the female-potential sperm and thus the two might gravitate to opposite poles. Artificial insemination of female rabbits with the sperm attracted to the negative pole resulted in litters three-fourths female and one-fourth male. Insemination with the sperm attracted to the positive pole produced three-fourth male and one-fourth female offspring. Male rabbits immunized with the negative-pole sperm sired litters that were ninety-per-cent male; male rabbits immunized with the positive-pole sperm produced ninety-per-cent female litters. However, independent confirmation of these results is needed before this method of sex determination can be accepted.

A DRAWING TEST *recently devised to study the subject's personality requires him to sketch the most unpleasant thing he can think of. As a result of five hundred such tests, psychologists found that completely forgotten experiences are sometimes recovered. The portrayal of bizarre fantasies seems to provide relief in some cases. Obviously, a psychiatrist must analyze and interpret the meaning of the drawings.*

HEREDITARY DISEASE *begins at a progressively earlier age in successive generations of the same family, according to the long-accepted doctrine that anticipation of a family disease hastens its onset. That doctrine has now been set aside by reports from the Mayo Clinic and from a Chicago clinic, based on a study of more than a hundred families. Experts have established that diabetes begins at varying ages and that the age at which the disease strikes the parents in no way affects the age of onset in the child.*

FOUR BLOOD SUBSTITUTES are of major importance now—Dextran, a Swedish product made up of a variety of sugars; Periston, developed in Germany and used during World War II, and two gelatin products, which include pure gelatin and oxypoly gelatin. Oxypoly gelatin does not jell at ordinary temperatures. Periston is currently the most favored blood substitute. The war in Korea has used up all surplus blood from World War II, much of it having been reprocessed. Germans have given Periston to almost a million people, and it is now being manufactured in the United States as Polyvinyl Pyrrolidone.

FROSTBITTEN *limbs should be warmed rapidly, according to Russian investigators, who contradict the generally accepted rule that slow, gradual heating is best. The Russians say that the sooner a frostbitten area is warmed, the less damage to the tissue. They recommend washing with a five-per-cent tannic-acid alcohol solution and a ten- or fifteen-minute treatment with a sunlamp for three or four days.*

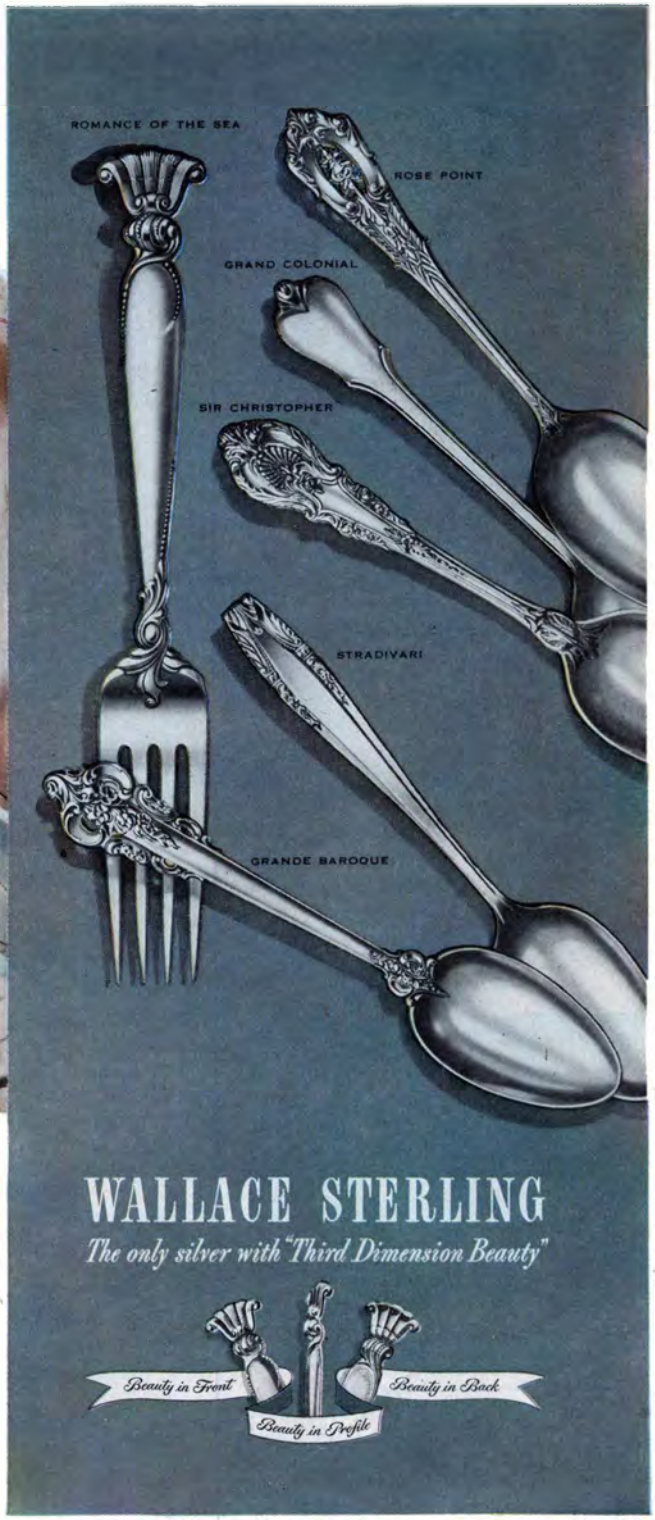
A RICE DIET for high-blood-pressure patients is effective, but so unappetizing that some patients are unable to take it for more than a few days. This is reported by the British Medical Research Council after a careful test of the diet. The patients were fed rice, fruit, fruit juices, and sugar or syrup with added vitamins. In some cases, iron was added to prevent anemia. The patients kept on the diet an average of forty-one days, although a few managed to last ninety-five days. It was impossible to keep the patients on the rice diet once they were released from the hospital. Most discharged patients merely continued the ordinary low-salt diet. The rice diet benefited seventy-five per cent of the patients, and in most cases reduced the blood pressure at rest. Salt restriction was the primary factor in causing blood pressure to drop, the British say.

CERTAIN POISONS *tested on animals were more powerful when injected at two in the afternoon than at two in the morning, according to Swedish pharmacologists. The poisons had greater effect when the animal's voluntary activity was greater.*

COMPILED FOR COSMOPOLITAN READERS BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

...in all her Day Dreams

...a wedding, a home, all her very own. She's wishful about a table aglow with most precious Wallace Sterling. It will be proudly displayed in sculptured "Third Dimension Beauty"—lovingly cherished as her most prized possession.



Famed designer, William S. Warren, created these exquisite patterns in full-formed sculpture. Each design is lovely from every view—not only in front, but in profile and back as well. Only Wallace Sterling Silver has "Third Dimension Beauty." Six piece place settings from $32.50 to $43.50 including tax.

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT • *Since 1835* • WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, TORONTO, CANADA

Readers Write

(Continued from page 6)

Lana Turner

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: If I may have the floor for a few seconds, may I say your article on Lana Turner [November issue] turned my stomach. In the past, I have found you okay, but almost all of your descriptive phrases in this article were sickening and incredible.

—MRS. LOUIS A. BAKER

The incredible Miss Turner

PACIFIC PALISADES, CALIFORNIA: I am happy to see that Miss Lana Turner is back. Something has been missing from our civilization, and I couldn't imagine what it was. Now I see that Miss Turner has been away from Hollywood. That explains everything. As a matter of fact, have you heard a *better* explanation? —F. W.

Bar Crowe?

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI: Congratulations on scoring the most terrific scoop in magazine history—how Crowe stole nearly a million dollars [November issue]. It was fascinating reading and gave great insight into the mind of that most astonishing of all humans—the amateur criminal. —G. B.

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA: I think you have done the country a disservice by publishing the confession of Crowe. By featuring this article as entertainment, you are glorifying crime. By publishing his name in the same size type as that of honest authors, you are insulting the craft. No man should be able to steal from his fellowmen and be permitted to sell his confession for the consumption of honest people. I presume you paid handsomely—proving crime can pay!

—SALLY REDDER

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA: Is it a coincidence that in the same issue you feature both an article and a story about a bank employee who steals money? Crowe couldn't possibly have put over a two-story parlay? —S. A.

Certainly not. "Exit," the story dealing with bank robbery, was written by Ernest Lehman, who confines his larceny strictly to the literary scene.

—The Editors

Satisfaction Complete

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS: Your new policy of publishing one complete short novel in each issue makes COSMOPOLITAN the perfect magazine for me.

—RICHARD PETERSON

Flight 14

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: COSMOPOLITAN has always been one of my favorite magazines, and after reading Mr. Katkov's, "I Was Four Inches from Death" [December issue], I felt COSMOPOLITAN's readers might like to know more.

I object to Mr. Katkov's distorted reporting of the event. The crew of American's Flight 14 had only the utmost respect and admiration for the courageous and sensible reaction of their passengers to this near tragedy. If Mr. Katkov had any sense of drama, he would have reported the wonderful scene of a loving mother who nursed her ten-month-old baby as the ship made its descent. Or the passenger who, while awaiting the arrival of another American flagship, jokingly inquired if it was to be another convertible model.

The Arizona's crew, headed by Captain Baker, a veteran of the famous "Hump" flights in the C.B.I. theatre, performed their duties in the finest airline tradition, lovely Joan Robinson, with a nasty head wound, calmly going about her duties in aiding passengers.

It might be of interest to learn that all but three passengers continued their journey by another American flagship.

Mr. Katkov, please don't think ill of me, but you Hollywood writers should learn to control your imaginations.

—J. M. SPANICH, METEOROLOGIST
AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

Every person reacts differently to paralyzing fear. Mr. Katkov simply reported what he saw and felt.

—THE EDITORS

Back to the farm?

Young Man versus New York

PEORIA, ILLINOIS: I enjoyed your description of the efforts of one man to conquer New York [January issue]. Frankly, I don't think it's worth it. In the improbable event that the young man is successful in New York, he will immediately try to migrate to the country and buy a farm. He can have the same farm now at a fifth of the price and live longer and happier on it—by staying home in the first place.

—TOM LACKINGWORTH

BEST NEWCOMER to pictures is Pier Angeli, who plays the title role in "Teresa," the story of an Italian peasant girl who marries a GI and returns with him to a cold-water tenement in the New York slums.

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

There's something mighty wonderful to recommend to you this month—a rollicking, witty comedy. True to its title, "The Mating Season" has no problem except love. It has no neurotic characters, no psychiatrist telling what to do with what to whom. Its only message is that love can happen at any age, if only the right people meet.

Charles Brackett, the big "Sunset Boulevard" and "The Lost Weekend" man, produced and co-authored it. The suave Mitchell Leisen directed it with absolute charm, and John Lund, Gene Tierney, and especially Thelma Ritter play it in a way that will bring you many a laugh.

I never knew that Gene of the devastating beauty could convey such simple girlish warmth, and it suggests to me that maybe she's been previously miscast. Here she's playing essentially herself, a very American, very well-bred girl, the democratic daughter of a ritzy ambassador. The delicious twist of "The Mating Season" is that the snob is an ambitious young factory worker, played by John Lund. When he falls in love with Gene at first sight (his first sight of her is when he rescues her as she is about to plunge over a cliff in an automobile), his secret shame is that his mother runs a hamburger stand.

Thelma Ritter plays Ma in a manner that hasn't been equaled since Marie Dressler's characterization of Tugboat Annie. Do you remember the sharp-witted, wise-eyed theatre maid in "All About Eve" and the equally acid maid in "A Letter to Three Wives"? Both were played by Miss Ritter. Well, I'm here to inform you that the Dressler crown now goes to Thelma—plus. The plus is that with the same accurate *(Continued on page 90)*

BEST PICTURE of the month is Charles Brackett's production of "The Mating Season," starring John Lund and Gene Tierney. Lund is a factory worker who falls in love with an ambassador's daughter.

BEST PERFORMANCE of the Month Citation to Bette Davis (shown above with Richard Anderson) for her acting in "Payment on Demand," a picture that deals vividly and searchingly with the problem of divorce.

BEST DIRECTION is Henry Hathaway's masterful job in "Fourteen Hours," the movie based on the news story of a young man perched high above Manhattan on a ledge.

MOST INTERESTING MALE NEWCOMER is Alex Nicol, who plays a bewildered young hero in "Target Unknown," a story based on the history of our Air Force over Germany.

FROM CITIES LARGE AND SMALL, AMERICA'S COLUMNISTS SPEAK UP

Broadway

COMPILED BY C. K. EGAN

• The United States Patent Office has granted a patent on a cowtail holder. That should solve the problem about what to give the fellow who has everything.

Neil McCarthy, Tribune
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

• It formerly was prosperity that was just around the corner. Now no one knows what it is.

The Commercial Appeal
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

• Recently the sale of liquor in Kansas became legal after sixty-nine years, and some of the old-timers say they hardly noticed the difference. *Star*
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

• Politicians wouldn't be so cocky if they only realized that today's President is tomorrow's three-cent stamp.

Earl Wilson, News
CLEVELAND, OHIO

• There are many ways for a politician to get his name on the front page, but a good axiom to remember is: When in doubt, write a letter to Stalin. *Star*
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

• Some get less rest on their own vacations than on that of the boss. *The Morning News*
DALLAS, TEXAS

• Most rich men profit by the mistakes the rest of us make. *Tribune*
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

• Not long ago an aged convict was released from a French prison after many years of confinement. A detective, curious to observe the man's reactions to the wonders of modern civilization, took the old codger to see the new automobiles and airplanes, the talkies, the radio, and many other present-day marvels.

"What has impressed you most?" the detective finally asked the old ex-convict.

"Women," the man replied.

"Women?" asked the detective.

"Yes," explained the ancient jailbird; "when I went to prison, women were round. Now they're oblong or flat." *Wall Street Journal*
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

• Rip van Winkle couldn't sleep for twenty years nowadays. He would have to be earning those alimony payments for his wife. *Carey Williams, "Wit and Wisdom"*
The Evening Bulletin, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

• This draft call for doctors is going to make it tough on most of us. We'll have to test our own cigarettes.

Louis Sobol, Examiner
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Main Street

COMPILED BY JOHN M. HENRY

• From a remote rural address, a woman writes: "My sister and I aren't lonely out here. We have each other to talk to, but we need another woman to talk about."

J. O. Jewett, "Column Left"
Republican, SOLANO, CALIFORNIA

• I do truly believe that next to religion, which varies for each one of us in its meaning and scope, a love of birds and flowers is the nearest thing to eternal joy and comfort that we mortals can obtain. Youth flies, age comes, health departs, children grow up and vanish, old friends pass away, the eyes grow weak and reading becomes a chore instead of a pleasure; but unless we grow both blind and deaf, birds and flowers remain to enchant us. Religion is an inward consolation, but God sends us visible signs of His compassion from without, when we rejoice in nature.

"The Farmer's Wife," Democrat
BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

• Reputation is character minus what you get caught at. *William G. Woolard, "Jay Walking"*
Signal, MANCHESTER, OHIO

• An optimist notes the green lights. A pessimist sees the red. A philosopher is color-blind. *Press*
REHOBOTH BEACH, DELAWARE

• A manufacturer of bathing suits has paid tax on another million, showing what ability can do with almost nothing. *Kean Irwin, "Kean's Kolumn"*
Republican, CORYDON, INDIANA

• If the course of true love isn't running smoothly, it may be a good idea to stop and park a while.

Chuck Rathe, "Private Papers"
Herald, SAUK CENTRE, MINNESOTA

• One thing you've got to admit about the little red schoolhouse—it had something in back of it.

Billy Arthur, "Down East"
News and Views, JACKSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

• No American town is really whipped until its hitchhikers will ride in either direction. *Epitaph*
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

• It's getting so a politician's "no" means no more than a girl's. *Queen Anne's Record-Observor*
CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND

• Nobody ever drowned himself in sweat.

Harry Oliver, "Desert Rat Scrap Book"
THOUSAND PALMS, CALIFORNIA

• A lie is a poor substitute for the truth, but it's the only one discovered to date. *Advocate*
BENNETTSVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Traditionally the Finest

Just as many of the taste-tempting foods of Latin America have become familiar favorites in our country, so too has Miller High Life been selected and accepted as the beer of traditional quality by those who appreciate the finest. Today, more than ever, it's a mark of distinction to serve Miller High Life ...NATIONAL CHAMPION OF QUALITY. Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company ONLY...and ONLY in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

TUNE IN! Lawrence Welk High Life Revue—ABC Network—Wednesdays, 9:00 PM, CST

...play the temptress with **Coquette**

woodbury's fate-tempting powder color

Don't pretend you aren't making a play for him, little Coquette! You chose that flirtatious parasol. You made your complexion that tantalizing, tempting thing! For "Coquette" is the delicious, delightful, golden rachel powder shade for your skin . . . that the men like best!

It's Woodbury, of course . . . the powder with the unique ingredient that gives your skin the fabulous satin touch! Plus the clingability and crushed-flower fragrance that lingers for many romantic hours. Try Woodbury today! See the wonderful difference! 15c, 30c, $1.00 plus tax.

Jon Whitcomb's Page

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE. Illustrating a short story is often a wonderful experience, particularly when an artist's model manages to capture the author's meaning and mood on the very first try. Recently, I had to draw a girl trying on her first mink coat. The coat's price tag read $10,600, and the skins were honey-colored and soft as angel fuzz. The model's expression, as she tried on the coat, would have melted the nearest millionaire. I reread the author's script: *A look of rapture crossed her face and left the mirror glowing.* The photographer looked pleased, I looked pleased, and the fur-shop staff beamed as the flash bulbs went off. It was only a situation in a short story, but for a few moments the scene came to life very much as the writer must have visualized it.

SPECIAL DELIVERY. *Marina, Calif.: I didn't take care of my figure, I'm one and a half times the size I should be, my face is homely, my hair mousy, and my eyes are my only really good feature. But just the same, I've had twelve proposals in three years. Please tell all unhappy girls for me that looks aren't important. A big smile will get a man quicker than a beautiful figure. I've finally accepted one of those proposals—and my Bill doesn't have to worry about my attracting other men. —Miss C. E.*

That's the spirit!

Kent, Ohio: Your page is strictly corny chatter. I wish you had stuck to illustrating for COSMO.—Miss R. C.

Been tryin' real hard, honey.

Lewiston, Maine: I am interested in becoming a model. Going to a modeling school in New York involve a great deal of financial. My statistics is: Age, 20; height, 5'2½"; weight 105; bust 34; waist 23; hips 34. See photo enclosed and tell me if I'm legible.—Miss B. L.

Yes, you am.

JUST AS A FAVOR. Not long ago a fraternity brother of my college days wrote to ask a small favor. He put it this way: "My son is in prep school and interested in the theatre. Could you get him some tickets for opening nights?" I am seriously considering replying to my old friend as follows: *Dear Bill: It would be easier for me to fix up your sprout with dinner at the White House or a date with Hedy Lamarr. Legitimate theatres in New York City are telephone booths compared with the average movie house, and they barely hold the show's backers (and their relatives), theatre owners (and their relatives), reviewers, and relatives of the cast. If your boy had three or four thousand bucks to invest in a play, he would still have to wait to be invited before he could toss it into the next "South Pacific" and rate a couple of seats for the opening performance. Backers are as carefully cast as actors. I suggest your youngster advance as fast as possible to the marrying age and get himself engaged to an actress. (Or if he becomes a movie star in the meantime, he won't need to bother. He'll get in.)*

Best regards, Jon

MALE HORSEPOWER. The audience was interesting at the recent opening night of "Bless You All," a big revue with glittering scenery, costumes, and dancing. I went as the guest of an "angel" whose family had put money in the show. The relatives mentioned above were all there, plus a big batch of cinema stars in town for television gold. There were about ten in our party, and as dyed-in-the-mink sophisticates, they were all pretty unmoved by the evening until we got to Twenty-One for play post-mortems and scrambled eggs. At midnight I watched the five women at our table suddenly freeze, coffee in mid-air. They were all paralyzed by something behind me. In the dead, rapt silence, I turned around. Settling themselves at a table were two new arrivals, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable. You could have heard a blonde drop. The girl at my right cleared her throat. "Clark Gable!" she said hoarsely. "Please, I think I've nopped my drapkin."

I Wish I'd Said That!

A game to increase your vocabulary and improve your conversation • By Lincoln Hodges

Ever miss the point, say the wrong thing, and then blush? Here's an exercise in the art of conversation. First comes a statement that's made *to* you; then three possible replies *you* might make, only one of which proves that you get the drift. You pick the one. If you pick 19 or 20 right, you're superb; 17 or 18, just wonderful; 14 to 16, average-plus. Correct answers are listed and explained below:

1 These are the *salient* reasons.
- (A) *They stand out.*
- (B) *They'll stand up.*
- (C) *They're clear.*

2 The general is a *martinet.*
- (A) *A military genius.*
- (B) *A stern disciplinarian.*
- (C) *A traitor.*

3 He enjoys kingly *habiliments.*
- (A) *Royal privileges?*
- (B) *Royal robes?*
- (C) *The royal suite?*

4 He made a *sententious* speech.
- (A) *He's so romantic.*
- (B) *He's so argumentative.*
- (C) *He's so pompous.*

5 Where does he practice *geriatrics?*
- (A) *At the orphanage.*
- (B) *At the maternity ward.*
- (C) *At the old folks' home.*

6 She found him too *importunate.*
- (A) *Insistent, was he?*
- (B) *Inconstant, was he?*
- (C) *Inconsistent, was he?*

7 It was a *palpable* error.
- (A) *Couldn't foresee it.*
- (B) *Couldn't see it.*
- (C) *Couldn't miss it.*

8 They're trying to *inveigle* me.
- (A) *Roping you in?*
- (B) *Shutting you out?*
- (C) *Putting you off?*

9 Sylvia is an *oracle.*
- (A) *Holy?*
- (B) *Fair?*
- (C) *Wise?*

10 He has *ascetic* tastes.
- (A) *Very self-indulgent.*
- (B) *Practices self-denial.*
- (C) *Completely self-sufficient.*

11 He favors the *converse.*
- (A) *He's against us.*
- (B) *He's with us.*
- (C) *He's for compromise.*

12 How's their *profligate* son?
- (A) *The vagabond?*
- (B) *The disgraceful one?*
- (C) *The genius?*

13 The students are to be *sequestered.*
- (A) *Initiated?*
- (B) *Graduated?*
- (C) *Isolated?*

14 He's very *fastidious.*
- (A) *So honest!*
- (B) *So fussy!*
- (C) *So quick!*

15 Her beauty is *illusive.*
- (A) *It's deceiving.*
- (B) *It's indefinable.*
- (C) *It won't last.*

16 That's an effective *detergent.*
- (A) *Stops trouble.*
- (B) *Postpones action.*
- (C) *Removes dirt.*

17 That's an *inscrutable* look.
- (A) *He's very angry.*
- (B) *He's completely bewildered.*
- (C) *He's a regular sphinx.*

18 This ax has a perfect *helve.*
- (A) *A fine handle!*
- (B) *A sharp blade!*
- (C) *A nice balance!*

19 He's *decocting* the formula.
- (A) *Breaking it up?*
- (B) *Boiling it down?*
- (C) *Pouring it out?*

20 That was a *malevolent* act.
- (A) *Accidental?*
- (B) *Criminal?*
- (C) *Spiteful?*

Answers

1 **A** Salient (SA-le-yunt) means outstanding, conspicuous; it comes from the Latin word *salire,* to leap.

2 **B** A martinet (mar-tuh-NET) is a taskmaster who is overstrict; it derives its meaning from a Frenchman named Martinet who was a severe drillmaster.

3 **B** Habiliments (huh-BIL-i-munts) are articles of clothing; attire.

4 **C** A sententious (sen-TEN-shus) speech is one that employs many proverbs and obvious truths; it has come to be an uncomplimentary word, meaning pompous in speech.

5 **C** Geriatrics (jerry-AT-ricks) is the branch of medicine dealing with old age and its diseases.

6 **A** Importunate (im-POR-chuh-nit) means annoyingly persistent or insistent; from a French word for annoy, or wheedle.

7 **C** Palpable (PAL-puh-b'l) is from the Latin *palpare,* to feel. It means capable of being felt; hence, obvious.

8 **A** To inveigle (in-VAY-g'l) is to persuade by inducements or flattery; it comes from a French word meaning "to blind."

9 **C** An oracle (ORE-uh-k'l) is a voice of wisdom; deriving from the Latin *orare,* to pray, it originally meant the reply of a deity, or of an inspired priest.

10 **B** Ascetic (uh-SET-ick) means self-denying, or abstemious; often applied to those who relinquish worldly pleasures for religion.

11 **A** The converse (KON-verse) of something is the opposite or contrary; the Latin *conversus* means turned around.

12 **B** Profligate (PROF-lih-gate) means dissipated or wickedly extravagant; the Latin *profligare* means to destroy.

13 **C** To sequester (see-KWES-ter) anything is to separate it from others; to isolate.

14 **B** Fastidious (fas-TID-e-us), akin to a Latin word meaning loathing, aversion, used to mean disagreeable; it now means dainty or meticulous.

15 **A** Illusive (ih-LOO-siv) means deceptive, or misleading; the Latin *illusio* means deception.

16 **C** A detergent (de-TER-jent) is a cleaning substance; strictly speaking, this includes soap, though lately the word has come to apply to cleaners other than soap. The Latin roots of detergent mean to wipe away.

17 **C** An inscrutable (in-SKROO-tuh-b'l) look is one that you cannot read by closely examining it.

18 **A** A helve is a handle.

19 **B** To decoct (de-KOKT) something is to boil it, so as to extract its essence; from the Latin, *de,* down, and *coctus,* boiled. Compare *concoction,* a result of boiling things together.

20 **C** Malevolent (muh-LEV-uh-lent) is from Latin words that mean wishing evil; so it means malicious or spiteful.

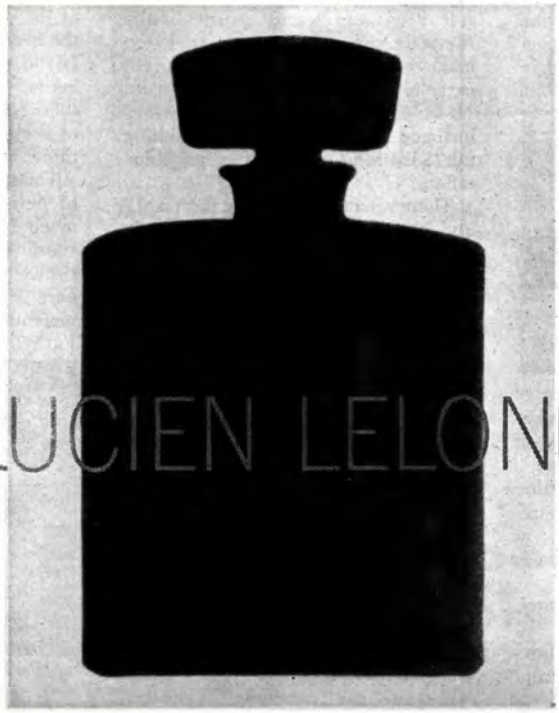
French without frills...

LUCIEN LELONG PARFUM 6
AND LUCIEN LELONG PARFUM 7

Now it's perfume for perfume's sake . . . and who cares if the bottle *is* plain. Today, smart American women know that the simple packages in which Lucien Lelong 6 and 7 arrived, in no way diminished their greatness . . . only their price. Lucien Lelong 6, a spicy petal blend; Lucien Lelong 7, a more worldly scent.

CREATED, BOTTLED, PACKAGED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

Each, $9* for a large, 2 oz. bottle!



ACTUAL SIZE

*plus tax

Photos by Seaboard Air Line Railroad Co.

The Silver Meteor

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

You can *have* the drip-drip-drip of the sinus, the slushy streets, the stinging ears, the frozen fingers, and the racking cough. Give me blue skies and scorching sun and neon nights and scenery that looks good in a French bathing suit or at a ringside

Even the coach is de luxe.

table. "Give me a round-trip ticket and a bedroom to Miami and back on the Silver Meteor, please."

"That will be one-hundred fifty-nine dollars and seventeen cents, sir." (Only $75.68 round trip by coach, in a reserved reclining seat, but whose sleeping pills are *that* good?)

So starts the annual sunshine-search of Northern man and his woman. And the Silver Meteor—first and still foremost of the New York–to–Florida streamliners—has been the chief accomplice of this hectic hegira ever since February 2, 1939.

Waiting baggage trucks, guarded by two-bit-happy redcaps, are choked with Gladstones, pigskin three-suiters, golf bags, and tennis rackets. Fair-skinned women, eager to trade in make-up for a mess of sun-tan oil, carry extra fur pieces over their arms. (How can anybody know what your husband is worth if you wear nothing but a bathing suit, or the navy-blue taffeta?)

There are cries of "There they are!" and "Yoohoo, Margie!" and a family group converges on a young man wearing a slightly faded smile and an even younger girl wearing a slightly faded orchid. It is the day after the wedding night, and the two-weeks-with-love are about to begin, but to get to the Silver Meteor—America's best-known Honeymoon Express—you must first run the gantlet of sharp-eyed relatives.

("Look—he's holding her hand." "I don't know, they seem a little . . ." "Well, after *all* . . ." "Margie, c'mere, I wanna *ask* you something.")

At last, the loudspeaker blares into action: *"Your attention, please. The Seaboard Railroad. The Silver Meteor. Passengers to Miami and St. Petersburg. Departing two-fifty-five. Kindly use west gate. Track number twelve."*

The gates clang open, and the rush through the gate begins.

Downstairs, the fugitives are swallowed up by the silvery, snakelike train, which gleams with the freshness of the cleaning it has just received in the train yards at Sunnyside, Long Island, ten minutes away. Within three hours, the Meteor's silver will be thoroughly tarnished by the filthy air of northern industry. But now, it is a thing of beauty—slick, sleek, and streamlined—with the perfect balance of design that does not sacrifice too much luxury for speed, or too much speed for luxury. On its first trip twelve years ago, the day after having been christened "The Train of Tomorrow" at the New York World's Fair, this pride of the Seaboard Air

Buffet-lounge has a happy air.

Line Railroad was merely a seven-car, all-coach, reserved-seat affair powered by a lone Diesel engine. Today, an

average Meteor has three Diesel units hauling seventeen cars, all the very latest from the drafting boards of American Car and Foundry, The Budd Company, and the Pullman Company —modernistic coaches, smooth-riding sleepers, cocktail-lounge diners, a buffet-lounge, and a tavern-observation car.

At 2:55, engorged with its pay load, the snake glides slowly into motion—out of Penn station, through the tunnel, over the snow-stained mudflats of New Jersey, past the factories, their smokestacks belching fire, past the office spires of downtown Newark, a brief pause, and on again, full speed.

Luggage has been put in its place, acquaintance has been made with porters, the human body has made rapid adjustment to the space, which, on a sleeper, is luxurious space, but which to any claustrophobe would be quick undoing. Lovely Patricia Mullins, a registered nurse wearing the blue uniform of a train hostess, and dark-eyed Hiram Moon, whose peaked hat says, "Passenger Service Agent," wander through the corridors trying to inject a little personal warmth into the essentially chilly atmosphere of modern American train travel. And in the buffet-lounge section of car S-104, it's whisky and soda all around for a gang of six males who have left the wives home with the kiddies and are already dreaming of the Biscayne Dog Track and the daily double at Hialeah and the nineteenth hole at the Miami Country Club and the chorus line at Copa City and who knows what else? Eh, Mac, who knows?

Philadelphia at 4:39. Wilmington at 5:07. Empty space fills up, more blood to be warmed in the South. Baltimore at 6:13. Washington at 6:55, and a glimpse of the lighted Capitol dome to remind pleasure-seekers that they are fleeing a world in trouble. The Diesels are changed, and the Silver Meteor, which uses the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad as far as the capital, now becomes part of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac line. At Richmond, in a few hours, it will come into its own—the single-track road of Seaboard Air Line.

It is night now, cold and black, and the only scenery is an occasional streetlight, the headlights at a bell-ringing crossing, a lighted window in a house in the wilderness of back-road Virginia. In the twin dining cars, business is S.R.O. Panned oysters on toast, prime ribs of beef au jus, and sirloin steak with Saratoga chips, hot off the charcoal grill. The food is good and the prices are right—$2.15 to $3.75 for a full-course dinner, and no extra charge for the solo recital by the inebriated escapee at Table 12 who knows only *(Continued on page 118)*

The Cosmopolitan Look • *By Virginia C. Williams* FASHION EDITOR

Spring will Look this

Way

Spring will back the long, little-waisted figure. It will be polished and pretty—and abetted with polished and pretty accessories. There will be three important costumes —and you see them all on these two pages.

There will be a redingote (opposite page, left), a wand-waisted affair of navy Duchess faille. And, beneath it, a dotted-silk dress of slate blue. The example on the left comes in sizes 7 to 15. Silk, Couture Fabrics, Ltd. About $60. Judy 'n Jill.

There will be a jacketed dress (opposite page, right) meant to function as suit or sheath. Skinner rayon-and-wool faille. Comes in black or navy. Sizes 7 to 15, 10 to 16; about $50. Anne Fogarty of Margot, Inc.

There will be a houndstooth suit (right) in worsted checks, and rimmed around the collar and pockets in silk braid. Miron worsted. In navy, black, or brown, with white. Sizes 7 to 15, 10 to 20; about $70. From Handmacher.

All these fashions are at Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; and the stores that you will find listed on page 148. For details about the accessories, turn the page.

Spring Accessories will

Ripple-Brimmed Sailor of chalk-white straw. Young but not gauche. The band is matching straw, bound with beaded red "S" hooks. It's with the redingote on page 22—but we'd like it with every spring costume. About $17. By Joe Cohn.

Peaked Piqué Tricorne to set back on your head in the Spanish way. The veiling is wrapped over the brim in two wings, goes across the crown in a wide band. We see this hat topping every suit in your closet. About $7. Madcaps.

A Patent Box fastened by a gilt wishbone, swung from two handles. It's leather-lined. About $13. Ronay. The white-pigskin glove buttons with rhinestones. About $8.50. By Kay Fuchs. And the gilt linked bracelet is about $8. Monet.

Stephen Colhoun

Look this Way

Skim-Brim Sailor, wide and wonderful. It's straw, lined with white-straw cloth. Comes in navy, black, red, with white facing under brim, and a garland of flowers around the crown. Tilt it back or forward. It's about $21. Joe Cohn.

All accessories at Lord & Taylor in New York City

Faille Bags of Skinner silk and wool. The envelope is about $5. The pouch is about $11. Ingber. The long white-glacé glove, about $11. The vented, doeskin glove, about $5. Superb. The stretches-to-fit choker, about $5.50. By Richelieu.

Patent Shell Shoe (left) with a good square throat. Comes also in red calf, and red, navy, or black suede. About $22. By Newton Elkin.

Four-Button Trim (right)—new garnish for a V-throated pump. It's black patent leather, strapped twice over the vamp. About $15. Carlisle.

Travel Guide

EDWARD R. DOOLING, Director, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Send your questions to Mr. Dooling, at the address above. For an immediate reply, please enclose a three-cent stamp.

★ *On our vacation trip to Europe this spring, we would like to see something of Ireland and are wondering if there are any conducted tours. If so, can we make advance arrangements in this country for taking one or more such tours?*

—C. L. D., Chicago, Illinois

A—The Coras Iompair Eireann operates several inexpensive tours out of Dublin, covering southern and western Ireland. Arrangements can be made through any authorized travel agent in the United States or through the offices of the Associated British and Irish Railways, Inc., in New York, Chicago, Toronto, or Los Angeles.

★ *Our children love to travel in the car, but they sometimes become tired of just sitting and watching the scenery. How can we keep them amused?*

—Mrs. J. R., Waterbury, Connecticut

A—One helpful idea, if the children are quite young, is to fill the space behind the front seat with suitcases, up to the seat level, then cover seat and bags with a blanket or rubber mattress. This provides a sort of traveling play pen where the youngsters can sit up, lie down, or play with toys. According to Carol Lane, women's travel authority for the Shell Oil Company, this idea has been tried successfully by hundreds of traveling mothers.

★ *We are planning a spring trip to Great Smoky Mountains National Park in Tennessee and North Carolina. We are somewhat concerned about driving on the mountain roads, and wonder if you can offer any suggestions or tips to help a couple of novices in mountain driving.*

—Mrs. C. G., Grand Island, Nebraska

A—No one should be afraid of driving on good mountain roads such as those in the Smokies. Any driver who observes a few sensible, simple rules can be a good mountain driver. Here are a few suggestions:

1—Sight-seeing motorists often have a tendency to relax at the steering wheel. The first rule of safe driving is to pay attention to the road all the time the car is in motion. When you want to admire scenery, pull off the road on an open stretch where there is a good shoulder, or wait until you come to one of the cleared parking areas that are usually provided along mountain highways.

2—Don't drive at crawling speeds that delay and annoy other drivers.

3—Always keep to the right, especially when approaching blind curves.

4—Use your brakes properly. Don't apply constant pressure on the brake pedal on long, steep downgrades. It is better to shift to second or low gear, which will help maintain constant speed and provide added power if needed. (This also reduces the possibility of skidding on wet or icy highways.) When brakes are applied, it is best to use light, repeated pressure on the pedal to protect the tires and prevent the engine from overheating.

5—Never coast downhill. Many grades are steeper than they appear, and a coasting car can get out of control.

★ *I am planning a train trip to Southern California alone and want to be as comfortable as possible. Please tell me the difference between a "duplex roomette" and a "duplex single room."*

—J. C., Reading, Pennsylvania

A—In each case, the designation "duplex" refers to an upstairs-downstairs arrangement, designed to conserve space. You step up to one duplex and down to the next. The single room is the larger of the two accommodations. In this, the rooms are all on one side of the car, with an aisle alongside. Berths are placed crosswise in the car, and during the day they become wide sofa seats.

The duplex roomettes are on both sides of a center aisle. Berths are parallel to the sides of the car. In daytime you occupy a rather spacious lounge seat.

Both accommodations have individually controlled heat and ventilation, individual washroom facilities, drinking water, towels, reading lamps, etc.

★ *I have followed your Cosmopolitan Budget Trips with interest and am wondering if you can help me. I want to vacation in Canada this summer and am considering two ideas:*

1—Something less than two weeks covering principal cities and points of interest in Quebec and Ontario. Traveling by train.

2—The Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in less than two weeks. —*Miss I. D., New York, New York*

This Month's Budget Trip

A—I am sending you a detailed outline for a ten-day trip covering Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, and Niagara Falls, Ontario. You travel first class all the way, using Pullman accommodations on the train and top hotels in the cities. Estimated total cost including tips, sight-seeing trips, transfers, and everything comes to approximately $187.45.

Canada's great French metropolis, Montreal, is always interesting, with its churches, university, and old French district.

A full day is devoted to a trip into the Laurentian Mountains traveling as far north as Mount Tremblant.

In the old city of Quebec, you visit the famous churches, Isle of Orleans, and the shrine of Sainte Anne-de-Beaupré.

High lights of busy, modern Toronto are: Rosedale Ravine driveway and Queen's Park with its provincial Parliament Buildings, the University of Toronto, the famed Casa Loma, High Park and its Zoological Gardens.

There is a full afternoon to inspect Canada's national capital, Ottawa.

At Niagara Falls, you will have a chance to view the great Gorge of the Niagara River, take the trip around Goat Island, see Luna Island, the Cave of the Winds and travel by elevator to the foot of the falls.

I am also outlining an eleven-day tour of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick returning through an interesting portion of New England. This includes an overnight boat trip from Boston to Yarmouth in Nova Scotia, the Acadian North Shore, Digby on the Annapolis Basin, the scenic Sunrise Trail, Historic old St. John in New Brunswick, the Reversing Falls on the Saint John River, and Fredericton, capital of New Brunswick. You return home via Moosehead Lake, Squaw Mountain, and Poland Spring, Maine. Your all-inclusive cost for the eleven-day trip is estimated at $270.50.

A complete budget, with full details, is being sent you.

(Copies of the Canada Budget Trip Plans and other budget trips are available to all readers on request.)

Refreshment through the years

Reproduction of a painting by Frederic Stanley for an early calendar advertising Coca-Cola.

From simple workshops to great factories,
generations of workers have welcomed
the pause that refreshes
with ice-cold Coca-Cola.

Drink
Coca-Cola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

To work refreshed!

CRACK-UP

It began late on a lonely street—when he heard his name. There was a woman standing in front of a house. He never knew a moment's peace again

About twenty miles from the city, he came to a big sign, "Rufe's Rumpus Room," and turned the topless jalopy off the highway. His clothes were expensive, but from cracked shoes to sweaty hatband, they gave off an aura of seediness.

He called himself Tom Bishop now. Since the night when he was drunk and the old bag stepped in front of his car. Next morning he had read she was dead and he was a hit-and-run killer. He'd had a good spot with a band there, but one quick look at the paper and he had decided to disappear.

He had got away with it, so far. But the going was tough. Maybe he'd make a few sales today. Get himself a little stake, find himself an angle. Hell—if he slid much further down, he would no longer be able to handle an angle, even if it fell on him.

It wasn't smart, the way he had fouled up the soft spot he had in Reno, playing the piano in one of the clubs. He had got to know one of the stick men at a crap table, and had made a deal with him. They were doing pretty well with the split they'd framed, but they got caught. They both had to get out of town—fast.

That had been weeks ago. He needed a break—and it had to come soon.

He parked near the entrance, reached

A Complete Novel of Mystery and Violence

By Islin Auster

CRACK-UP (continued)

for his sample case, and got out. Across the road from Rufe's, there was a grimy-looking collection of stucco cabins. The sign in front read, "Knobby Auto Court—Free Radio." Tom grinned. Rufe's customers got handy service. He went into the bar.

There was a cigarette machine. Tom got a pack and looked at the sixty-seven cents left in his hand. He'd need gas to get back. He ran his fingers along the tray: maybe someone had forgotten a few coins. No.

The bartender came in. He looked at Tom, and didn't hurry getting behind the bar to take his order.

Tom needed a drink. Sixty-seven cents. He ordered a beer.

Joe, the bartender, was satisfied. He'd called the turn on this bird, all right. He wondered what he was selling. Not that it mattered to Joe. Joe couldn't spend two bits without the boss's okay. Rufe Reeves didn't run his place that way. Rufe thought too much of a nickel.

As Joe set up the beer, Tom told him about the punchboards. Joe explained about Rufe, and Tom said he'd wait. Joe shrugged.

After a while Tom went over to the piano and began to play. Joe looked up with surprise. The bum was good.

Tom stepped up his playing when Rufe came in, but Rufe went straight to his office, past the end of the bar. The door slammed hard behind him.

Once a month Rufe went over the books. If business was bad, Rufe took to slamming doors and raising hell. The night before Rufe had found out business was lousy.

Joe finished his chores before he went in and told Rufe that the accompanist, who was due for a rehearsal with Doris, Rufe's wife, had called and said he couldn't make it. Rufe hit the ceiling. Joe knew what was eating Rufe. He'd bet Rufe had had one hell of a night with Doris.

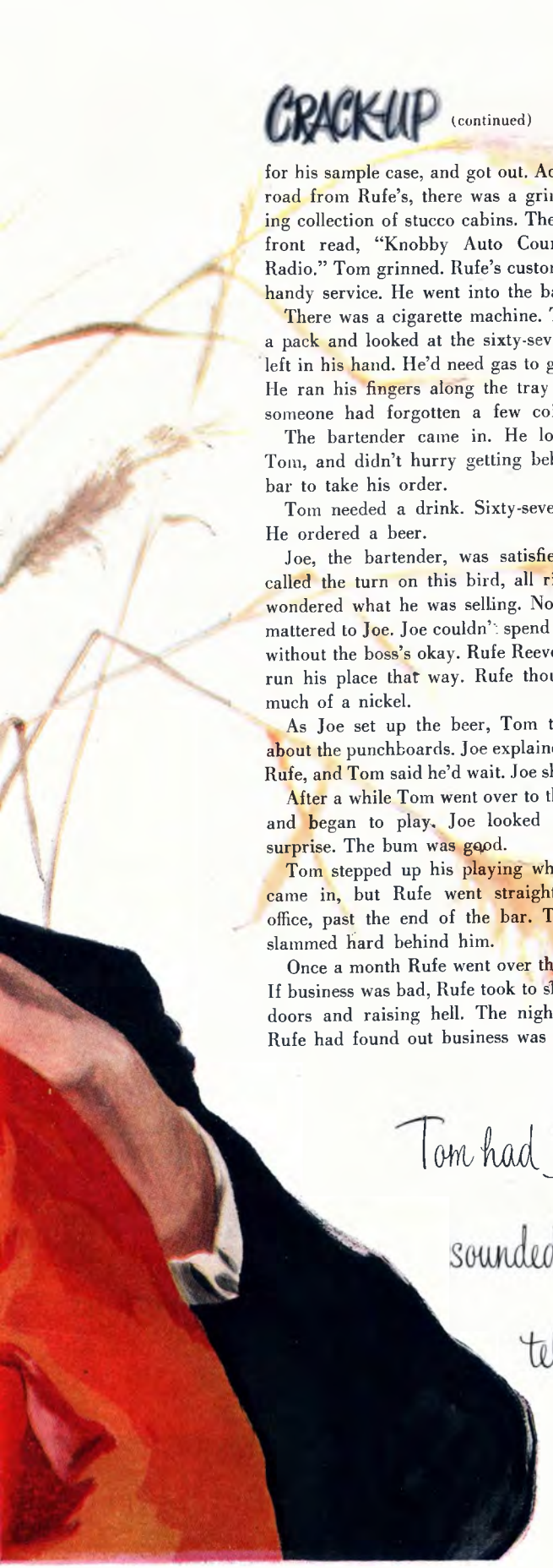
The previous evening, Rufe had told the band to cut one of her numbers. People weren't buying enough. So, Joe thought, when she comes in now and finds there's no one to work with, she'll really give Rufe a going over. And Rufe couldn't take it, not from her. He was nuts about her.

Running a night spot is a tough way to get rich. Rufe had found that out. Still, he did all right. A laugh and a slap on the back cost him nothing. That was all you got for free at Rufe's Rumpus Room. Whatever dough rolled in, rolled in one way only. And that was what burned Doris. Oh, he was nuts about her; she knew that. But she couldn't get him to give her a thing. Except, maybe, when she used the lock on her door.

Doris had had just about enough. She was sick of being a free act, both at work and at home. She was looking for an out. Meanwhile, she gave Rufe as tough a time as she could.

Rufe heard the piano and asked what Tom was selling. Joe passed on the spiel about the punchboards. Rufe said to throw him out: Any dough spent in his place wasn't split with strangers.

Joe had doped that out for himself. But he reminded *(Continued on page 149)*



Tom had just kissed her. No wonder she sounded funny when she picked up the telephone to talk to her husband

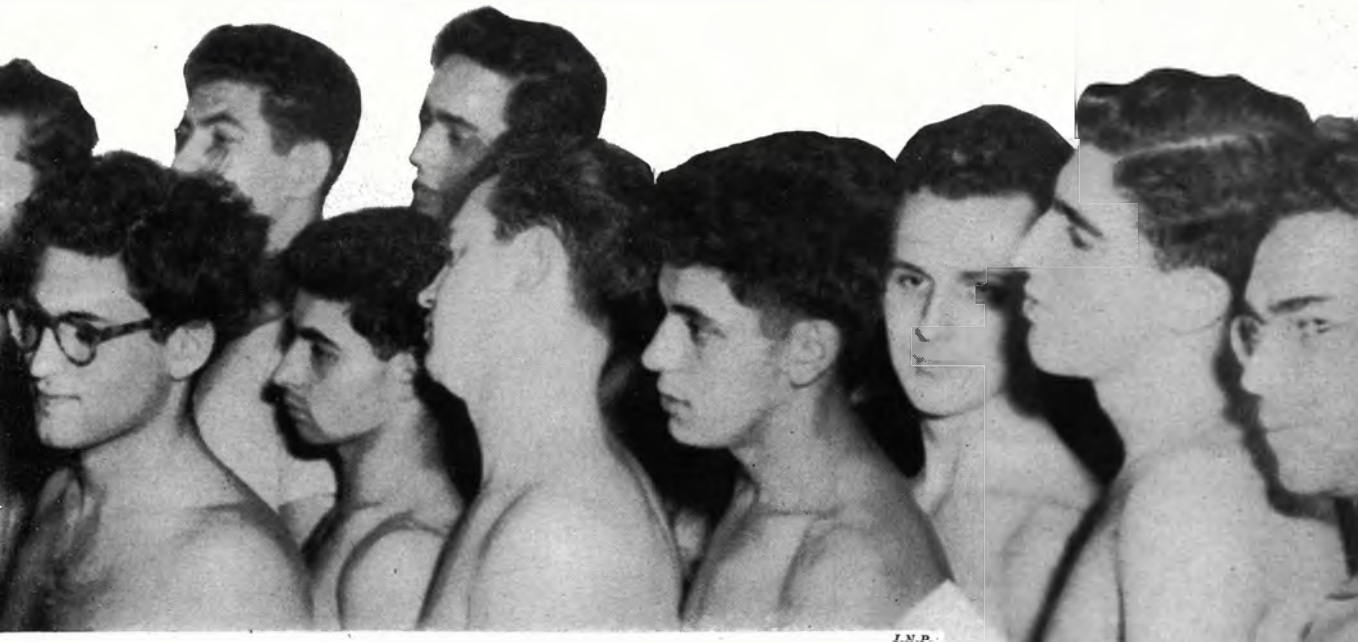
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

The 4-F

Less than 25 per cent of men between 19 and 26 have been <u>able</u> to get into the Armed Forces. What we need is an army—not an exclusive club! The shocking truth behind draft rejections

BY MILTON LEHMAN

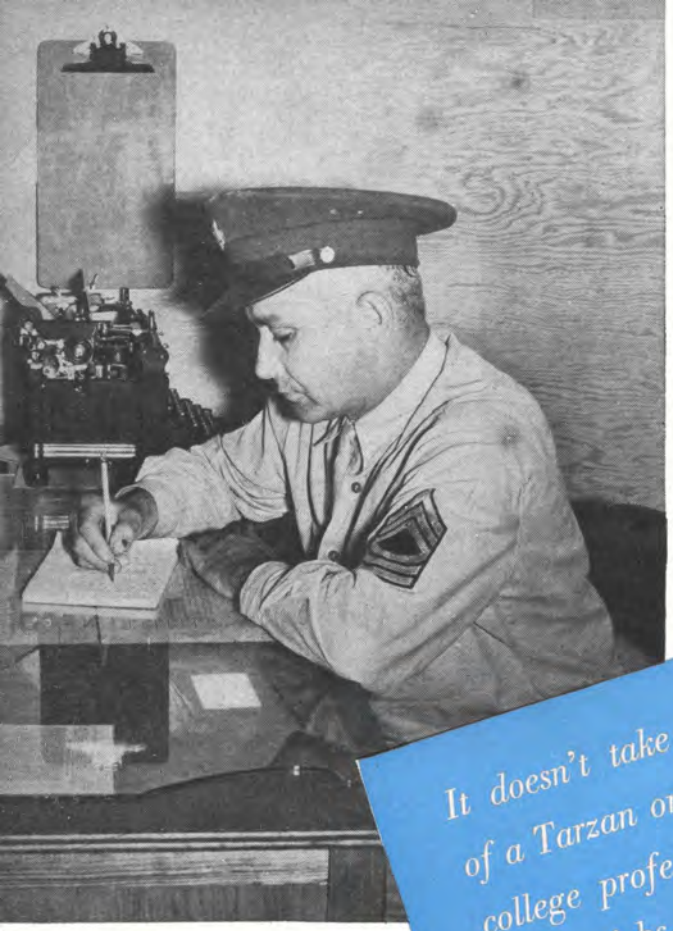
Scandal

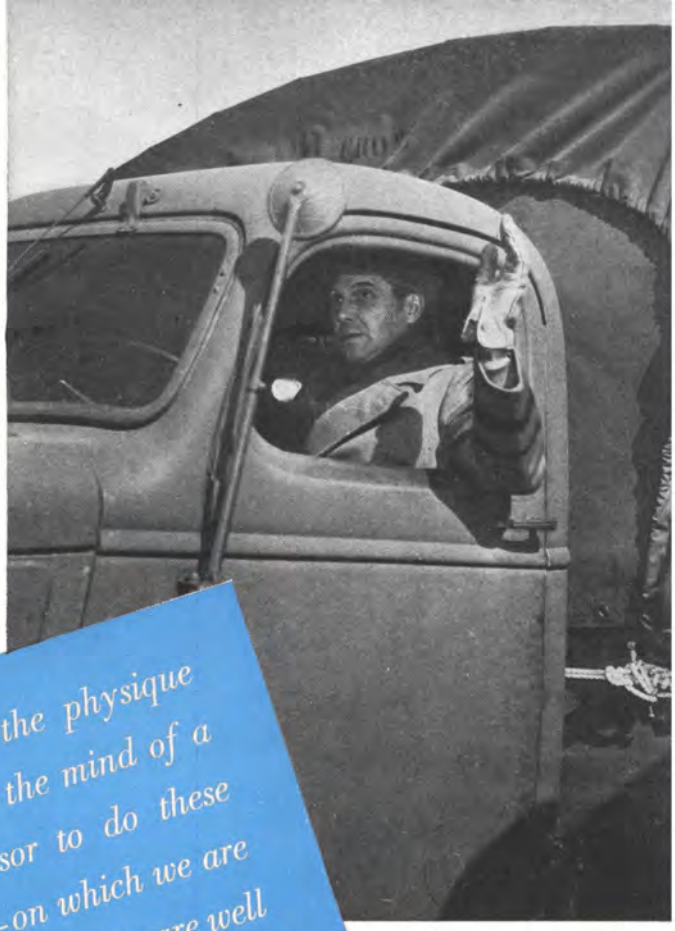


I.N.P.

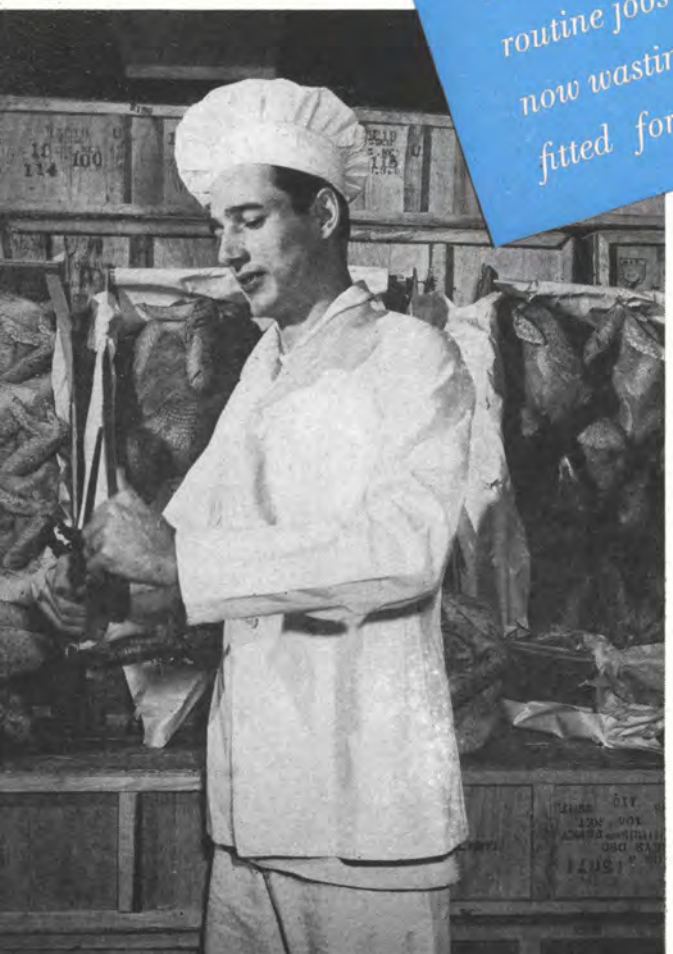
Today, in the midst of the nation's greatest peril, the armed forces are rejecting usable men at a hideous rate. As a result of arbitrary physical and mental standards, hundreds of thousands of potential soldiers, sailors, and airmen are turned away. Deferments and exemptions are granted to pressure groups who declare that Uncle Sam needs *you*, but not them. We are still listening to the voice of smugness and complacency in the name of Democracy --when our democracy itself is threatened.

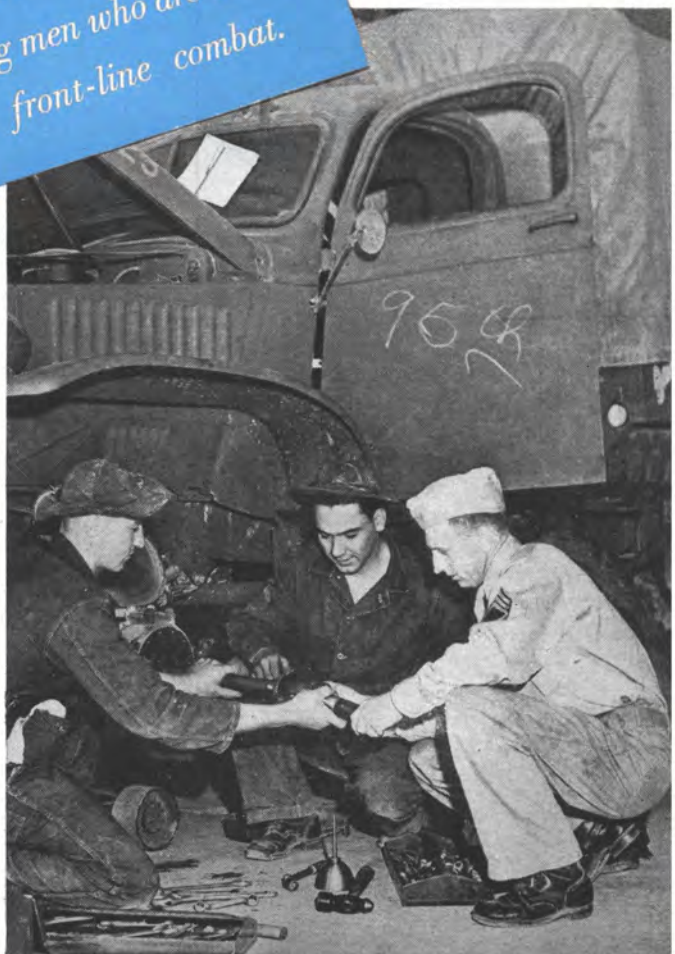
After World War II, the nation was shocked to discover that in the raising of an armed force of 14,000,000 men, more than 6,000,000 men had been rejected as 4-F's. Every city and town across the country watched the 4-F's come home, having been turned down by the military's induction centers. Vastly alarmed, ministers, journalists, and clubwomen declared that America must be a nation of physical and mental weaklings. There would have been cause for alarm if the armed forces' standards had been reasonable. But the cause for the huge military rejections during World War II was the military's lofty standards, which created an army of discarded 4-F's greater than the armed forces that served us in Europe. Among these 4-F's were highly usable troops. The notion that we were weak in potential military manpower was the military's own delusion





It doesn't take the physique of a Tarzan or the mind of a college professor to do these routine jobs—on which we are now wasting men who are well fitted for front-line combat.





An artful draft dodger could deliberately flunk the Armed Forces' mental test

This bleak view of America's manpower is even more alarming today than it was in 1941. Despite the present emergency and the brave plans to expand the services to a standing force of 3,000,000, 4,000,000, or possibly 5,000,000 men, the armed forces are now screening Americans as if they were considering applicants for King Arthur's Round Table. By force of habit, they are still assuming that the model soldier, sailor, airman, or marine must have both the physical stamina of an infantryman, who is sometimes obliged to march twenty miles with a full field pack, and the mental agility of a judge advocate general. Unless they abandon this medieval, encrusted attitude, we shall be ill-prepared indeed.

Considering the armed forces' standards of what makes a rookie, as well as Congressionally-approved laws on deferments and exemptions, Major General Lewis B. Hershey, director of the Selective Service System, recently observed: "I don't believe that out of a hundred and fifty million people in the nation today, there are six million who could pass present-day standards for induction into the armed services. Obviously, we can't fight a war with such standards."

All of us, especially the military services, have a great deal of malarkey to get out of our systems—particularly if we are faced by a monolithic Russia with no Pollyanna in its nature. At this writing, less than twenty-five per cent of men in the draft-age group—nineteen to twenty-six—can actually get into the armed services. While this age group provides a manpower pool of 8,000,000, the pool is quickly drained by deferments and exemptions. For instance, 3,000,000 veterans are exempted by law. Another 1,150,000 men with dependents are exempted from the draft. Another 170,000, largely farmers, are deferred for occupational reasons. The pool is further reduced at the insistence of college presidents, who feel this is no time to wreck their freshman classes, and by men with crippling mental and physical defects whom the draft boards never send to the induction station in the first place.

Unless draft standards are drastically changed, we shall never produce a 3,500,000-man force, let alone the more ambitious 6,000,000-man armed service. Of our original 8,000,000-man pool, Selective Service is able to offer about 3,000,000 men to armed forces' induction stations. From this decreased reservoir, the armed forces between last July and October turned away forty per cent. These final rejections were based upon the armed forces' physical standards and its remarkable mental Qualification Test. Because the Army alone is now dependent on Selective Service, it has borne the brunt of the protests against unreasonably high standards.

Compared to what the Air Force, Navy, and Marines are doing, the Army has a case, which we shall later examine. The three sister services are turning down volunteers at an even more shocking rate than the Army rejects selectees. Since the end of the last war, the services all handled budget cuts by raising their standards, and thus reducing their numbers. They introduced a controversial mental examination, which has been responsible for the rejection of almost half the selectees, and they raised their physical standards above the requirements for World War II. In the present emergency, however, the services must drop their soldier-as-usual concept as fast as the nation must give up its business-as-usual fantasy.

But today, unless the armed forces are ordered to open their doors, they will continue to screen usable Americans into the 4-F junk pile. Consider this colloquy between Congressman Carl Vinson, the acidulous chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, and Major General Clovis Byers, an officer in the Army's Personnel Division:

VINSON: What you want is men; what you want is soldiers, isn't it?

BYERS: No, sir.

VINSON: All right, what do you want anyway, Ph.D.'s?

BYERS: I want a force—a leaven to put into

I.N.P.

Many heroes of World War II might have failed today's induction tests

the mass of Americans when any emergency comes—that is capable of expansion effectively into combat units.

VINSON *(considering that rejoinder)*: I doubt whether Alvin York would have passed your test. . . . No, sir, you've got those standards too high, General. This country is disturbed when so many men are sent back home because you keep on saying, "Why, you just don't fill the bill."

Under pressure, the armed forces are now modifying their postwar entrance requirements in order to permit the acceptance of more men. Simply loosening the reins a bit or accepting eighteen-year-olds won't do the job if war comes. What is required is the total uprooting of the military's hidebound concept of suitable manpower. The basic notion of the all-around, class-A fighting man is purest nonsense. Any veteran of World War II can tell you that there is a vast difference between the duties of the combat soldier and the rear-line soldier; and he will also point out that the rear-line soldier is greatly in the majority. While the front-line GI Joe needs a high level of physical and psychological stamina, he doesn't require a knowledge of Cicero's orations. And his far more numerous buddies behind division level can certainly manage their jobs with flat feet, myopic eyes, trick knees, slight hernias, or even mild heart murmurs.

But today, the armed forces have raised, instead of lowered, the unreasonable standards they applied during World War II. They have added an I.Q. test to determine whether to take men in, not merely what to do with them once they've got them.

This new mental test would have eliminated some of our best fighting men in World War II, as Mr. Vinson suspected. It would even have knocked out Congressional Medal of Honor boys. I knew some of these heroes during the war and remember meeting them in Chicago in 1946, when they assembled as guests of the American Legion with all expenses paid. Maybe most of these Congressional Medal winners would have scored well on the present Armed Forces Qualification Test, but at least one of them would have flunked miserably.

I interviewed this lad in southern France seven years ago for the *Stars and Stripes*. He had just received the medal. A Western farm boy, he'd never gone past the fourth grade, and he answered questions in grunts. As one of his buddies told me, "Henry don't say much because he can't think of all the words." But Henry, who didn't go to high school, saved his platoon at Anzio by wiping out two German machine-gun nests single-handedly with his BAR.

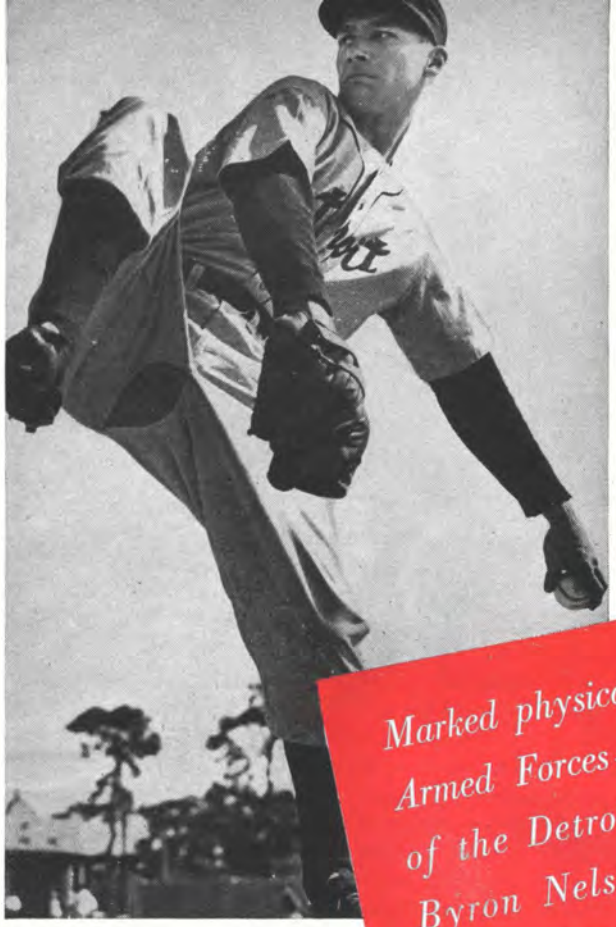
One veteran infantry officer, who survived Italy's backbreaking campaigns, is now assigned to classifying registrants at an induction center, and he isn't sure he likes the armed forces' current standards. Especially when he thinks back to his jeep driver in Italy.

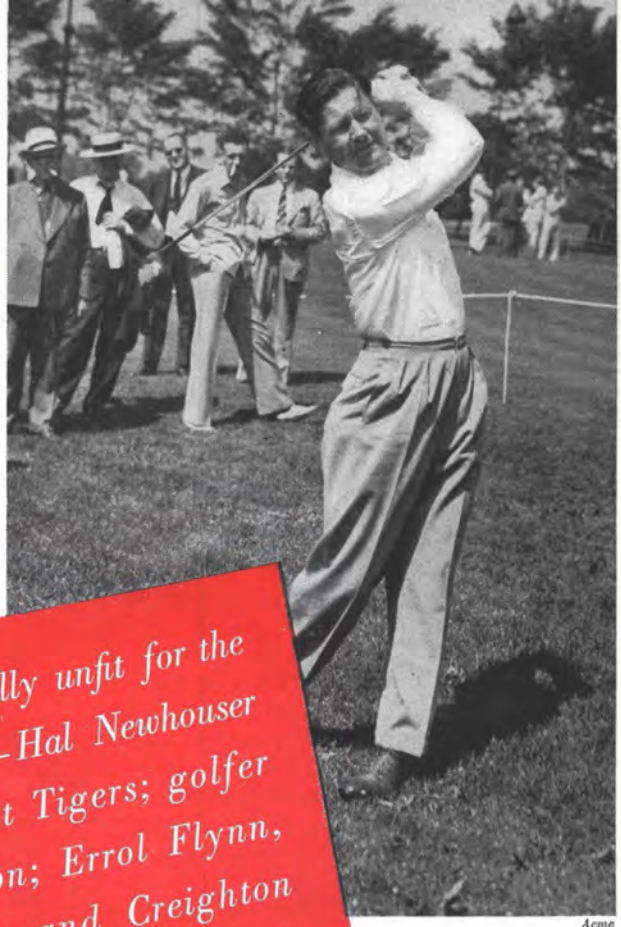
"Now there was a great soldier," this officer told me. "Johnny was a successful, intuitive fighting man. But he would flunk our present mental test, and I'd have to turn him away. Fact is, Johnny was illiterate. I had to read him the letters he got from his girlfriend back home and write out his answers."

A North Carolina draft board recently had the same unhappy feeling when it turned down a Negro registrant who really wanted to fight. The boy's brother had been killed in Korea, and this registrant wished to take his place. When he called his draft board to see how he had made out on the pre-induction examination, the board clerk informed him: "We're very sorry about this. You passed your physical examination nicely, but you didn't do so well on the mental test."

"I don't get it," the boy replied. "Say, what kind of war is this, anyway—a figurin' war or a fightin' war?"

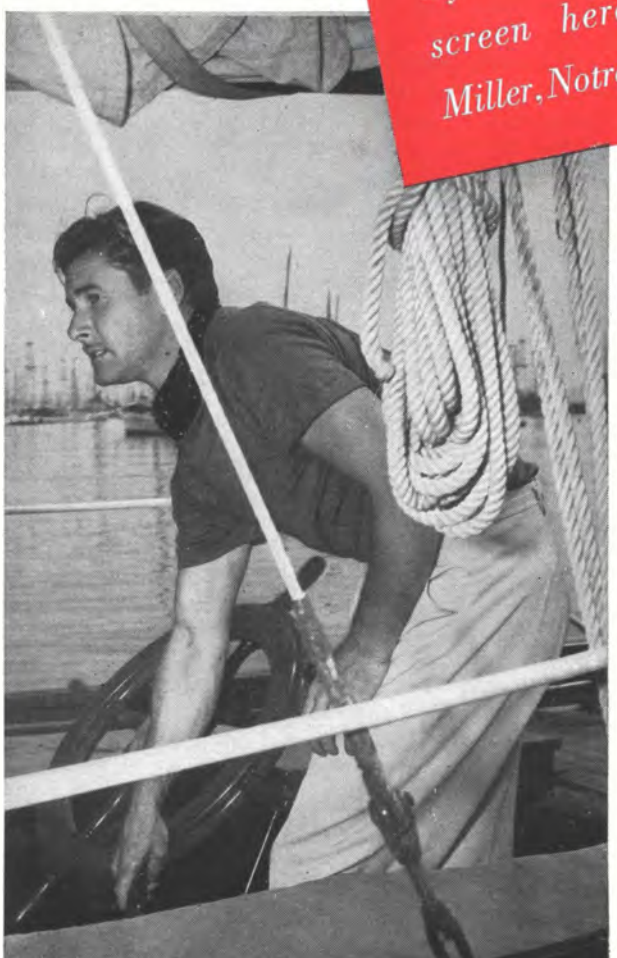
What kind of war this is deeply concerns General Hershey, the draft director, who is the nation's sharpest critic of present military draft standards. "On the battlefield," he told me, "you throw away all this baloney and make do with what you have—and we find we have plenty. What counts is when the doctor says a man can't walk and he walks, when he says a man can't survive on so little food and still he survives. With all these tests, these attempts to find the perfect soldier, they *(Continued on page 134)*

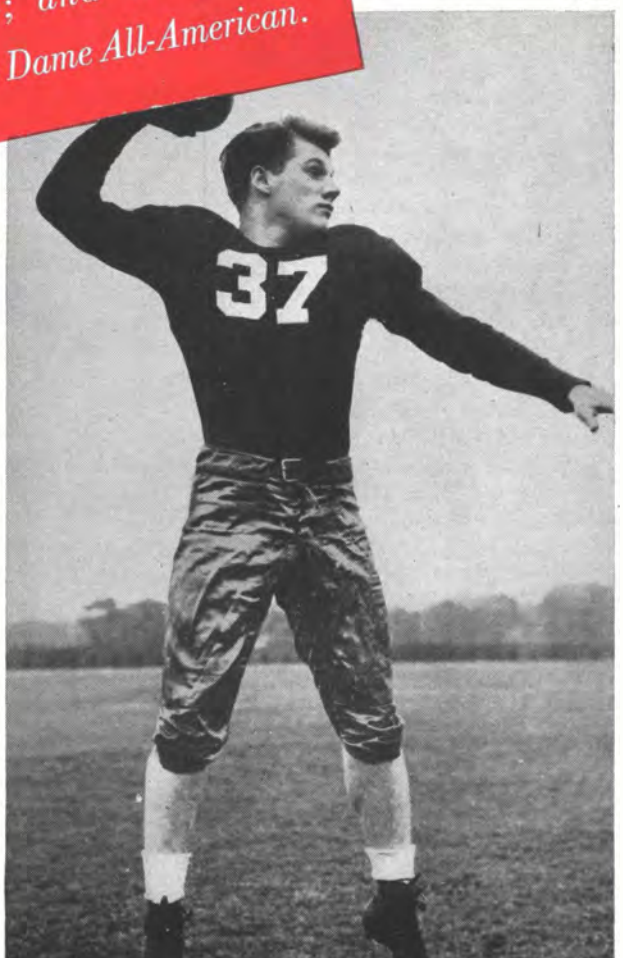




Acme

Marked physically unfit for the Armed Forces—Hal Newhouser of the Detroit Tigers; golfer Byron Nelson; Errol Flynn, screen hero; and Creighton Miller, Notre Dame All-American.





One of the most courted women of our
time says there are only five different
lines men use—and she, for one,
is looking for an original approach

New Line

BY JOAN CRAWFORD

My first encounter with a man's line came when I was about ten years old and the towheaded kid down the street wanted to swap his stuffed owl for a date at Miss Spencer's dancing class.

By the time I was sixteen, or maybe eighteen, I had learned to recognize five different lines of approach that men use on women. There have been times, since then, when I'd hear what promised to be a new line—but my thrill never lasted long. It always turned out to be a variation on one of those five. So I'm probably safe in believing that's all there are.

In their approach to romance, men (the poor dears) don't change much between the ages of ten and eighty—if ever. When boy meets girl, he takes on a special personality. It may resemble his real personality or it may not; that doesn't matter. What concerns him is that his new personality fit his private picture of the Dream Lover. So he quickly launches into one of the Big Five.

There's the Superior Male, whose motto is "How can you resist me?" There's the Doormat, who worships at your shrine and invites you to step on him. There's the Supersalesman, who knows all about biology and doesn't see why mere mortals should disobey a law of nature. There's the Naïve Soul, who makes his appeal to your mother instinct. And there's the Practical Man, who would never, never expect to get something for nothing.

Some men always stick to the same line; some versatile geniuses can vary from girl to girl. Few men know how completely a girl has them spotted—how she can tell from the first few words what the rest of the conversation is going to be.

"I've always admired you," murmurs the Doormat, within sixty seconds of the introduction, "but I never thought I'd really *meet* you—"

"That's so silly," she protests, falling by long experience into the role of stooge for his next remarks, "when I'm so *easy* to meet."

"Oh, I've dreamed, of course," he continues along well-charted lines; "but— No. I can never aspire to *own* you. Just let me be your slave."

"Why, you mustn't run yourself down so," says she, picking up her cue like a seasoned performer. "There must be *lots* of nice girls who would consider themselves *lucky*—"

"But I don't *want* lots of nice girls," he assures her. "I just want *you*." This concludes the opening portion of his line, and the affair is well *(Continued on page 165)*

Ernst Beadle

There's nothing like MINK

BY JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

Why does it cost so much? What is the real meaning of mink to a woman? What happens from the time it leaves the ranch until that moment when it is draped around a triumphant woman's shoulders?

Take a mink coat, any mink coat—on a debutante at the horse show in Manhattan; on a matron in Muncie, Indiana; on a rising star at Ciro's in Hollywood. It's a simple fur wrap, brown, lustrous, surprisingly light in weight. A tiny collar hugs the neck; full sleeves turn back at the cuffs; fullness ripples from the sides when the wearer is in motion.

There's no price tag on the coat now. But every woman in town can tell you that this buffer against the breeze nicked somebody's papa for four thousand dollars plus eight hundred dollars' Federal tax.

Exactly why does a woman crave a mink coat?

Any girl who owns one will tell you that mink is warm. It's beautiful. It's long-lasting. It's expensive. Excellent supporting reasons. But they evade the main issue. The core of the answer is that mink has become a way of life. The cult of the mink in our society is no less dedicated than the worship of a golden calf in other cultures. Symbol of affluence and social priority, a mink coat is the badge of a woman who has made good. She has either achieved eminence in her own career, or she has captured a man with sufficient cash to clothe her in precious pelts.

This mink psychology so permeates our fiction, films, and advertising copy that it has percolated down through all income levels. To satisfy the headlong demand, the nation's eight thousand minkery operators grow more and furrier minks each season. Last year, for the first time in history, more mink was sold in America than any other single fur, according to the Associated Fur Manufacturers, Inc. In 1949, fur sales in the United States topped $259,000,000, a figure based on Federal excise-tax receipts. A good $100,000,000 of that total went for mink.

But why the fantastic prices for mink?

Well, let's go back to the four-thousand-dollar coat

THIS WHITE-MINK *stole can be draped twelve intriguing ways —but no matter how draped, the price on this trifle is $5,000.*

MINK (continued)

on the matron in Muncie. It was purchased in a Chicago department store, which, to cover the expensive hauteur of its fur salon, its profits and risks, had added a thousand dollars to the price it had paid for the garment.

The coat, then, was worth three thousand dollars at wholesale. The wholesaler of fur is usually the manufacturer. He may be a little man with a needle, thread, a table, some nails, and a couple of sewing machines, or he may be the employer of several dozen high-priced operators. Fur workers are the highest paid of all apparel workers. September, 1950, wages for fur operators and cutters averaged $101.49 a week. But a man who has a special way with mink often gets rewarded at the rate of fifteen thousand dollars a year.

Up to ten days are required for skilled operators to put together a mink coat. First the cutter "lets out" each pelt by making parallel slashes, with a razor-edged knife, about a quarter of an inch apart; he leaves a quarter-inch margin all around the edge. Then the operator painstakingly machine stitches these slits together in ascending diagonals. The result is a panel about twice as long and half as wide as the original pelt.

Next, the nailer lays out the designer's pattern for the individual coat on a huge table and adjusts the long, skinny panels of mink to the pattern. He nails them in place, wets the insides of the pelts, and lets them dry to the proper shape. Then the parts of the pattern—sleeves, back, collar, and front panels—are assembled, and the coat sewn together.

The manufacturer had bought his skins from a dealer, a shrewd and knowing judge of furs, who got them at a fur auction to which skins had been sent by ranchers and trappers. At auction, the skins for our four-thousand-dollar coat brought thirty dollars apiece. The coat required seventy-five skins, all perfectly matched. That's $2,250 for the raw skins, leaving $750 for needlework and profits to dresser, dealer, and manufacturer.

The minks in madame's coat came from a ranch in the Fox River Valley, one hour northwest of Chicago, where a hundred thousand minks within a fifty-mile radius thrive in pampered captivity. Most of the *(Continued on page 98)*

TWO VIEWS *of probably the costliest mink coat in existence. It is the only one of its kind, took two years to create, and so far no purchaser with $30,000—the current price—has come forward to claim these fabulous furs.*

Photos by de Evia
Furs by Maximilian
Hats by Mr. John

The Perfect Beast

"Watch tomorrow," the television set said, "for 'The Crimson Fox.'" These words presaged a desperate defense of home and sanity in the Melvin household • **BY MAX SHULMAN**

"Finally found a buyer for the Haskins place," said George with a complacent smile.

"That's wonderful, dear," said Ethel.

"Gouge out his eyeballs, Vixen," said The Crimson Fox.

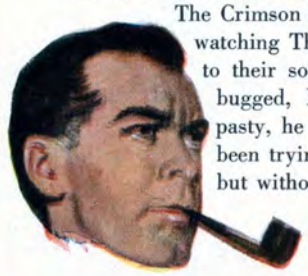
"New York fellow," said George. "Some kind of writer, I believe."

"That's fine, dear," said Ethel.

"You pull out his fingernails. I'll fracture his skull," said The Crimson Fox.

It was ten minutes to eight, April 2, 1950. George Melvin, aged thirty-seven, slightly overweight real-estate dealer of Westport, Connecticut, sat in a wicker chair on the porch of his middle-income home. Ethel Melvin, aged thirty-three, pink and earnest, wife to George, sat in a wicker chair beside her husband's. Tim Melvin, aged six, slight and blond, son to George and Ethel, sat in the living room in front of a television set and watched a program called "The Crimson Fox."

The night was chilly, but George and Ethel stayed on the porch instead of going into the living room. They could not bear to watch The Crimson Fox. Even less could they bear to watch Tim watching The Crimson Fox. Frightening things happened to their son when he looked at this program. His eyes bugged, his respiration failed, his complexion grew pasty, he twitched. For months, George and Ethel had been trying to wean Tim away from The Crimson Fox, but without success. When they refused to let him look at the program, *(Continued on page 101)*



ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

Frightening things happened to their son when he looked at this program.

Twinkle in Her Eye

She meant no harm—in fact, loved all the boys. It's just that when she looked at them, they melted. It remains to be seen who could melt her ● By JOSEPH CARROLL

On a Sunday afternoon some months after the marriage of his daughter, Imelda, Matthew Cleary sat at a table near the window of Mulry's Dark Rosaleen Bar and Grill on Cicero Avenue, which he frequented because the poisonous manners and scabrous tongue of its proprietor entertained him. Matthew's son-in-law, Denny, sat with him. They had met outside church after twelve-o'clock Mass and stopped in the saloon for a quick one before going on to Denny's apartment for dinner. It was turning into rather more than one, none of them quick, for Matthew had a theory that half the nourishment in a drink was lost if you gulped it. Denny had no theories, but he liked drinking in the company of his father-in-law, whose tongue, though rarely tight, loosened marvelously when he had a few in him. Denny knew they would not be missed for a while yet: Imelda had forgotten to turn on the oven before she left for church, and that had set the roast back at least an hour. A roast for Sunday dinner was an inflexible custom of the parish; not to have one was only less heinous than missing Mass.

So Denny leaned back bulkily in his chair and listened to Matthew and Mulry. The saloonkeeper, leaning over the bar, was hurling his warmest invective at Matthew, who claimed to have seen Mulry skulking out of church before last prayers.

"Ah, it's a sad thing," said Matthew in his Sunday voice, orotund and pious, "to see a man so avid for a few coins that he'll scamp his religious obligations for fear the relief bartender will knock down the little extra he's surely entitled to on the paltry wages you pay him, Mulry. If you had your eye oftener on the altar and not forever squinting at the till, you'd be the better man for it. You should have made the Married Men's Mission last year, instead of staying here night *(Continued on page 82)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS


Alka Ross

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

The Most Beautiful Girl in Hollywood—the way she lives, the clothes she wears, her faults and fancies, and what she really wants ● **BY CAMERON SHIPP**

By any sensible male standard, Elizabeth Taylor is one of the most beautiful and desirable women in the world. She is five-feet-four, weighs 108 pounds, has a 21-inch waist, 34-inch hips, and a 35-inch bust. Her hair is midnight black, her eyes are either blue or violet, depending. Her coloring is roses and cream. In infrequent moments of repose, between squeaks of enthusiasm, she appears to be a dark and lustrous dream girl from Mediterranean mythology.

Elizabeth Taylor is of English and Irish ancestry on her father's side of the family, English, Irish, Scotch, and Swiss on her mother's. Both her parents are American. She was born in London February 27, 1931, spent her early childhood there, and became a movie actress in Hollywood when she was nine years old and in the fourth grade in a Beverly Hills school. As a juvenile player, she was notable for winsomeness, sincerity, and a somewhat grubby interest in horses, dogs, and chipmunks. She is a star at Metro now, and she makes a thousand dollars each week.

To these elementary statistics, an oddly precise detail can be added: At twelve-fifteen P.M. on May 27, 1947, Miss Taylor entered the Metro commissary accompanied by a press agent who was to give her lunch, then take her to the back lot to inspect a new, canary-colored Ford convertible. Elizabeth's intention was to eat a large calory-packed luncheon of meat and potatoes, with dessert, as fast as possible in order to have plenty of time left for wiggling the controls and turning on the radio of her automobile. This would make her a motorist in name only. Elizabeth yearned for the car and was allowed to own it, but she was too young to drive it.

When she entered the commissary, she wore a peasant skirt with a loosely fluted, very low-cut blouse, a red flower in her tousled hair, and a slash of lipstick on her mouth, and she was breathless. The effect was awesome. Producers, directors, actors, actresses, cameramen, publicists, hairdressers, prop

Elizabeth *(left), her mother, and brother are an extraordinarily handsome family. Mrs. Taylor was an actress before she married art dealer Francis Taylor.*

The role *that made Elizabeth Taylor famous as a child star was in "National Velvet," in which she appeared with Mickey Rooney—and stole the picture.*

Ektachrome by Mead Maddick; gown from Don Loper

ELIZABETH TAYLOR (continued)

men, and make-up artists who had for six years regarded Elizabeth as a sweet, shrill kid, now looked suddenly on her in old and familiar but interesting terms. Miss Taylor had announced herself as nubile.

The repercussions of this flushed event in the restaurant were exceedingly far-flung. Miss Taylor was immediately cast in pictures wherein sex reared its pretty head, and she responded with such good will that veteran directors bit their nails in surprise and veteran lovers, like Robert Taylor, said "Wow!" Box-office response was equally warm. Elizabeth went on to have love affairs on her own recognizance—all gaspingly publicized with the hot breath of movie columnists—with Glenn Davis, the All-American football player, Bill Pauley, and Nick Hilton, son of Conrad Hilton, president of the Waldorf-Astoria and owner of other great inns, whom she married.

In spite of all this, she remained, surprisingly, the darling of the Metro lot, a biddable, respectful, eager-to-please child, quick to write thank-you notes for small favors and loyal to old friends. Any motion-picture worker who knows her would so attest on all the Gideon Bibles in all the Hilton hotels. Liz, plainly, is a swell kid. But meantime, producers and directors and others responsible for guiding her private and professional career look on Miss Taylor with flabbergasted surmise, as if they were afflicted with double vision.

A producer who observed her reaction to meeting Cary Grant for the first time experienced a jolt that illustrates how she continually puzzles her co-workers.

Wide World

Penguin

Elizabeth acknowledged the introduction with her pretty manners and called the actor "Mr. Grant." But she had walked only ten demure steps away when natural impulses overwhelmed her. She raised her chin joyfully and yelped "Whoopee!" in front of everybody.

A few minutes later she was acting before the camera with all the wise poise of Ingrid Bergman.

Two professional theories are offered. One is that her mother, who was a highly competent stage actress before her marriage, taught Liz how to act. The other offering is that Elizabeth is the first great classic beauty of the screen who is authentically a screen child: in short, she is totally unconscious of the camera, believes everything she does, and does only what comes naturally.

Victor Saville, who directed Elizabeth in "The Conspirators," the picture in which she abashed Robert Taylor with the intensity of her busses, recalls the first time he took Elizabeth aside to instruct her in the technique of what is known as "adult passion."

"I felt like a father explaining about the birds and bees," he says. "I said, 'Now, Elizabeth, I want you to —well, *you* know.' And Elizabeth said, 'Yes, Mr. Saville, I know. I know.'

"And she did know."

To this Mr. Saville adds other observations: "She is gently bred. Her people are nice people. She has manners. She is absolutely a *screen* actress. She doesn't learn the attitude of an emotion and repeat it over and over again, as on a stage, but experiences it sincerely, right now. She knows if she feels it, it'll photograph. Also, she knows that she hasn't any possible bad angle. So she forgets the camera. The degree of her belief is the measure of how good she is."

Actually, both the mother-taught theory and the unself-conscious theory about Miss Taylor are true.

Elizabeth was a hopscotch school child when her neighbor, Sam Marx, a Metro producer, was stuck for a pretty little girl with an English accent to play opposite Roddy McDowall in "Lassie Come Home"— in support of the dog. With little to lose, he tested his small neighbor, found her adequate, and gave her the part. The discovery of a classic beauty was as easy and as simple as that. Elizabeth thereafter regarded promotion in pictures as blandly as she regarded promotion to the fifth and sixth grades. Indeed, school was a lot tougher than movies because of her British accent, which was preposterously broad "A." She and her brother Howard, who is two years older, suffered enormities of torture before they learned to talk American, which they did hastily and overthoroughly, winding up so colloquial that today *(Continued on page 105)*

***Miss Taylor** and her mother (photo at left) are shown on the Metro lot. The young actress permits neither weariness nor personal problems to interfere with movie-making. At right, she is seen in happier days at a party with Nick Hilton, the hotel-heir from whom she parted.*

Cosmopolitan's Guide for

WAR WIVES

Authoritative information on when you should follow him to camp and when you should not, how much money you will get, what medical privileges you will have, what to do about debts, how to manage if you have children—and, above all, how to keep your sanity while he's gone.

One morning you wake up, and there's that man walking around your bedroom in khaki. Life and the United States armed forces have exercised their prior claim to your husband. And there you are up to your ears in problems: the gas and light bills, the insurance premiums, the bank statement, the baby's teeth, the in-laws who insist you come live with them—and loneliness. It looks very much as though somebody else had bitten off more than you can chew, and you're bewildered, scared, and maybe a little mad. Where do you begin?

Wide World

If you've been wise, you had mapped out a program before any of this happened, but if you've been shortsighted, you needn't simply give up. As international tension mounts and mobilization expands, concern nibbles at the back of every wife's mind, but you don't have to let it eat you up. Sit down, with your husband if possible, and work out the bugs. Whether you are already a service wife or only on the verge, here are some of the questions that will plague you, and here's what you can do about them.

What is expected of you?

At the outset, you can arm yourself with this homely chunk of information: Being a good service wife isn't radically different from being any other kind of a good wife. On the surface, it does look frighteningly new and strange, but

underneath, where it counts, the patience and courage, hope and humor and good sense you will need are the same. "Morale" is simply a military term for all the faith and hard work you've been putting into your marriage right along. You apply it in different ways, but it's the same old spirit.

On the other hand—and this is perhaps the hardest thing to take—nobody can truly say, "This is where you stand," emotionally, legally, financially, or any other way. There are laws to protect you and regulations within the armed forces to help you, but no two cases are exactly alike. Blanket statements about your rights and privileges are apt to be misleading. One big reason for this is that, for the first time in the history of this country, we are trying to work out a program of semimobilization. We have always before been either at peace or at war, so there is very little provision for a continuing existence somewhere in between.

Who will help you if you need it?

First and foremost, the American Red Cross. There are over thirty-seven hundred Red Cross chapters in the United States, nearly seven hundred more than there are counties. They work with legal and medical agencies, the welfare officers of the Army and Navy, and the Red Cross in foreign countries. They can help you faster than almost anyone else.

Each service maintains an office to deal with personal problems of the men and their dependents, but they very often refer you to the Red Cross, so it's sometimes better to start with the Red Cross in the first place. You might make a note, however, of the name of the office that might help you in your husband's branch of the forces:

Army: Army emergency relief office. Branches at each Army post or field, or at least a relief officer, who is sometimes the chaplain.

Navy: Navy welfare office. Branches in each of the Naval districts (everybody in the United States lives in one) and Hawaii, Alaska, and the Canal Zone. Welfare officers at each Naval base, frequently a chaplain.

Marine Corps: Served by Navy welfare office and chaplains.

Air Force: Personnel-affairs officer at every air base, or Army emergency relief office.

Coast Guard: Coast Guard welfare office with branches in each Coast Guard district.

If you live in an extremely remote area, you can write to the Washington headquarters of any of the above offices, but don't expect fast results. It takes time to process the mail in any Washington office; contacting the branch in your locality will be faster and more efficient. If you need special attention, such as legal or medical advice, these offices will put you into the right hands.

One source of help close at hand—and strangely overlooked by many wives—is their husbands. Unless a man is out of the country, he can often give you emergency help, as he has immediate access to the machinery. If he doesn't know the procedure, his commanding officer can tell him.

Should you follow him to his base?

Probably not at first. It takes about four months to transform a civilian into a soldier or a newly commissioned man into a full-fledged officer. Give him time to adjust; he'll fret enough about you anyway.

During his basic-training period, he may be sent across the country and back. If you go, too, you will probably have to travel alone, and you'll have to pay your own way. The Government doesn't transport wives unless their husbands are sergeants or better, and then only if the job is compatible with a home life.

You will probably want to join him later, but before you pack up the family goods, find out about living conditions where you're going. Those frilly curtains will look awfully silly in a Quonset hut. The Army, the biggest of the services and by its very nature involved with large amounts of land, usually maintains housing on or near the post, but the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard are more mobile and less concerned with such facilities. The Red Cross, or your husband's C.O., can give you details.

When he enters the service and periodically thereafter, your husband will receive pamphlets covering his personal problems and yours, everything from on-the-base movies to burial rights. If he doesn't want the stuff cluttering up his locker, have him send it to you. It may be useful eventually, even if it isn't at the moment. The services are just as anxious as you to forestall emergencies and trouble, because no man pestered by worry makes a good soldier.

When you become eligible for Government-paid travel, you must often wait until you can be housed at the other end. This is especially true if you go overseas, and as long as we hold onto some semblance of peace, you are likely to do so. You may travel at your own expense any time you like, but in that case you'll also have to dig up your own housing when you get there, and in some locations, that's very difficult.

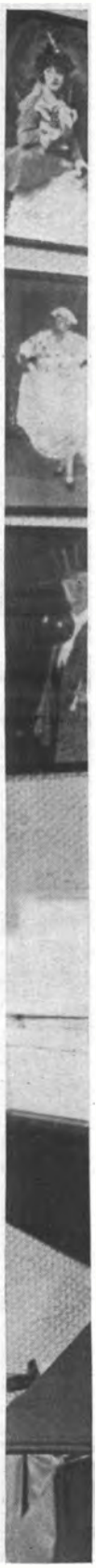
Before uprooting yourself from an established situation that may in itself give your husband a certain peace of mind about you, find out whether there are schools for your children, if you can get a job there, whether you'll need a car for shopping, and so on. Nobody can wipe out all hazards, but you can cut them down to size.

What will you use for money?

That's a fairly complicated question. Generalizations about pay are especially deceiving. Pay-rate charts are available, but it would take a finance officer stuffed into the envelope with each chart to explain exactly what your husband will earn. You should know that the whole pay and allotment program has been liberalized, but the *number* of allowable dependents is now limited to three. This applies only to enlisted and noncommissioned personnel. On first entering the Army a man is paid $75 a month, but he also gets $31.50 per month subsistence (food) and $45 rental allowance if there is no Government housing in which to park his boots. These sums stand whether he is married or not. Both will increase from there on as he moves up in *(Continued on page 127)*

These Secretaries make Big Money

Most girls who pound typewriters want only to escape this drudgery by quitting to get married. But here are Girl Fridays who have found exciting and rewarding careers in being indispensable to the world's most successful men ● BY MICHAEL DRURY



Many people think of secretaries as lowly creatures who perform unglamorous, menial tasks for which they are poorly paid. Did you know, however, that some of them average over eight thousand dollars a year in pay—more than certain bank presidents? Or that others have secretaries of their own? These are the secretaries of the nation's top industrialists, public officials, and outstanding professional men. Without them, the nation's economy would sag, and their high-geared bosses would have to shift into low.

All secretaries to important men are primarily personal managers, handling mail, making engagements, meeting callers and warding off or rerouting the misplaced ones, typing and timing the boss's speeches, booking his travels, and coping with as many of his private problems as he sees fit to hand over.

"Private problems" is an elastic term—stretching all the way from selecting his ties to making out his income-tax returns, from getting his shoes heeled to disposing graciously of women who want to marry him. One secretary had to master the technique of ordering with poise a hundred pounds of manure for her employer's garden. Another arranged a complete wedding, supplying everything but the bride and groom. Many have designed and furnished their boss's office and the boardroom, as well. They have been asked to rent an elephant, buy and set up a fleet of electric trains, pick out a good tailor and choose the material for him to make up into a suit, explain to foreigners the intricacies of American shower bathing, and even arrange to get members of the boss's family into a hospital for the mentally ill. It is distinctly *not* a nine-to-five occupation.

Take, for example, Mrs. Olive Wakeman, executive-secretary to Conrad N. Hilton, president of the (at this moment) fourteen Hilton hotels. The other day at a party someone asked him how many such inns he now owns, and turning to Mrs. Wakeman, he mused, "Let's see, what is it today?" He was only half joking; the chain expects to add three more hotels momentarily, one each in Rome, London, and Istanbul. When that happens, Mrs. Wakeman will undoubtedly become twins.

For eight years, she has been trailing Hilton over most of the Western Hemisphere, never knowing

MARY STEELE, *secretary to playwright-producer Oscar Hammerstein II, transcribes most of her boss's inspired dictation from a dictaphone. When not typing, she spends a good deal of time telling people there are no tickets to "South Pacific."*

WINIFRED WILLIAMS *is secretary to the president of Columbia Broadcasting System, Frank Stanton, once sent him off in a tweed suit to a black-tie dinner.*

when she leaves for work in the morning whether she will wind up that night in Washington, New York, Mexico City, or Bermuda. She already has as many offices as Hilton has hotels, plus one she carries in her hat, and she keeps three suitcases packed, one filled with winter clothing, one with tropical-resort wear, and one with cocktail and evening dresses. When they are at the Caribe Hilton in Puerto Rico, the day's business is conducted from Hilton's cabana on the beach, and boss and secretary are both clad in swim suits.

Hilton, in common with other bosses, is inclined to regard his secretary as omniscient. Once when he was driving to the airport in a city strange to both of them, he kept demanding that Mrs. Wakeman tell him which way to go. Hoping for the best, she would say, "Turn here," and "Go that way," until at last they pulled up in the middle of an airstrip, nudging the steps of the

Photos by I.N.P.

MRS. OLIVE WAKEMAN, *secretary to Conrad Hilton, owner of fourteen famous hotels, never knows whether the end of the day will find her in Bermuda, Washington, or Mexico City—so diversified are the interests of her boss.*

plane on which they were to depart. Hilton looked at her and grinned. "That's what I like about you," he said. "You're so thorough."

When he bought an enormous house full of paintings, sculpture, and other pieces of art, he left it up to her to decide which should be included in the sale price and which the original owner might keep—a forbidding assignment. She got through it without bringing the two men to blows. She also hires the servants, makes up party menus, and fills in whenever an extra woman is needed. She has two secretaries of her own, one in Beverly Hills, the other in New York.

Edgar F. Kaiser, the president of the Kaiser-Frazer Corporation in Willow Run, Michigan, once asked his secretary, Mrs. Mabel Thorn, to buy him some underwear. She did it without batting an eye. (On the other hand, it takes Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas days to work up to requesting his secretary to sew on a button.) Incidentally, in order to work for Kaiser, you need to know not only shorthand but how to boil a three-minute egg. When he works till after midnight, which is often, he promptly decides it's morning and orders eggs and coffee all around.

Many people think a secretary's chief job is to organize a jumbled man, but that is rarely true. In the case of Catherine Pilling, the organization seems to center around offices: When her boss, industrialist James Bruce, was appointed ambassador to Argentina, Mrs. Pilling was suddenly required to set up an embassy office in Buenos Aires. However, she had had plenty of practice. For years she had been managing the various offices that Mr. Bruce, as chairman of innumerable boards of companies, seemed to collect—*and* his Maryland farm and South Carolina shooting lodge.

Top executives don't get there by sloppy techniques, and Ethel Bonnard's comment about her employer, Ralph S. Damon, president of Trans World Airlines, is typical: "That man can do anything. I have yet to see him type, but I'm sure he could if he had to." Damon spends so much time in airplanes that Miss Bonnard sees very little of him, but she always knows exactly where he is, his hotel, and his daily program, whether he's in Frankfort, London, or Bombay. An orderly man, he makes a tight schedule before leaving and then sticks to it.

Bosses and secretaries communicate with each other in an odd mixture of familiarity, sign language, and formal politeness. When Damon announces, "I think I'll come in early tomorrow—maybe about eight o'clock," that's Miss Bonnard's cue to say she can be there, too. When they first met, he sat down and dictated letters for two days without let-up and then disappeared for six weeks to meet TWA's twelve thousand other employees. "It was," sighs Miss Bonnard, "the only time since I started this job three years ago that I've *really* had time to get my hair done. But then, I wouldn't know how to act in a job where I just put on my hat at five o'clock *(Continued on page 92)*

ANNABEL DAVIS *has for twenty-four years been secretary to Leroy A. Wilson, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. She's never off the job. Afterhours calls for her boss are transferred to her home phone.*

CATHERINE PILLING, *secretary to industrialist James Bruce, manages his Maryland farm and South Carolina shooting lodge and set up his embassy office in Buenos Aires when he became U. S. ambassador to Argentina.*

THE GIRL WITH THE *Tiger-Blonde Hair*

BY LOUIS KAMP

He had brown curly hair and a classic profile, and he was slightly taller than the Apollo of the Belvedere. He wore impeccable blue flannels, and concealed beneath one of his lapels was a small nickel-plated badge. His name was Jonathan Hill, and he was snooping for shoplifters in the basement of D. J. Trimble's New York department store.

As he patrolled the aisles of kitchen and bathroom equipment, garden tools, and hardware, a beautiful young creature came through a basement stairway entrance and moved directly toward him. The girl had tiger-blonde hair with an exciting yellow-gold streak running through it. She had the largest and loveliest violet eyes Jonathan had ever seen. There was a snippet of nose and a pair of breath-taking rose-petal lips that smiled at him. Jonathan returned the smile, thinking, Now, there is a girl a guy could really fall in love with. Then Jonathan's smile froze. His pleasant gray eyes bulged and his mouth fell open as he stared at the girl's outfit.

The girl was wearing pink-silk pajamas, a pair of gold sandals—and some rosy nail polish. The effect was wonderful, Jonathan thought, but definitely unorthodox for shopping in Trimble's basement. Especially in December.

"Uh—madam," he said, "how did you get into the store in that—that—" His face took on the color of the gorgeous creature's pajamas. "It's *snowing* outside!"

The girl did a graceful pirouette, and Jonathan saw the small display card attached to the back of her pajama jacket. It stated that the garment could be purchased in the Sleepe Shoppe on the fourth floor for $19.95.

"I'm employed here, handsome." She winked at him. "I am what is referred to as a model."

"You'd better get back to the Sleepe Shoppe," Jonathan said regretfully. "You're not supposed to be modeling pajamas in the hardware section, Miss, uh—"

"Neither rain nor sleet nor snow can stay me from my appointed *(Continued on page 120)*

She wore silk pajamas, a pair of gold sandals, and a bewitching perfume—posing a difficult problem for a serious (and engaged) young man

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

The monstrous snake that leaps from a jar of peanut brittle is a good shocker.

Funny Business

Foton photos by Charles Peterson

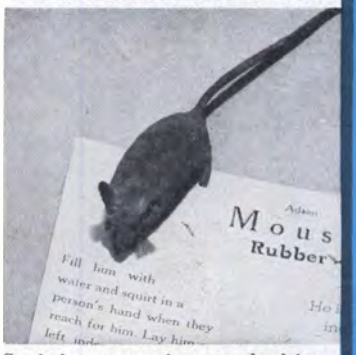
Have you ever wondered what kind of people make those squirting flowers, crazy golf balls, and exploding cigars? How a laugh-factory operates, where it gets its ideas, and what sells best?

BY JOEL SAYRE

The factory and home office of the S. S. Adams Co. is in Asbury Park, New Jersey, the celebrated seaside-resort town. Twenty years ago, pajamas were made in the three-story, ivy-covered, red-brick building with the white cupola; today they make jokes. These jokes are known professionally as "jokers' novelties" or "funny party goods," and their making requires forty thousand cubic feet of space, a battery of machine tools, an abundance of raw materials, and, at peak seasons, the services of as many as two hundred employees. By way of illustration, here are a few funny-party-goods items culled at random from the S. S. Adams catalogue:

"WATCH WINDER: Now you can wind a delicate watch and make it sound like a rock crusher. You'll get a lot of laughs from this." "SQUIRTING QUARTER: A real quarter that will squirt a stream of water eight to ten feet." "SHAPELY PIN-UPS WITHOUT CLOTHES: In book form. Open it up and a small pair of clothespins are revealed. Original, witty, humorous, knockout." "AUTO BURGLAR ALARM: Connect this to a spark plug. It will shoot, whistle, scream, and smoke when motor starts. Zowie! Bang! Pop! Zeee!" "CRAZY GOLF BALL: Looks like a real golf ball, but it's off center and rolls eccentrically when you putt with it. A great gag." "SNAKE PEANUT BRITTLE: Three five-foot snakes jump out of this candy can when opened. Greatest party fun-maker ever conceived." "WORM (PLASTIC): A perfect imitation of a live angleworm. Great surprise when it shows up in a sandwich, beverage, salad." "WINDOW SMASHER: When this set of six steel plates is dropped, it sounds exactly like breaking windows or dishes." "MAGIC RUBBER FLOWER: A perfect imitation of a gaily-colored rose. When bulb is pressed, a six-inch worm pops out." "SHOOTING POP BALL BOXES: When these boxes are opened, there is a loud explosion and four dozen four-inch paper balls, colored red, white, and blue, jump out. A small box the size of your hand will produce enough balls to fill a bushel basket. These are wonderful laugh-making surprises and are especially suitable for parties, dinners, banquets, etc." "SHINER (BLACK-EYE JOKE): Looks like a *(Continued on page 137)*

Portable fake ink blot and bottle



Squirting mouse is a standard item

Pepper gum and rubber candy

Artificial worm for your salad


Monet

Mrs. Brewster's ONE-MAN SHOW

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

My wife, Molly, says if I wasn't always sticking my two cents' worth into other people's business I would be better off. But I say, in the first place I mind my own business, which is a very modern stationery store two blocks from the New Haven depot, and in the second place I got nothing much to do all day but think about the customers who come into the store. I'm a natural-born philosopher. A man like me, in the same location over twenty years, he gets to know the problems of everybody in the neighborhood. A stationery-store man, particularly with the kind of trade I have built up, he hears all the gossip, and people come to him for advice. They like to talk to him while he's giving them change after they buy a paper or a magazine, or they want to know which book he recommends from the renting books, which I have a stock on hand about two hundred and fifty books at all times, the latest. We also do a good ice-cream-soda-and-sandwich business, as I enlarged the premises during the war and put in a kitchen, chef, waitress, and juke box. I mean, I'm a progressive businessman. Also a philosopher. I read deep books, like Nietzsche, Plato, the Bible, even Lao-Tse. I think.

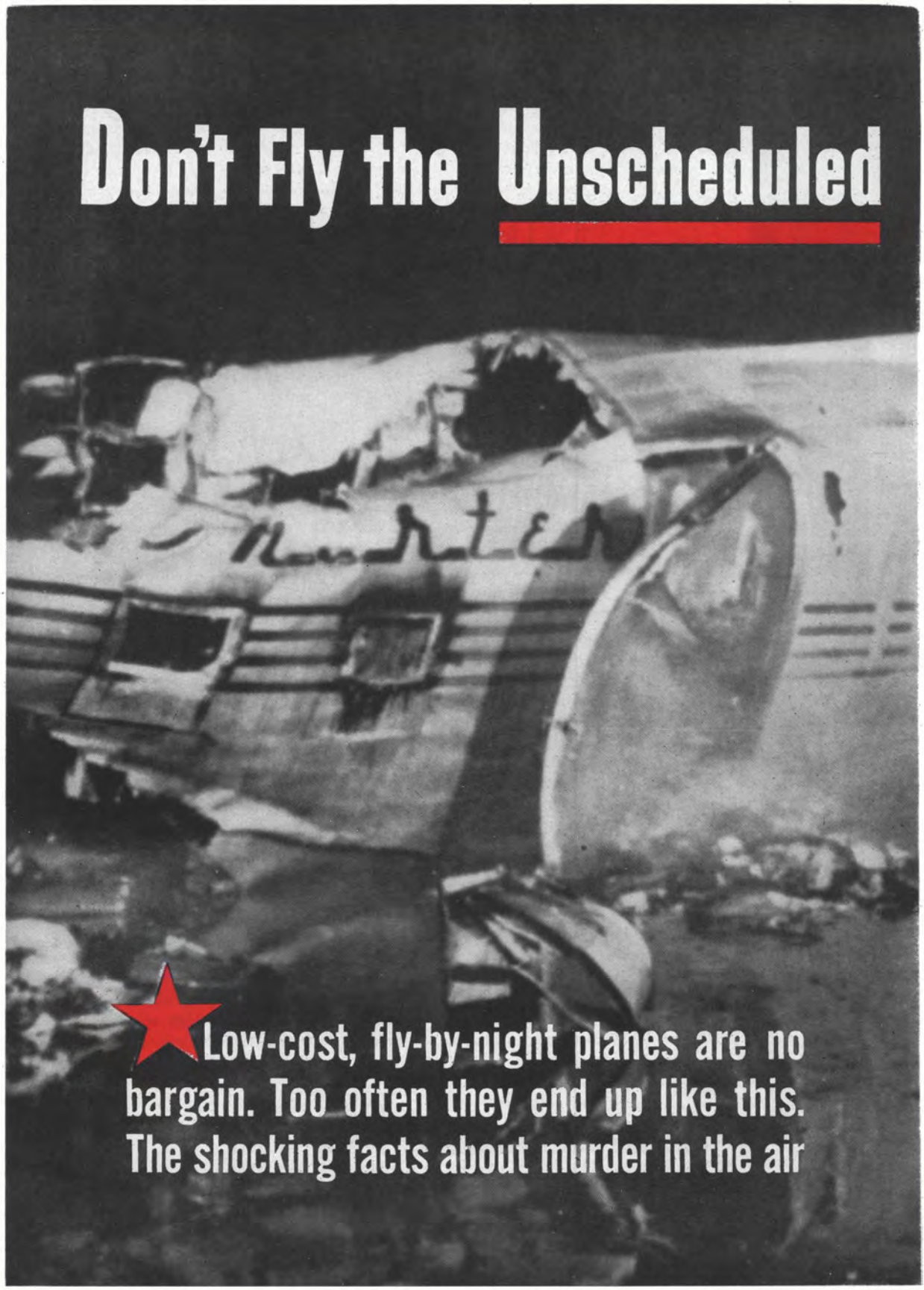
I got hours—like after the commuters all leave in the morning and before I get the lunchtime students from the high school—when there's not much to do, if I've finished taking inventory, so I sit and I think. Like about the Brewsters. Now, there is a situation I would like to figure out. I mean, there are some very peculiar angles to this thing.

This Gerald Brewster has been living in our town for seventeen or eighteen years. He's a good forty-five years old, a very decent, respectable citizen. He's at my store between 8:30 and 8:35 every morning. He picks up his *Times*. He walks *(Continued on page 162)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MONET

What woman has not looked for something that belongs only to her and not to her husband or children? Mrs. Brewster not only looked—but found

Don't Fly the Unscheduled



★ Low-cost, fly-by-night planes are no bargain. Too often they end up like this. The shocking facts about murder in the air

Air Lines!

BY W. B. COURTNEY

On that afternoon of January 2, 1949, it was cold and raw in Seattle; at three o'clock, just as the wintry dusk was gathering, snow had begun to fall. When it ceased, at five o'clock, three inches mantled Boeing Field to the south of the city; the temperature had dropped below freezing. The colored boundary and obstruction lights and the swinging beacon ray had a muted sparkle that hinted ominously of a fog breeding on near-by Puget Sound.

But there was little talk or thought of the weather among the animated crowd that soon afterward started assembling in the airport terminal. It was a typically engaging, wholesome, heart-warming American family scene; its nucleus was twenty-seven young Yale students about to return to college at the end of the holidays in a chartered plane. The waiting room was a cheerful bedlam—with the last querulous admonitions of mothers, the last man-to-man words of fathers, the last whispers and stolen arm pressures of sweethearts, the last roughhousing with kid brothers and sisters. There was no hint of apprehensiveness—not even when it was announced, without explanation. that the departure, originally set for six oclock, would be "delayed."

Why the delay? The plane they had chartered was made by the company that has built more air transports than any other firm on earth. The plane was certificated and deemed airworthy by the Civil Aeronautics Administration. "Seattle Air Charter" was lettered in businesslike fashion on the big, sturdy fuselage: this was the name of a local venture, headed by an enterprising young man, with Government authorization to operate as an irregular, or nonscheduled, air carrier of passengers and cargo. And, for that matter, wasn't such flying merely another commonplace form of transportation, accepted nowadays as readily as trains had been by the grandfathers, as automobiles had been by the fathers. of these lads who had inherited the old American faith in conventional American ways and means?

Nonetheless, disturbing things, of which the affectionate families and their jolly friends were unaware, were going on beyond the steamy terminal windows. Even if they had been aware of them, the travelers might not have minded, lacking knowledge of what the events portended. As it was, the "delay" was lightheartedly welcomed as a gift of more time together.

For reasons of urgent importance to *you* and to *your* family, if you are one of the millions who believe the whole American air-travel pattern to be an integral and efficient part of modern transportation, it is well to leave this roomful of patient innocents and go out on the field to trace events step by step.

Several vital factors *(Continued on page 166)*

I.N.P.

GO

Are You a Better Driver

We have no desire to stir up a family row—but this quiz, devised by an expert, will prove which of you is better. At least, the loser will learn something

Women drivers have been maligned almost since the birth of the automobile—but without much concrete evidence. Here is a test that will determine exactly how much you know about driving and about how to get out of a tight spot. Each question has four possible answers, but only one of the four is correct, so just check *one*. After completing the test, turn to page 110 for the correct answers, and your rating as a driver. Then—to settle an issue of long standing—ask the man in your life the same questions and rate *him!*

1. Upon hitting an unexpected stretch of rough or washboard road, the steering wheel should—

a ( ) Be held loosely
b ( ) Be swung from side to side a little
c (√) Be held straight
d ( ) Be left entirely free

2. If the signal light turns amber as you are entering an intersection, you should—

a ( ) Stop as quickly as possible
b (√) Pass on through cautiously
c ( ) Stop and back up behind the crosswalk
d ( ) Turn right whether you intended to or not

3. If you are sleepy while driving at night, the best thing to do is—

a ( ) Carry a thermos bottle of coffee
b ( ) Take antisleep pills
c (√) Pull over to the side of the road and take a nap
d ( ) Stop, get out, and exercise a bit

4. When in a skid, your foot should be kept on the—

a (√) Accelerator
b ( ) Brake
c ( ) Clutch
d ( ) Brake and clutch

5. When you take a curve, it is best to—

a ( ) Slow down while in the curve
b (√) Slow down before reaching the curve and feed the gas a bit while in it
c ( ) Slow down and drive straight across the curve
d ( ) Keep to the outside of the curve

6. You take a curve too fast and find you can't hold it. The proper thing to do is—

a (√) Step lightly on the brake and not the clutch
b ( ) Step on the brake and clutch
c ( ) Take your foot off the accelerator
d ( ) Keep your right foot on the accelerator and apply the brake with your left foot

7. When starting on packed snow or ice, you should use—

a (√) Second gear, and let the clutch pedal up slowly
b ( ) High gear, and let the clutch out quickly
c ( ) Low gear, and let the clutch out quickly
d ( ) Low gear, at a higher engine speed, and let the clutch out slowly

than Your Husband ?

By Ralph H. Snyder, Safety Engineer

8. When going down a steep hill—
- *a ( ) Shift to lower gear after starting downhill*
- *b (√) Shift to lower gear before starting downhill*
- *c ( ) Use the hand brake*
- *d ( ) Throw in the clutch and coast*

9. The safe driver avoids trouble by—
- *a ( ) Driving slower than other traffic*
- *b ( ) Developing a fast reflex action*
- *c (√) Obeying all the signs and traffic rules*
- *d ( ) Recognizing trouble in the making—defensive driving*

10. When you strike an unexpected patch of bumpy road—
- *a (√) Step on the brake*
- *b ( ) Step on the clutch*
- *c ( ) Step on the brake and clutch*
- *d ( ) Keep the foot on the accelerator*

11. To make a quick stop at high speed—
- *a ( ) Step on the brake and clutch hard*
- *b (√) Use a pumping action on the brakes, and do not step on the clutch*
- *c ( ) Use the clutch and brake and also the hand brake*
- *d ( ) Step on the brake after shifting into lower gear or "double clutching"*

12. When you are going at high speed and a rear tire blows out, the best thing to do is—
- *a ( ) Keep the foot on the accelerator*
- *b ( ) Make an emergency stop*
- *c (√) Throw out the clutch and let the car roll to a stop*
- *d ( ) Double clutch*

13. The main cause of skidding is—
- *a ( ) Brake improperly adjusted*
- *b ( ) Slippery streets, because of rain, ice, or snow*
- *c ( ) Smooth tires*
- *d (√) Driving too fast for conditions*

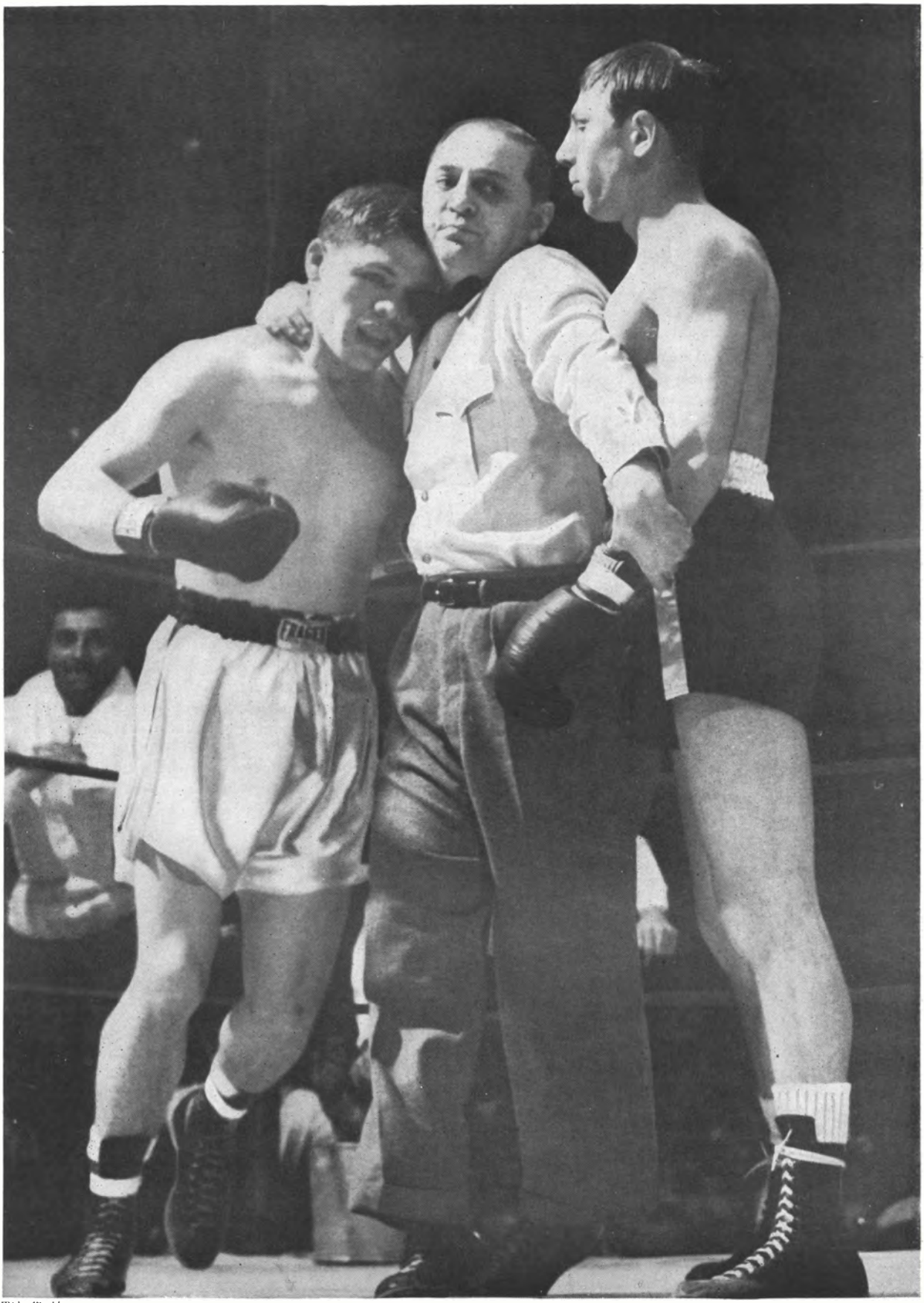
14. If your right wheels get off onto the rough shoulder of the road, you should first—
- *a ( ) Turn the steering wheel quickly to get back on the pavement*
- *b (√) Steer straight and slow down gradually*
- *c ( ) Make an emergency stop*
- *d ( ) Get the left wheels off, too, and then cut back onto the pavement*

15. Who has the right of way if you are approaching an intersection where there is no traffic light or officer, and a pedestrian is on the crosswalk?
- *a ( ) You have*
- *b ( ) You have if you sound your horn*
- *c (√) The pedestrian has*
- *d ( ) Neither has*

16. If two vehicles approach an open intersection at right angles at the same time, which one has the right of way?
- *a ( ) The vehicle on the driver's left*
- *b ( ) The vehicle traveling the faster*
- *c ( ) The vehicle on the wider street*
- *d (√) The vehicle on the driver's right*

17. The safe distance between vehicles going 40 mph is—
- *a ( ) Equal to the speedometer reading in yards*
- *b ( ) Twice the speedometer reading in yards*
- *c (√) 150 feet*
- *d ( ) Twice the length of your vehicle*

(Continued on page 109)



Wide World

ARE FIGHT REFEREES HONEST?

How they are picked, what they are paid, what (and whom) they have to know—and why the public should cry foul! BY DAN PARKER

Boxing referees, as a class, aren't as honest or as capable now as they used to be in the days when they were chosen for ability rather than political connections. This condition has been prevalent throughout the United States ever since the regulation of boxing was taken over by politically controlled state commissions whose members, in most cases, are even less qualified for their posts than the referees and judges they appoint. There are still many competent and thoroughly honest referees and judges, but there are altogether too many of the other kind. In fact, it is amazing that any officials have managed to keep clean in a sport that reeks of corruption.

In the era before the turn of the century, a boxing referee was accepted at face value as an honest man. The fact that he was a referee meant that he had proved his honesty and had been admitted into an honorable guild. His fame wasn't merely local; the entire sports world knew about him. Few modern referees are known outside their own territory. In fact, they are prohibited from performing in other states, by laws aimed at keeping the gravy for native sons who are faithful to the party, if not always to the public. Referees and judges who have landed their appointments through the spoils system can hardly approach their duties with the rugged ideals of the old-time referee whose reputation was at stake every time he entered the ring.

Under the spoils system that dictates Boxing Commission appointments, candidates with every qualification are often barred because they have no political connections, while party hacks who don't know a left hook from a spoon hook are welcomed. Mark Conn, one of the most capable referees on the New York State Athletic Commission staff, had to surmount unbelievable obstacles before being appointed. He had boxed as an amateur himself and had been a college boxing coach. To make him still more desirable as a referee, he had served with honor as a major in the second World War. Yet his applications were ignored by the New York State Athletic Commission for several years. Major Conn finally appealed to the press. Not until pressure had been brought to bear on the Commission from many nonpolitical sources did Conn finally get even the courtesy of recognition of his application. Then he was told to join a political club. He followed instructions, and very shortly his appointment was brought about. Conn's work has always been outstanding.

For every Conn who manages to break through the Leather Curtain, there are a dozen incompetents who have been selected as judges or referees. Of course, a rank tyro can't be named as a referee because, in the ring, he would immediately expose his ignorance and incompetence. However, a good party *(Continued on page 112)*

A referee can make or break a fighter, *and heaven help the fighter he's "neutral" against. At left, referee Ruby Goldstein separates Vince Foster and Charlie Fusari.*

The Meanest Job

Roderick Horne

People who default on bills are dishonest, but those who are paid to track down, humiliate, and badger them sometimes stoop even lower — to these fantastic and outrageous tricks

Do you owe money? Have you had letters from a collection agency? If so, watch out—you can easily become a victim of the meanest business in the world.

It isn't even necessary to owe money to fall into the clutches of practitioners of the meanest profession. You can become innocently involved through the numerous house-to-house rackets that still thrive on human vanity and gullibility, though Government agencies and Better Business Bureaus work tirelessly to stamp them out.

Or you can become entangled indirectly, through wife and kids—which is exactly what happened to a young fellow who can be called Bill Sullivan.

Bill had often warned his redheaded wife, Cathy—as average a wife as Bill was an average husband—that she gave their two small boys too much freedom in running around the small town in which they lived. But Cathy said it made them self-reliant. She had been brought up that way and, gosh, it had certainly never hurt her any.

Cathy was more convinced than ever that her approach was right on the day the pleasant man came to the door, with her kids leaping along beside him. The kids were beside themselves with excitement. "Mommy, this man wants to take our picture," they shouted.

The man smiled. Patting the kids on the head, he explained that he was a photographer with a studio in the city near by. He had been driving through when he happened to see the kids.

"I've been photographing children for more than ten

in the World

BY ALLEN CHURCHILL

years," he said, "but I've never seen such cute ones."

He told Cathy he'd like to take their pictures—for no charge—to use in the display window of his studio. They would be sure to attract other business.

Cathy felt good all over, the way she always did when someone admired her children. She gave out with her best smile and told the man it was all right with her, especially as it wouldn't cost anything.

"Just sign this release giving me permission to use the pictures," he told her. It made sense to Cathy, and she immediately signed the paper with the pen the man offered her.

He turned brisk. He went to the car and got his camera. Then he pushed the kids into the house ahead of him. He didn't arrange the lights, the way Cathy thought photographers always did. Instead, he just sat the kids in Bill's big chair and snapped them. It didn't even seem to bother him that little Billy was sucking his thumb. Cathy wanted to ask if he didn't need better poses, but she decided that anyone who had taken children's pictures for ten years might know how to make the first ones perfect. So she didn't ask.

The photographer shut his camera, patted the kids again, and promised to stop off to show her the pictures next time he passed through.

He did stop off, too, coming to the door with a package under his arm. He didn't seem quite so pleasant this time, didn't warm to Cathy's best smile. Instead, he tapped the package and said, "Twelve bucks. You owe me twelve bucks."

Cathy realized that he was trying to charge her for taking the kids' pictures, and she got mad. There wasn't twelve dollars in the house, outside of household money, and even if there were, she wouldn't pay him. He had said he wanted to take the pictures for nothing—but what was he saying now? That she had signed a purchase order. He showed her the paper, and instead of being a release, it *was* a purchase order. On it, unmistakably, was a signature. Hers.

"I'd advise you to pay," the photographer was saying. "If you don't, the bill may be turned over to a collection agency. I know you don't want that."

But Cathy wasn't redheaded for nothing. She slammed the door.

After that the letters began.

At first they were merely bills from the photographer, who seemed actually to have a studio. Then they started coming from a firm that announced itself a "Collector of Accounts." These were just reminders, and Bill, who agreed with Cathy that pay up was the last thing they should do, just threw them away.

But one day a collector came to see Cathy. He was a dirty-looking man, who reminded her of the order she had signed and told her no sum was too small for his company's full attention. "Be a good kid and pay it," he jollied her. "You won't have to tell your husband. You'll get the pictures of the kids. And maybe you'll like them!"

Cathy glared. She told him she had been tricked, and that he ought to be ashamed of trying to collect a phony bill. The dirty man shrugged. "My company just collects the bills. We don't ask what's behind 'em. If I don't do it, somebody else will, and I need the job. I'll be seeing you."

He came two times more, and then someone at the agency called Cathy. "You have refused to pay the representative of our office," he said. "You are being very foolish. One of these days you'll answer the door to a summons. It's an honest debt. Your name is on the order. We're willing to give you the pictures. You can't get around that. In court, you'd just look silly."

That night she talked it over with Bill. They decided they would not be intimidated by such threats, and that the agency would never dare take them to court. Then a telegram came. It said: "WE ARE PREPARED TO TAKE ACTION AGAINST YOU UNLESS CLAIM IS PAID IMMEDIATELY." It made Bill boiling mad, and for the first time, he called the agency. "Lay off my wife," he shouted, "or I'll go down there and take care of you."

Bill got a letter the next day. "You are being notified," it said, "that any further threats of violence from you to this office will be reported to the proper law-enforcement authorities."

At the bottom of the page *(Continued on page 131)*

TALL GIRLS

It's a small-girl's world—to judge by the size of beds, chairs, and most men. The tall girls have banded together in a unique and high-minded protective association. Things are looking up.

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

Some day, an uncommonly pretty young lady named Dagney Bergren, who lives in Chicago, will walk into a telephone booth and be made inordinately happy by what she finds there. "The mouthpiece," Miss Bergren said recently, a dreamy, unbelieving look in her lovely blue eyes, "will not be pointing down; I won't have to adjust it to make it point up; and I will break into tears of happiness!"

Dagney agrees that the position of a telephone mouthpiece is a small matter to arouse much emotion in a girl, but life, she often feels, holds an unending accumulation of small things designed, it seems, solely for the purpose of driving her to distraction. For instance, the height of telephone booths themselves is a nuisance. For Dagney Bergren is a Tall Girl—the capital letters are used advisedly. She stands five feet eleven inches in her stockings, and six feet one-or-two inches when she wears shoes with heels, which she does as a matter of principle whenever she leaves her home, for she refuses to compromise with a world that appears to her to be made by half-pints, for half-pints.

This misdesigning of the world caused Dagney to join, four years ago, the Tall Girls Club of Chicago, which, in its ten years of existence, has brought consolation and great happiness to its hundreds of members, many of them considerably taller than she. Most members, until they joined the club and met persons just as outsize, or even taller than themselves, had felt all their lives that a shorter race of men and women regarded them as freakish misfits and figures of fun.

The Tall Girls Club has had considerable impact on the

BILLY ROSE *glorified the long-limbed beauty by featuring in his Diamond Horseshoe shows such pretty girls as Brik Tone, shown towering over petite Conni Gilmore.*

TALL GIRLS (continued)

world as well as on its members. Manufacturers of all sorts of products have been made aware that all women are not a cuddly five feet two, and have begun to specialize in coats, dresses, stockings, undergarments, and shoes designed for women five feet seven or more in height. At least one railroad, the Rock Island, has built a coach with seats far enough apart so that the Tall Girls can travel—which they do constantly to visit members of other Tall Clubs all over the country—with more comfortable provision for their long legs. And the club is now so well-known in Chicago, because of its many social and philanthropic functions, that whenever two or more six-foot girls appear together in public, they are regarded with admiration and awe and greeted with friendliness, instead of the ribald snickers and trite remarks with which shorter Chicagoans formerly hailed them.

"By the time a girl gets into her twenties," said Lorraine O'Connell morosely, a five-foot-eleven-and-three-quarter-inch Tall Girl, "she begins to think that anybody who says, 'How is the air up there?' or calls her 'Shorty' or 'Stretch' or any other variation, isn't very bright."

The Chicago club was organized in November, 1940, by a girl named Jewel Wolkenhauer, a five-foot-eleven-inch blonde, who was sick unto death of the short wits, the skimpy dresses, the low-ceilinged busses, the short beds in hotels, and the low sinks and other conveniences with which runty designers for a runty world plagued her. She got together with four other girls and organized the Tall Girls Club.

"Several charter members," said Miss Wolkenhauer, a writer for a firm that publishes encyclopedias, "were short girls, as we now consider them—only five feet seven. We had to borrow money in order to get a state charter, but pretty soon we were besieged by more applicants than we could take care of. The newspaper in my community ran a short piece about us, and at the first meeting, in my home, twenty-four girls showed up. Soon we were flooded with so many applications that we had to raise our height standards from five feet seven inches to five feet ten. There were just too many girls in Chicago who were five feet seven. Mary Thompson

ROSEMARY KITTELTON *fills a bathtub to overflowing. Rosemary says she is more interested in a man's mind than his height, although she confesses that it is embarrassing to go out with a man who is much shorter.*

PHYLLIS RANSOME, *of the New Jersey Tip Toppers, finds that men turn around and look at her but—with the increase in popularity of tall girls—the glances are admiring ones. Too bad most of the men are much too short.*

is the only member that short now, and she's the shortest one we have. The tallest is Elsa Walden; she's six-foot-two in stockings, which is how we always measure."

Some time after the Tall Girls Club of Chicago was organized, Jewel Wolkenhauer heard about the California Tip Toppers, which had been organized the year before by a girl named Kay Sumner, a six-footer who was an artist at the Walt Disney Studios. The California Tip Toppers took in men as well as girls, but their height standards were more severe. Only six-foot-or-better women, and men who stood taller than six feet four inches were admitted. "There are too many girls between five feet ten inches and six feet in California," says Miss Sumner.

Clubs for tall people began springing up all over the country, and pretty soon there were organizations called the Houston Tip Toppers, the Skyscraper Club of Cleveland, the St. Louis Tip Toppers, the Spiral, Tall Fellows, and Stratoliners Clubs, of New York, the Tower Club of Philadelphia, the Timberline Club of Denver, and the Pittsburgh Stardusters. The American Affiliation of Tall Clubs, organized several years ago, says there are more than two thousand members of affiliated Tall Clubs in the United States. (The first Tall Club in the world was organized in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1836.)

Frederick William I, king of Prussia from 1713 to 1740, would have been fascinated by some of the marriages between members of the Tall Clubs around the country, for he was obsessed by the notion that if he could have the tallest soldiers in the world he would have the biggest and strongest army as well. His scheme for breeding his tall soldiers with exceptionally tall women, did not, sadly, go beyond the planning board, for he died before he could bring it to fruition. His son, who became known as Frederick the Great, was not interested in tall *or* short women, either for himself *or* his soldiers.

This being neither here nor there, let us go back to the Tall Club marriages. Among the Los Angeles Tip Toppers, Betty Ashley, who is six feet one inch, married Bruce King, who is six feet six inches tall. Six-foot Hazel Rich married six-foot-six-inch Clifford Thorn, and everybody at the wedding, with the exception of the

CHICAGO TALL GIRLS *Ruth Gilke and Elsa Walden used to find clothes a problem. Tall girls wear clothes beautifully, but once found it impossible to get their sizes. Now they can get fitted in shops dedicated to tall girls.*

FAR FROM *minimizing height, many tall girls, like Rosemary Kittelton, wear high heels—on the sound premise that high heels make their legs look much better. Rosemary hopes to become a famous actress someday.*

TALL GIRLS (continued)

pastor, stood six feet or more. The tallest girl-member of the club, Jerry Taylor, who is six feet three inches, married Carl Havens, who is six feet ten inches. And Kay Sumner, the six-foot president and founder of the club, married a six-foot building contractor who built in Tujunga Canyon "a Tip Topper Home," where all the doorways, the hanging lights, the tables, chairs, sofas, sinks, and other conveniences, were fashioned, as were the beds, with the special problems of six-footers in mind. (The tallest girl member of a Tall Club is Trudy Jaquith, who is six feet, five inches; she lives in East Orange, New Jersey, and belongs to the New Jersey Tip Toppers.)

The motto of the club, "It's Fun to Be Tall," is vindicated in many ways other than the constant round of parties, picnics, dances, and other diversions the members devise. "I was out walking with three or four of my friends, all members of the club," recalled Dagney Bergren, "and we happened to stop in front of a jewelry store. We were looking in the window, when a man suddenly dashed out of the store.

" 'Come inside, girls,' he shouted at us; 'I want to talk to you.' He was a very nice little man. He wanted to know all about us, and who we were, and he kept saying, 'My goodness, my goodness, so much girls, so much girls!' We told him all about the Tall Girls Club, and he just kept shaking his head, with his mouth open. It was a scream. He turned out to be the owner of the place, and he said he thought we were all so wonderful that we could have anything in his shop at cost, and he would pay all the taxes. So we all bought earrings."

On another occasion, five of the Tall Girls—Dagney among them—were waiting for a bus when a man approached them. "He was from Texas," said Dagney, "and he had his wife with him. They were both tall, but neither of them was as tall as we are. He took off his hat and said, 'Ladies, I come from Texas, and we're supposed to be tall in Texas, but I've never seen anybody to match you-all.' Well, after we told him and his wife all about the club, he made us sign our names on a piece of paper, giving our height, because he said they wouldn't believe him back home if he didn't bring back evidence. It was very funny, because before we got on the bus, a big crowd had gathered around us, and everybody was talking and laughing. Everybody was so friendly, it was very sweet."

The girls find their height a great advantage in public places. "If two or three or more of us," said five-foot-eleven Lois Ballwanz, "walk into a restaurant, they always find a table for us right away, no matter how crowded it is. People always seem glad to see us, for some reason. I'll never forget the night about eight of us walked into a place that had a bar. They gave us a table, and everybody stared at us. But one little man—he had on a tuxedo and was more than a little drunk—he walked over to our table and just stood there, looking at us, counting us, and saying to himself, 'It can't be true; it just can't be true!' He kept that up until we and everyone in the place were hysterical, it was so funny."

When the girls aren't traveling around the country to attend parties given by Tall Clubs in other cities, they give parties of

Photos by I.N.P.

A DANCE *of the New Jersey Tip Toppers, who admit tall men to membership as well as tall girls. Men must be at least six feet two and the girls not less than a full six feet.*

THE PROBLEM *of the tall girl is finding a taller man. Many members of tall-girls clubs marry men they can look up to—no mean feat. Some wed shorter men, however.*

THREE MEMBERS *of the Tall Girls Club of Chicago—Gertrude Hirsch, a physiologist; Lucille Blasovich, an accountant; and Jewel Wolkenhauer, a writer-researcher.*

BRIK TONE AND ROSEMARY KITTELTON, *two of New York's tallest show girls, flank tiny Conni Gilmore.*

TALL GIRLS

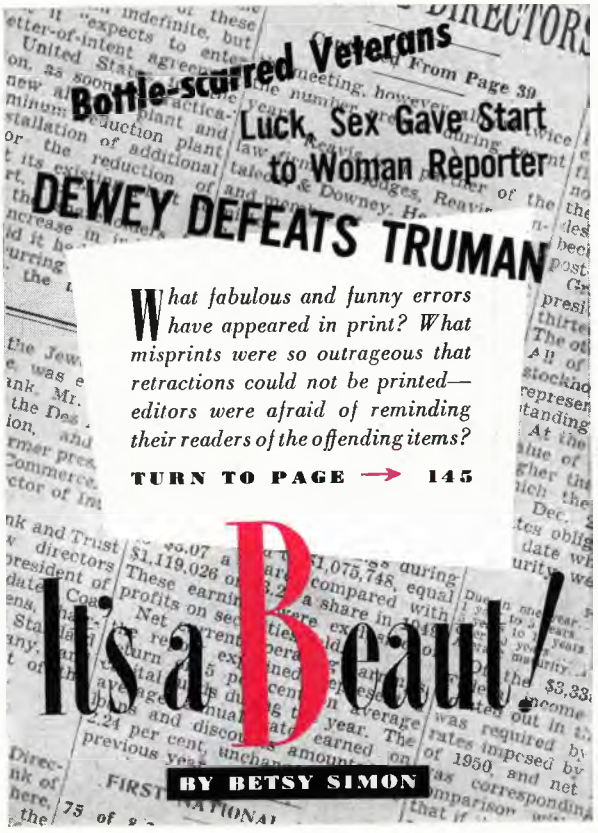
(cont'd)

their own. "We all have a life apart from the club, of course," said Jewel Wolkenhauer, "and we all have friends who are short. They love to come to our parties, and generally at least half the people at our dances are short."

Although they try to have parties with special significance for tall people—their picnics are always held, for instance, at a place called Long Lake, outside of Chicago—they take advantage of occasions like Halloween, St. Valentine's Day, Christmas, and New Year's Eve, to give a party. And sometimes they have parties just because they think it would be fun.

While it is a problem that looms large in the minds of all tall people (as in the minds of short ones), sex and marriage is not the most vital one for members of Tall Clubs.

"That," says Lorraine O'Connell, of the Chicago Tall Girls, "may be why some girls join the club—because they can meet tall men when we have dances and parties. But most of the girls join because they have other problems that have been with them all their lives. By the time I was twelve, I was five feet nine inches, and I'd been called 'Shorty' and 'Stretch,' and asked approximately sixty-seven thousand times, 'How is the air up there?' At school I had to sit at desks meant for kids a foot and a half shorter than I. All through school, whenever we had to form a line—and we were *always* forming lines and marching somewhere—I automatically went to the rear, the very last one in line. By the time someone like me reaches maturity, it's been thoroughly impressed upon her that she's different from most other girls."



Four years ago, Lorraine's mother, also a tall woman, won her campaign to get her daughter to join the Tall Girls Club. "She knew," said Lorraine, "that it would do me good to meet a lot of other girls who had my problems and to associate with people who had gone through everything I had, so I wouldn't feel so different. Everyone has problems in life, but when there's something as obvious as being a foot or so taller than everyone else, why, that's the easiest thing to blame for all your troubles. After I joined the club, I realized there were more people than I had thought in my fix, and I began to adjust. It's been a great thing for me, membership in this club."

Most Tall Girls, before they join, try to minimize their height, even though they realize it is a hopeless struggle. They wear flat shoes, walk and stand with bended knees, and hunch their shoulders in an effort to approach the commonly accepted height standards for women.

"It's difficult to get away from that average-height standard," said Evelyn Olson, the six-foot-one-half-inch president of the club, "because it's drummed into your head all the time, by everything said and written about women. That's why tall girls will try like anything to look 'smaller' and 'cuter' and 'daintier.' Ugh. In the club, we make it a matter of pride to be tall, because the taller you are, the more outstanding you are. We stand up straighter, and we make it a point to wear shoes with two- or three-inch heels. The slogan of the club is 'It's Fun to Be Tall,' and we try to make it fun, really."

Rosemary Haas, a red-headed six-footer who is an artist with a Chicago advertising firm, went to the movies recently. "Before I joined the club," she said bitterly, "I always sat in the last row at the movies. I was afraid to sit anywhere else, because there was always sure to be some wisecracker sitting right behind me. It was too bad because I like to sit up front. Well, the other night I was sitting up front enjoying myself, when the woman sitting in back of me asked me to take off my hat. If that had happened before I joined the club, I would have been mortified, and I would have slunk home and cried all night. Because I wasn't wearing a hat.

"Well, I'm used to that now, and when this woman asked me to take off my hat, I just turned around to her and said coldly, 'Madam, I am not wearing a hat; this is my head you are objecting to, and I can't do anything about taking that off.' She was the one who slunk out."

Before Tall Clubs were organized all over the country, shopping for clothing was a nightmare to the outsize girl. Before World War II, *(Continued on page 116)*

When you make a wish
for a favorite dish,
isn't it often– *CHICKEN?*

Just as sure as you like Chicken you'll like *Campbell's* Chicken Soup

Rich CHICKEN broth

You'll taste the rich, well-liked flavor of fine chicken in every gleaming spoonful.

Rice steeped in CHICKEN

You'll relish the fluffy rice, so full of the deep chicken flavor—and so nourishing.

Tender pieces of CHICKEN

You'll enjoy the tender pieces of chicken generously added for delicious eating.

Twinkle in Her Eye

(Continued from page 46)

after night amassing riches out of the weak characters of your neighbors. Avarice is the second of the Seven Deadly Sins, Mulry, and all the worse when it goes with you into the House of God."

"Glass houses," Mulry said, scowling. He was an ugly man who couldn't afford to scowl, but he cared nothing for his looks and was vain only of his terrible disposition. "You're the holy fellow to be talkin', Matthew Cleary, rubberin' at everyone in the church and disturbin' their devotions and all the while pretendin' to be prayin' like a saint out of the calendar."

Matthew threw back his patrician head of white hair, dappled with black, to bait Mulry further, but he was stayed by a new arrival in the frowsty little tavern. The door from the street opened, and Matthew's sister, Mrs. Meg Garvey, walked in. She was a woman of vast chestiness and dignity, brisk, beautifully tailored, benign, and managerial.

"Mother of God, look who's here!" Matthew exclaimed, and Denny leaped up to offer the lady a chair.

MEG WAS a widow of mature attractions; on the West Side, she was chairlady of half the women's clubs and leader of opposition caucuses in the other half. She disdainfully sniffed the dead air of the Dark Rosaleen as she sat down.

"I hate to see an elderly woman in the saloons," Matthew said to Denny. "Are you on the drink, Meg?"

She looked at him brightly. "Where else would I find my only brother when I have something to tell him?"

Mulry, who had come out from behind the bar to serve her, threw the window curtain back. An opportunist, he knew that passers-by had never seen anything like Meg in the place before, and he wanted the advertisement.

"What do they sell in this place?" Meg asked, sniffing again. "Animal secretions?" She looked up at Mulry. "Bring me a kümmel," she said.

"We're out of it," said Mulry promptly; he had never heard of it. "I ordered some only yesterday."

"Make sure you get the kind that has the umlaut in it," Matthew told Mulry. "Sure, it has no flavor at all without the umlaut."

Mulry renewed his scowl and waited for whatever outlandish drink Meg would name next. "Bring me a glass of water," she said. "And wipe the glass carefully."

Mulry looked at her nastily, but he held his tongue. He was afraid of women, his late wife having been a dreadful harridan who never shut her jaw until the day the breath left her body. After her death, Mulry bore his loss with fortitude and had many Masses said for the repose of her soul, for he was convinced that she was in for a long stretch in purgatory. He went back to the bar.

Matthew called after him, "Another finger of whisky for me."

Meg, after a hearty word to Denny, said to Matthew, "I've found a housekeeper for you, Matt."

Matthew's head pivoted toward her. "Make that two fingers, Mulry," he yelled. "You've *what?*" he demanded, thunder gathering on his fine ruddy face.

"I've got you a housekeeper," she repeated placidly.

Denny hitched his chair closer to the table. He knew the Cleary family well, and in Meg's announcement he saw absorbing possibilities.

Matthew rose, poised like a patriarch who has caught the tribe cavorting around a brazen image. "You meddling, interfering, officious career woman!" he said. "Haven't you enough to do buying votes in your societies and packing committees in your auxiliaries without disturbing the peace of my home?"

"But you need a housekeeper, Matt," she said. "I told you I was going to find one for you."

"What in hell do I want with a housekeeper?"

"Well," said Meg, unperturbed, "if she did nothing else, she could dust the furniture. I coughed for hours after I left the other night, and I'm not yet sure I won't be down with silicosis. And she'd wash the dishes oftener than once a week. The neighbors'll have the Health Department on you if something isn't done."

Matthew turned to Denny with arms outstretched as though he were on a gibbet. "The audacity, Denny, the outrageous audacity! The place is clean as a hospital. You could eat off the floor."

"You'd have to, Denny," Meg said, "for there's no room on the table with all the empty bottles. Listen to me now, Matt, before you work yourself up into a dangerous state. At your age, you can't be too careful."

Matthew resented all references to his age, except by himself when it suited his mood to play the elder statesman. He tossed down his drink in one swallow, stoking the furnace of his wrath.

"And don't make speeches at me," said the terrible Meg. "I've heard all your speeches; and anyway, I make speeches myself. If you don't shut up and listen, I'll give you the one I'm making to the Daughters of Isabella this afternoon. It lasts an hour, and I need practice."

Denny looked at her, awed. He believed her: in her time, Meg had gone for easily an hour, even with bronchitis. Matthew believed her, too; he signaled Mulry for another drink.

"What a liver you must have," Meg said. "X-rays would show you what you're doing to yourself."

"There is no call to be indelicate," Matthew said.

"Ah, well," said Meg, "that's neither here nor there. Let me tell you about the girl who's coming to cook and keep things decent for you."

"Girl?" Matthew asked. "D'you think I want every old hairpin in the neighborhood wagging her tongue about me living under the same roof with a girl?"

"Let them talk," Meg said. "Where's the scandal in a man as old as you, enfeebled by imprudent habits—"

Matthew struck the table with the flat of his hand. "The presumption!" he said to Denny. "The austerity of my life and my blameless character would be enough protection for any woman, but I won't have it insinuated that my virtue is a necessity."

"Anyway," Meg said in a peacemaking spirit, "the girl won't stay at the house. She's staying at a club for working girls that I'm on the committee of—she'll only come in by the day to do for you and cook for you. You'll have a hot meal when you come home at night after working hard on the newspaper all day."

Matthew closed his mouth, which had been opened wide for a new rebuttal. He was very indolent, and he liked to be spoken of as hard-working. He knew Meg must be in a hurry or she would never pass up an argument in favor of blandishment.

Meg had an even quicker short cut to Matthew's agreement, knowing how easily compassion arose in him. "The girl's a greenhorn, Matt," she said. "Two weeks off the boat and barely in under the quota. All her family—just one aunt, really—is in the old country, and she needs the work."

Matthew's face softened reluctantly. "A greenhorn, y'say? A Mayo girl?"

Meg shook her head. "Limerick. But it's all the same. One world, you know, Matt, and we're all members. One of my societies finds situations for immigrants. That's how I heard about her."

Meg stood up briskly. "She starts tomorrow, Matt. Her name is Honor Keegan. I've given her my key to your place, and she'll be there when you come home for dinner tomorrow evening. For goodness' sake, don't talk her deaf the first half hour."

Her point won, there was no longer any need for excessive tact. As she walked to the door, Denny called, "Come home to dinner with us now, Meg. Imelda'll have everything ready." Denny liked Meg as much as he liked Matthew, and he took a sportsman's interest in a contest between two such evenly matched talkers.

"Thank you, no, Denny," Meg said at the door. "I'm on a diet. I never really have a meal anymore. Just pick at things now and then." She arched her splendid bust.

"The last time I saw her," Matthew said, "she was picking at a side of beef like a starving stevedore."

Always magnanimous in victory, Meg waved a forgiving hand. She turned to Mulry, sniffing. "I will send you the name of a reliable disinfectant, Mr. Mulry," she said, and left.

"Holy Michael and Archangel!" Mulry said when the door closed. "There goes a divil for talk. Sure, you hardly had a word in edgewise, Matt." And Mulry almost smiled with satisfaction.

It was years since Matthew had left Ireland, though he took a fiercely partisan interest in its political affairs. He really knew better than to suppose that immigrants hadn't changed in the many decades since he had been one. And yet all the next day in the city room of his newspaper, his imagination created a vision of Honor Keegan that was wantonly sentimental, even for Matthew.

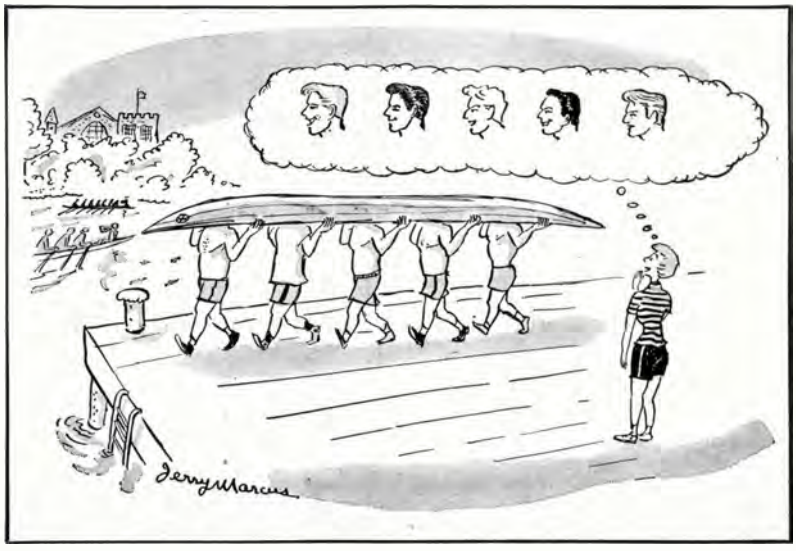
It was not that he thought the girl would wear an old plaid shawl and a dress of frieze, or that she would talk like a colleen bawn; it was not that he expected her to speak Irish (of which he knew all of four phrases) or sing snatches of country ballads while she swept his kitchen with a besom. He didn't really expect her to be like that literally, but his supple fancy always overcame literalness, and he was persuaded that his new housekeeper would have all the quaintness of his romantic imaginings and yet somehow not be a ridiculous anachronism.

An anachronism she certainly was not. The girl who opened the door to him as he climbed the porch steps that evening had not one touch of quaintness anywhere on her young person.

"Is it Mr. Cleary, it is?" the girl asked, smiling prettily enough but with an odd expression of disappointment. "Ah, now, do you know I'd it in my head you'd be a younger man entirely. But there—where's the harm? We're none of us young forever and we'll all go in our time, may your own be a long way off still surely. Come in, come in. The supper's all ready, and I've only to put it on the table. It's all the delicacies you've a natural gluttony for, which I learned from your own sister, Mrs. Garvey. And it's there in plenty, for she told me you're a terrible man with a knife and fork, God bless you."

Matthew's hat was still in his hand, held above his head as it had been when his courtliness was arrested by Honor Keegan's remarkable greeting. He was too astonished to resent the girl's tactlessness, and he followed her numbly into the living room.

Standing over her, Matthew could see how a vigorous man of well-preserved handsomeness like himself might seem



old to her. She looked barely out of her teens—no beauty, but with a country freshness of face, an animation of eyes and body, an assurance of charm saved from impudence by transparent good humor. Her dress was plain, but with disconcerting touches, as in the bodice, which was considerably too tight, and in the neckline, which was considerably too low. The dress looked as though it had recently been altered to bring about these effects; and there was something tentative about Honor's hairdo, upswept as a short bob can be. The girl had a ripeness, a bloom self-consciously worn, as though she feared her own charms.

MATTHEW sat down and said, warmly enough, "We're even. I thought you'd be older. What did you do—run away from the nuns at a convent school?"

"Lord love you, no," Honor said, sitting cozily down beside him. "They were all of them dears at the school I went to—almost all of them. It's a sin to say it, but I never did like Sister Tarcisius. She was never more than a day ahead of us in Latin, and I caught her out once on the verbs that govern the ablative case. She had a fright of a face, too, poor thing, and a great spitefulness to any of the girls with maybe a little good looks, thanks be to God."

Honor pushed back a lock that had strayed from the upsweep. Matthew clucked. "Did the nuns teach you to dress like that?"

"Not they," said Honor. "They were always afraid we'd be putting terrible thoughts into the lads' heads. They made us wear dresses with no more style than a winding sheet. My aunt is like that, too, poor dear, and was certain that all the fine young men in the village would be making flaming confessions to the priest unless I dressed like an old frump."

Matthew felt guilty for being amused. He looked, modestly but inquiringly, at the daring features of Honor's clothes. She laughed. "I went to the cinema whenever I could," she said, "and I fixed this old thing up as best I could on the boat on the way over. The girls in American flicks have silly faces mainly, but they make up for it in other parts of them, bless their hearts."

She leaped up. "Oh, I forgot." She ran out into the kitchen and was back in a moment with a tray. It held a cocktail shaker and two glasses. "I knew you'd be wanting these," she said. "Mrs. Garvey says you always have something before a meal. She says—" Honor looked at him winningly—"she says sometimes you have so many before supper, you never get to the table at all."

Matthew leaned back on the couch, about to denounce his sister's perfidy, but Honor handed him a glass. She had poured one for herself, too, and she raised the glass to him.

"Slainte," said Matthew feebly.

"What?" Honor asked, puzzled. "Oh, that! I used to hear it from the American tourists. Well, here's to crime." She tossed off her glass and poured another.

Matthew took a swallow of his and then spluttered. "In the name of God, what's in it?" he asked, looking at her with watery eyes.

"It's Martinis," she said huffily. "Only, your book—the one in the kitchen—said to use such stingy amounts I thought here was a time where a girl should count on her lucky hand."

Cautiously, Matthew had another sip. "If you ever want another kind of job," he said admiringly, "I'll certainly be able to get you one with a man named Mulry."

When he got used to them, Matthew liked the fiery cocktails rather than not, and they drained the shaker. Honor brought food from the kitchen and set it out on the dining-room table, laid with the house's best napery and silverware and decorated with two tall white candles.

"You've set only one place," Matthew said, standing at his chair.

Honor looked at him primly. "I didn't know your views on eating with the help," she said.

"But you drank with me."

"Ah, that's different. A man should never drink alone, and I wouldn't have it on my soul that I set you off on the road of a secret drinker."

"Well, set another place," Matthew

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WHAT IS SO RARE AS A HEAVY DENIER?

Tom Talman

M'lady sighs and sheds a tear;
No more do nylons last a year;
No more do nylons wear and wear,
But, just as silk, they run and
tear.

For she demands habiliments
Contrived of finest filaments
To grace her legs, then fails
to see
That such possess fragility.

She blames the chemist or the loom
For speeding stockings to their
doom,
Ignoring, as she cries reproof,
That as you warp, so must you woof.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

said irritably. "And don't call yourself 'help.' My mother was a servant girl, and she made it a practice to hold her head high and give her employers as much lip as she could get away with without being sacked. I'm a disciple of Michael Davitt and James Connolly, and I won't be treated as if I were a hard-fisted exploiter of young girls. While I eat, I want someone around to talk to, dammit."

Honor smiled. "Ah, you're a darling democrat," she said, "if you are on in years."

When they were seated, Matthew picked up his knife and fork.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Honor asked.

"And what's that?" inquired Matthew, hungrily looking at his steak.

"Grace," Honor said. "I hope you're not a heathen entirely. I can say it, if you've forgotten the words."

"Forgotten, is it?" Matthew said scornfully. "And I the backbone of the Holy Name Society?" He bent his head and recited dramatically: "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts which we are about to receive through Thy bounty. . . ."

The subtleties of Honor Keegan's character began to reveal themselves soon after the dishes were cleared away and she came into the living room, where Matthew sat, sated but genteelly suppressing the noises of repletion. Grudgingly, he was admitting to himself that Meg was right after all, curse her: It had been a long time since Matthew had enjoyed such a meal under his own roof.

Honor was folding her apron with the happy finality of a girl whose chores are done. "Will you be going over to that saloon soon?" she asked.

Her voice carried no suggestion of impertinence, though certainly it was a saucy question. "What saloon are you referring to?" Matthew asked.

"Ah, sure, I forget the name," Honor said. "The one where your sister says you spend half your time or more."

"Why shouldn't I?" asked Matthew, badgered by the notion that Meg gave him a dubious character when describing him to perfect strangers.

"No reason at all," Honor said. "I think you should."

"Why should I?" Matthew could always argue one side of a question as well as the other, and he was vexed by a certain importunity in Honor's manner.

The girl laughed disarmingly. "Ah, now, I'm sorry," she said. "Of course you'll do exactly as you please, and why shouldn't you? Only—well, you see, I've company coming."

In her voice now there was some little uncertainty, although Matthew showed none of the surprise he felt. Honor spoke rapidly, "I didn't think you'd mind, truly I didn't. I could've invited them to the girls' club where I'm staying, but sure, the recreation parlor's a dull place for young men. There's nothing there but a soft-drink machine and an old piano out of tune. And every night there's the same girl—a terrible squint she has, you wouldn't believe—picking out 'Holy Joseph, Dearest Father' with one finger."

Matthew was both interested and sympathetic. "Young *men*, you say? Coming to call? How many at all?"

Honor sat down and smoothed the folded apron on her lap. "Three," she said. "That's what makes it so difficult. If it was one itself, we could go out to the pictures. But with three of them—"

Matthew stood up resolutely. "How long have you been in this city?" he asked respectfully.

"A week and a half," said Honor.

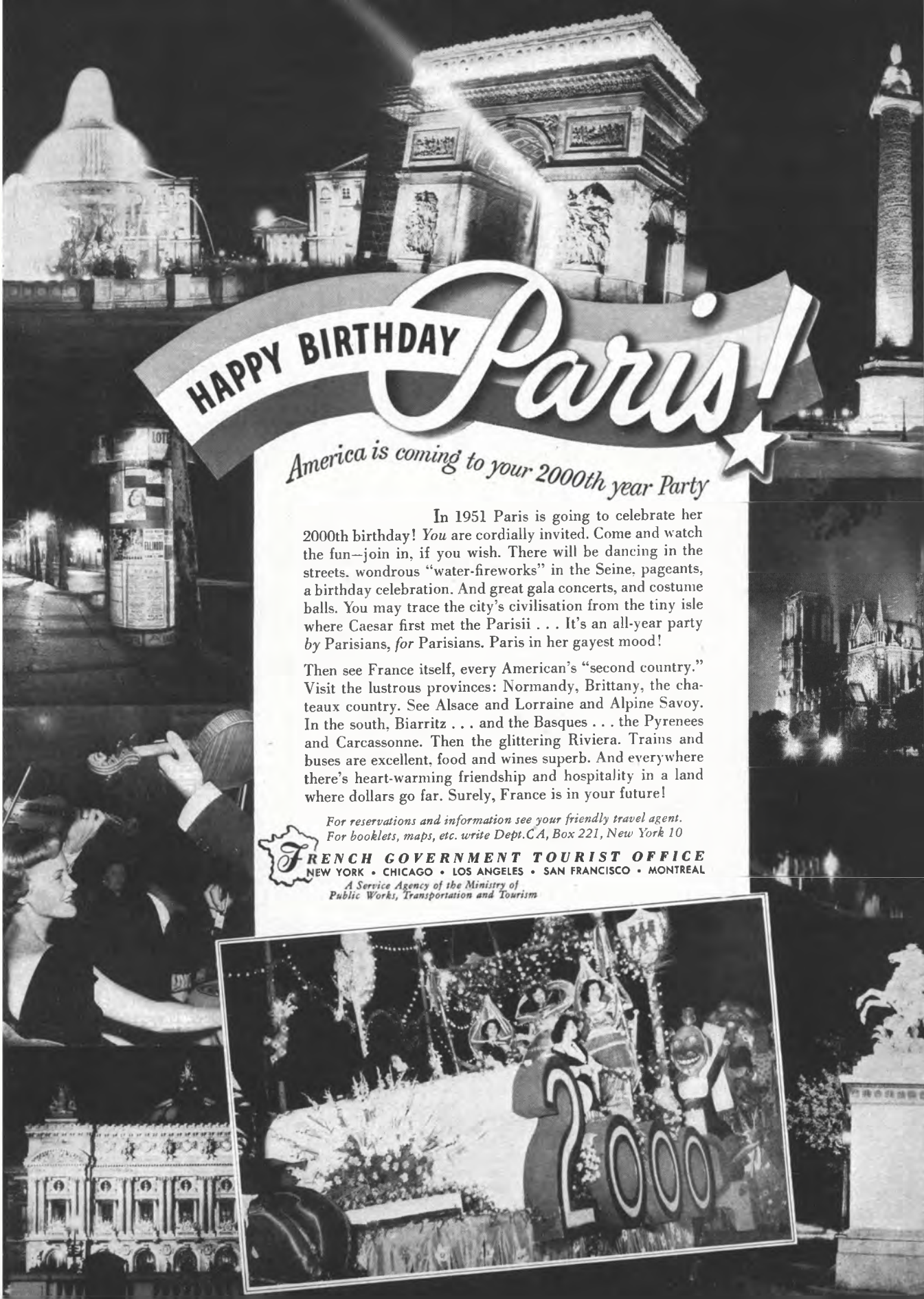
"And in this country?" Matthew was on his way to the front door.

"Two weeks," Honor said, following him.

At the door, Matthew paused. "Two weeks off the boat, and three young men coming to call. The house is yours, my dear. The whole damn city is yours. You have it coming to you." He waved a generous arm as he stepped out onto the front porch.

"Sure, three isn't so many," Honor called after him. "I was always a girl had the cordial eye for the boys."

IN THE days that followed, Matthew learned that Honor's young men always arrived in threes, at least when she entertained at home. It had no mystical connection with the shamrock; the girl simply had a theory that if any one of them had caddish inclinations, the presence of the other two was a



HAPPY BIRTHDAY Paris!

America is coming to your 2000th year Party

In 1951 Paris is going to celebrate her 2000th birthday! *You* are cordially invited. Come and watch the fun—join in, if you wish. There will be dancing in the streets, wondrous "water-fireworks" in the Seine, pageants, a birthday celebration. And great gala concerts, and costume balls. You may trace the city's civilisation from the tiny isle where Caesar first met the Parisii . . . It's an all-year party *by* Parisians, *for* Parisians. Paris in her gayest mood!

Then see France itself, every American's "second country." Visit the lustrous provinces: Normandy, Brittany, the chateaux country. See Alsace and Lorraine and Alpine Savoy. In the south, Biarritz . . . and the Basques . . . the Pyrenees and Carcassonne. Then the glittering Riviera. Trains and buses are excellent, food and wines superb. And everywhere there's heart-warming friendship and hospitality in a land where dollars go far. Surely, France is in your future!

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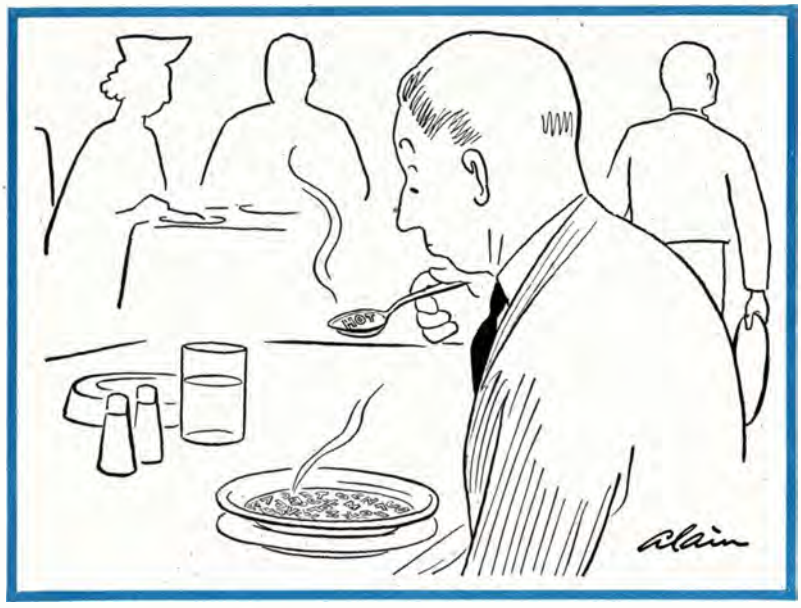


protection. She would go to the Loop Theatre with one; to Riverview with another; to a church bazaar with still another. But in Matthew's parlor, it was always three, and never the same three.

Matthew explained it to his daughter, Imelda, and to Denny and Mrs. Meg Garvey one evening after dinner. With Honor to cook for him, Matthew could have guests now. Honor had declined offers of help with the dishes, and Matthew led his relatives out to the front porch, where they sat in wicker chairs.

"I declare to God," said Matthew, "the girl has the entire male population of the West Side by the ears. In the past month, I've met every streetcar conductor and motorman from here to Kedzie Avenue, not to mention all the cops, uniform and plain-clothes. We'll all be murdered in our beds if these guardians of the law walk their beats with the same daft look they have when they tag after Honor. Any poor slob of a felon could steal the badges off them. And it's a wonder to me the accident rate on the surface lines hasn't gone up by bounds."

"Are they all on the cars?" Meg asked.

"Or on the cops—amn't I telling you?" asked Matthew. "She's at least true to the professions. There're a lot of firemen, too, so be extra careful about how you handle matches around the house, Imelda. You'd burn to a cinder if it was up to one of these moon-struck buckoes to save you."

"She sounds like a flirt," said Imelda, a staid housewife of half a year. She looked self-righteously at Denny.

"I suppose she is a flirt," Matthew said, "but not your usual kind. I be damned if I see how she gets away with it. They come laden with gifts, and I doubt if one of them gets close enough to put an arm around her shoulder, much less a cuddle with any excitement to it."

"That's nothing against her," Meg said with insincere professional priggishness. "I get very good reports of her from the girls' club. She's a decent girl. And why should she be in a hurry to lavish her favors on any one young man now? She's waiting for the pick of the basket—some lad with his money laid by that can make a fine home for her when he takes her to the altar. Why else did she come over, do you suppose? Many's the immigrant girl has done well for herself by having the foresight and the patience to wait for the well-to-do husband she dreamed of finding when she left the other side."

"You're the one should know that well," Matthew said, and ignored his sister's sharp look. "Of course the girl is on the lookout. And of course she's decent—but where's the harm in a quick squeeze or two once and again? Many's the time I've walked in on Denny and Imelda there, when they were courting, in attitudes would have brought a flush to the cheeks of a Restoration courtier."

Denny laughed, and Imelda said, "Matt, stop telling stories."

"This Honor Keegan, lately of Limerick," Matthew continued, "is something else again. You'd have a faster evening in the company of a Sister of Charity, B. V. M., than you would with Honor. And still these hot-blooded public servants from the carbarns and the station houses are content to sit across the room from her—in groups of three, mind you—with never the promise of a kiss or a caress. She plays the piano for them. She gives them fudge and dram after dram of my liquor, but I've never a need to coming tiptoeing in when Honor's entertaining. I wonder if her glands are all right?"

Meg clucked. "You are an abandoned old goat, Matt Cleary," she said.

"I'm not," said Matthew. "I like the girl. Only I wish she'd narrow the field. They all think they can get at her through me. They pop up at my elbow when I'm at Mulry's. I can't pass the precinct station or the firehouse but some lad leaps out at me and asks me to say a good word for him. I get on streetcars, and one of them's likely to refuse my fare, thinking to wheedle me onto his side."

In a thoughtful voice, Meg asked, "Is there no one of them she leans to more than the others? It isn't natural to have that many young men about and show no preference. Surely there's one, Matt."

"If there is," Matthew said, "she masks her feelings with remarkable cunning. She has the honeyed word—and no more than a word—for the lot of them. And they, poor devils, lap it up. They all look alike to me, but I suppose it's because I never see them one at a time. They're like the gentlemen of the ensemble in a musical comedy."

Imelda was skeptical. "You can't have been using your eyes, Matt. There must be one. There's always one." She glanced at Denny, who smiled rather foolishly.

"Ah," said Matthew impassively, "but there aren't many men of such prodigious handsomeness and nobility of mind and person as Denny here."

"Shut up, Matt," Denny said, not at all embarrassed.

Meg was still thoughtful. "The girl has something on her mind, something pleasant. She was radiant at dinner, radiant and absent-minded. She put caramel sauce on my mashed potatoes. And that isn't like her, Matt."

"It's true for you," Matt said, catching his sister's pensiveness. "She's been like that since I came home from work today. She had a letter from the old country in the afternoon mail, and it must have been good news for she laughed out loud when she read it. She's a queer one, Honor is. But I don't mind. She has an edge to her tongue that amuses me—and she's a good cook. You've never tasted her cocktails, have you?" he asked. "It's an experience. I didn't have her make them tonight, for it's safer to have a little preparation for them."

By now, all that was left of twilight was fading unevenly out on the quiet street, crimson streaks becoming gray, the gray black, in that instant of shadows before nightfall when what remains is not light itself, but its vestiges, less an illusion than a remembrance. A street lamp across from Matthew's house flowered into wan rays that fell into a shaky yellow circle on the sidewalk and the asphalt; behind curtained windows here and there, table lamps and chandeliers came suddenly to life.

From somewhere up the street, the heavy sound of footsteps was heard. "What is it at all?" asked Matthew. "A parade?" And in the tread, certainly, was a suggestion of regularity, as though a column of soldiers had lost cadence and were trying to get back in step.

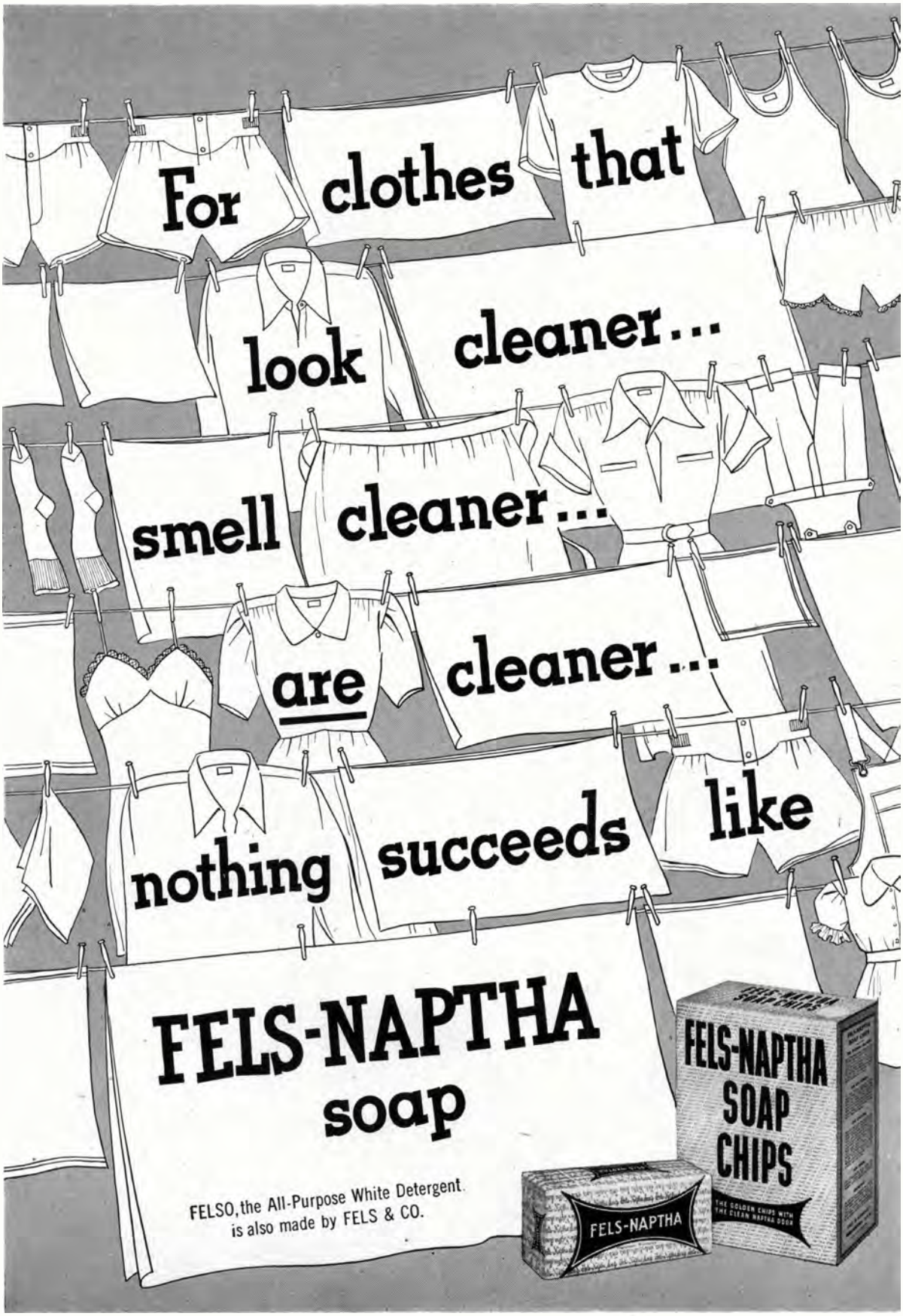
Matthew and Meg left their chairs and leaned over the porch railing, heads turned in the direction of the noise.

"It isn't a parade," said Meg, "or if it is, it's badly in need of a drum major. But it's an uncommon lot of men all walking together. Is there a wake in the neighborhood, Matt? It might be some Hibernians on their way to say a rosary for someone that's passed on."

"Devil a wake that I know of," Matthew said, positively, as one who knew that none of his neighbors would die without having the decency to let him know. "And they aren't roisterers, for there's not a sound out of them except for the scuffing of their shoes. And they're a big-footed lot to make a noise like that."

"Do sit back, Matt," Imelda said, in well-bred concern. "It's none of our business who they are."

"Is it not?" asked Matthew, as the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look cleaner...
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marchers came abreast of the Cleary porch. "I've never heard them in such numbers before, but when I hear men with feet as big as that I know that Honor Keegan's receiving callers. I wonder how cops ever catch up with footpads—or do they?"

AT THE bottom of the porch steps, the men halted, and Matthew peered down at them.

"Is this the Cleary house?" a voice called out.

"It is," said Matthew. He walked to the screen door and switched on the porch light.

"Is Honor Keegan there?" the same voice asked.

"She is," said Matthew, "but inside. I'll call her. Only I doubt she'll see you all at once. You'd better break up into sets of three and draw straws to determine who's to go into the parlor first."

Impatiently, Meg said, "Invite them up, Matt. Have you no hospitality at all?"

"Of course I have," said Matthew, in a hoarse attempt at a whisper. "But there's not enough liquor in the house to slake the thirst of two of these thirsty stravaigers." He pulled out a handful of bills and handed them to Denny. "Be off to Mulry's, there's a good lad, and get a couple of quarts and as much beer as you can carry. Tell Mulry I don't care if he isn't licensed to sell by the bottle—he's the nearest. And if he won't give it to you, I'll blacken his name with every boozer in the parish. Come up," Matthew continued in his normal voice. "I'll tell Honor you're here."

"I'll go with you, Denny," Imelda said. The men at the foot of the steps drew aside civilly as Denny and Imelda passed them. Matthew called to Honor through the screen door, but there was no answer.

"I'll tell her," Meg said and went into the house.

"Come up," Matthew said. "There'll be drinks soon, but come up now and find places to sit."

The men shuffled up the steps, and disposed of themselves severally on chairs, the awning-striped glider, or on the floor. A few remained standing. In a hasty count, Matthew reckoned that there were at least a dozen. All of them wore their starchiest shirts, and their pants were pressed into creases of lethal sharpness.

Almost all of them Matthew had seen before, and he hailed them by name without the tedium of handshaking: "Corcoran, good evening. Good evening, Prindiville. Good evening, Finucane." The man who had made the first greeting was new to Matthew. He was a middle-aged, slight fellow, with a dark, clever face. He alone put out a hand to Matthew.

"Mr. Cleary, sir," he said, "it's an honor to become acquainted with you. My name is Griffin, Rory Griffin. I'm the spokesman for these men."

"You're the what?" asked Matthew, staring at him. "Is this a delegation or what at all?"

Griffin laughed. "It's only that the boys want some kind of an understanding, being decent lads all and with no intentions except the most honorable, as becomes religious gentlemen that hold womanhood in the highest esteem—"

Matthew stayed him with an imperious upward fling of his hands.

"Ah, stow it, man, in the name of heaven," Matthew said. "Sure, we're not at the beginning of a retreat here, so stop the pulpiteering. What the hell is this all about?"

Rory Griffin was only momentarily abashed. "You see, Mr. Cleary," he said, "the boys picked me to speak for them because I'm not personally involved, being a married man already and the father of three. But I'm the business agent for the transport workers' local and naturally have a great fluency—"

Matthew's interruption this time was vocal and derisive. "Mr. Griffin," said Matthew, "don't come your fluency over me. That's my own specialty. I can talk you or any man in the city under the table and never suffer so much as a slight strain of the epiglottis. So get on with it, man, get on with it."

Griffin looked at Matthew uncertainly. This wasn't going quite as he had expected and his cockiness was disturbed by a murmuring from his constituents, who were impressed by Matthew's abundant self-assurance. Matthew had so far said very little, but by habit he couldn't ask to have the salt passed without sounding like a senator talking to packed galleries.

Griffin tried again: "Well, sir, these men are all from the police force and the fire department and—"

"And the surface lines and rapid-transit system," Matthew said irritably. "Sure, I know that. I know most of them by name and the rest by sight. Get on."

Griffin summoned up all his unction. "These men," he said, "are, as you might say, men of action, and they had need of a—"

"A blatherskite," Matthew said. "That's plain to see. But what's it got to do with me?"

Unnoticed by Matthew or the delegation, two shadows, one slim, one portly, were now hovering inside the screen door.

IT'S ONLY this, Mr. Cleary," Griffin said. "These men are all keeping company with Honor Keegan, the girl who's in service to you."

"She works here," Matthew said. "Can't you say it that way? You make it sound as though the girl's indentured. And how do you mean, they're keeping company with her? They can't all be keeping company with her. Sure, there're enough men here to populate a village."

Matthew was surprised at his own defensiveness; he knew what Griffin was getting at.

"Well, sir," said Griffin, "they know she's a decent girl—"

"Is that their complaint?" Matthew demanded callously.

"Of course not," Griffin said. "But the boys want some kind of decision. They offer her their honorable love."

"All of them?" asked Matthew. "Polyandry is forbidden by the laws of the church, and I'm certain Honor wouldn't consider such an arrangement."

A strained patience came into Griffin's voice. "It's only that the boys want, ah, winnowing. They think Honor should make up her mind. As it is, nobody knows where he stands. She's as pleasant to one as she is to another, but she won't make any—commitments."

"Commitments, is it?" Matthew said. "What do you want, a contract? And what the hell do I have to do with Honor's commitments?"

"The boys thought you might reason with her. She's created a great strain on many friendships of long standing.

The men from the precinct don't speak to each other, and the boys from the firehouse spend whole shifts together in cold silence. The men on the cars avoid each other at union meetings. They all want to marry Honor, and well she knows it, for all she'll only see them in crowds. She leads them all on—"

The screen door banged open. "I do not. How can you say such a thing?" Honor stepped swiftly out onto the porch, with Meg, a stately duenna, behind her. The men all rose and turned infatuated faces toward Honor, whose hair shone beautifully under the light over the door.

"I don't lead anyone on," Honor said angrily.

Matthew said gently, "But they think you do, dear girl. And sure you must have given them cause." He pointed to Rory Griffin. "They've even got a shop steward to take up their grievances. In all my years as a friend of labor, I've never yet heard of a trade union for downcast lovers."

Meg took charge; she always did. "Honor, my dear," she said, "you'd better tell them. You remember that letter, Matt?"

The anger went out of Honor. From a pocket of her dress she took a crumpled envelope. "It's a letter from home," she said. "I had it only today. There's a lad back there. This is from him. We've had an understanding for ever so long. His old fellow's passed on. God rest him, and so now Myles gets the farm. With his bit of land and the bit of money I've put by, we can be married as soon as I get back to the other side. I'll leave in a week."

The men stared at her stonily. Awkwardly they began to move toward the steps.

"You are a coquette and a flagrant tease," Rory Griffin said, bowing. He started down the steps.

"I'm not, truly," Honor protested. And to the men now drifting down she called, "Pat . . . Roger . . . Tom . . . Kevin . . . I meant no harm, and I love all of you, in a way. It's only that I have the cordial eye. It's a kind of curse has been on me all of my life, and may God help the fine man that is my one true betrothed."

She stood at the top of the steps, with her arms outstretched, and watched the delegation disappear into the darkness. And out of the same darkness came Imelda and Denny, laden with paper bags in which many bottles clinked.

Denny, at the foot of the steps, said, "The men are gone, Matt. You won't be needing all this liquor."

"The hell I won't," Matthew said, slumping into a chair. "Just bring it up here."

Honor turned to him. "You're angry with me, too, Matt?" she asked sadly. "You're thinking I gave the poor young lads a shabby time?"

MATTHEW looked up and reached his hand to her. "Those sheep?" he asked. "Those tongue-tied loons, is it? A lot I care for them. What I'm wondering is, where am I to find me a housekeeper the like of you, that can turn every man's head and never lose her own, that can cook like an angel and mix drinks would scald the gullet of an ox?"

Soundlessly, from a dark part of the porch, Mrs. Meg Garvey laughed. She would take care of that. THE END

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

(Continued from page 12)

sense of timing, the same humanity, she doesn't need the slapstick that Marie employed. All her scenes in "The Mating Season" are comedy at its best.

Even the bits are delightfully etched, especially James Lorimer's "Junior" Kalinger, John's boss and rival for Gene's hand, and Jan Sterling as a lovelorn stenographer. Lund, as usual, gives a smooth comedy performance.

I give "The Mating Season" the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Production of the Month. I'd love it if Charlie Brackett never went in for bitter realism again, but just kept on using this recipe of equal parts of love, laughter, and entertainment.

Now I come to a problem picture, "Payment on Demand," starring Bette Davis. Despite what I've said about Thelma Ritter, I'm awarding Bette the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Performance of the Month.

I think Bette should be used as a guide on how to be a genuine star, because here she is again, playing one of those uncompromising roles uncompromisingly—and therefore, greatly. As the mother of adult daughters, she's a mean, grasping, ambitious woman—and she looks and acts it. The glamour she radiated in some of the "All About Eve" scenes would have been out of place in this vivid characterization of a woman who drives her husband to success and herself to divorce.

Integrity and sincerity alone are not enough. Bette has both those qualities in high measure, but she has also the true creative fire. As her story unrolls before your eyes in "Payment on Demand," you see a woman growing—growing twistedly, unfortunately, but still living vividly. I've never yet had any sense of hearing Bette "read" a line. Surrounding her in this intellectual, adult production of RKO's, are Barry Sullivan as her husband, the late and lovely Jane Cowl as an older woman who sees through her, Betty Lynn and Peggy Castle as her daughters, Kent Taylor as a friend. They are all very good indeed, but they are mere support for the Davis drive, the Davis artistry, the Davis glory to which I pay tribute in awarding Bette Davis this Cosmopolitan Citation.

"Teresa" is none of the things the preceding pictures are. In place of handsome people and settings, as in "The Mating Season," "Teresa" reveals the devastation of war in Italy. Against the average, upper-middle-class background of "Payment on Demand," this shows the poverty and problems of the slums of New York. But it does have poetry—the poetry of poignant young love fighting almost impossible odds, of spiritual struggle, and of the eventual, even though small, triumph. To match its appeal, I had to search back in my memory all the way to "Seventh Heaven," with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

And "Teresa" has Pier Angeli. Probably you've never heard of her. I know I never had. But after her delicate, touching work in the title role, I also know I'll never forget her.

Fred Zinnemann, who created "The

Search," is also the creator of "Teresa." "The Search" wasn't a "big" picture, either in production or box-office appeal, but for the people who were touched by it, it became a most-loved picture. "Teresa," I prophesy, will fall into this same category.

The plot is very simple. A GI stationed in Italy falls in love with an exquisite Italian peasant girl. In the ruins of a little church, they marry, and when he is mustered out, she comes to this country as a war bride. She comes to a cold-water flat, where there is only one private bedroom, where the only garden is a wash-hung sooty roof, where she and her boy-husband cannot have one minute's privacy. She further encounters one of those possessive "Moms," played with terrible accuracy by Patricia Collinge. "Mom-ism" very nearly wrecks both the boy and his young wife.

Pier Angeli gives the kind of radiant performance that hasn't glowed from the screen since Ingrid Bergman revealed her luminous beauty in "Intermezzo." I give Pier Angeli a Cosmopolitan Citation as the Best Newcomer of the Month —and I'm delighted to extend to her a most cordial welcome to America and our Hollywood colony.

BACK we go into the abnormal-psychology division with "Fourteen Hours," a Manhattan cliff-hanger of such taut suspense that I don't want you to miss it, even though it is populated with psychiatrists at every turn of the nerve-racking plot.

Surely you recall the headline story of a young man who stood for hours twenty stories up on the window ledge of a Fifth Avenue hotel while he contemplated suicide. The whole city watched. All the resources of a great metropolis were moblized in an effort to save him from himself.

Writer John Paxton has used this situation in "Fourteen Hours," and has constructed the case history of a boy, his family, and the manner in which his suicidal impulse affects the people who stand on the street keeping a morbid vigil over the young boy throughout his long hours of indecision.

The co-stars are Paul Douglas, as a traffic cop, and Richard Basehart, as the sick boy. Agnes Moorehead and Robert Keith are the bickering parents. All four perform expertly. Small Debra Paget is wasted on a bit as a girl in the crowd, meeting a boy in the crowd and falling in love. Barbara Bel Geddes, who appears almost as briefly as Debra, is very winning in her portrayal of the boy's sweetheart.

The suspense is the sort that will have you clutching your throat. I'm handing out a Cosmopolitan Citation to this picture because of the direction of Henry Hathaway. With a story that compels and taunts but at the same time lacks physical action, Henry stressed the terror, tenderness, and hope in what is basically a tragic situation.

Added dividend: Go see "Target Unknown" for a view of Alex Nicol, a new boy, under contract to Universal-International, who was so fine last month as the villain in "Tomahawk." This month he is even better as a bewildered young hero in "Target Unknown," a true story of one episode in the history of our Air Force over Germany in the last war.

THE END

These Secretaries Make Big Money *(Continued from page 59)*

and went home." Most secretaries do their own hair, partly because few beauty shops take customers at midnight.

Mary Steele says she and her boss, playwright-producer Oscar Hammerstein, were brought together by a dictaphone, a device that makes shorthand unnecessary. She had never encountered a dictaphone until she went to work for him, and because her shorthand is a patchwork system of her own creation, she fell in love with the machine the first day, which pleased Hammerstein, as he does most of his writing on it. He pours his ideas into a cylinder and then throws it down two flights of a spiral staircase into Miss Steele's hands. He uses unbreakable records, but that only reduces the hazard in part. He once tossed her a record on which, he promised, was something really extraordinary; he was very happy about it. Eagerly she put it on the player, donned the headphones, and waited—and waited. It was a total blank. Hammerstein had forgotten to flip the switch on his own machine. When she got up the courage to tell him, all he said was, mildly, "Oh, damn."

Something like twenty times a day, Miss Steele converses by phone with Lillian Leff, secretary to composer Richard Rodgers and manager of the Rodgers and Hammerstein office on Madison Avenue. The two girls have met but have never managed to have lunch together; one or the other is always too busy.

When Rodgers hired Miss Leff out of another Broadway office seven and a half years ago, "Oklahoma!" had just come over the horizon like a welcome planet, and Rodgers, once solely a composer, was suddenly *ipso facto* a producer as well. He was fond of saying he had the smallest secretary in the smallest office in New York. "We didn't even have a file," Miss Leff recalls, "but then, we didn't have a letter to file, anyway."

The office has expanded to include nine people and a prodigious filing system, but Miss Leff is still a scant sixty inches from the floor.

A SECRETARY'S pet hate, dearest enemy, and magic wand is the telephone. It clutters her days and frequently ruins her nights, but without it she would be unstrung. One secretary reports that when her boss is in town she spends seventy per cent of her time on the phone; another, in show business, says it runs as high as ninety. A secretary at one of the radio networks was out ill one day and her boss magnanimously offered to handle the calls himself, rather than rob someone else of his girl for the day. In exactly one hour and a half, he gave up in despair; there had been 117 calls.

Miss Lillian Leff
Secretary to Richard Rodgers

The American Telephone & Telegraph Company is no exception to this. In fact, Annabel Davis, secretary to President Leroy A. Wilson, thinks it's probably worse. "They get their money back when they call us," she explains wryly. All calls for Wilson after six P.M. are transferred automatically to Miss Davis' apartment in Brooklyn Heights. After eight years of it, she can deal with a subscriber, who decides at two in the morning to complain about the high cost of his phone, without telling him he's got the wrong company—it's the New York Telephone Company he wants—without snarling at him, and without really knowing she's awake. But honest emergency calls bring her to in a hurry.

When a man is elected president of a vast concern, as Wilson was in 1948, he does not simply pack up his brief case and move down the hall. In the circles in which he travels, things happen. Flowers, telegrams, baskets of fruit—even cakes—arrive. In Wilson's case, the day after his election over a thousand letters were dumped on Miss Davis' desk, all of which had to be answered immediately

Miss Helen Schrank
Secretary to Billy Rose

if not sooner, and even Mrs. Wilson came in to help stuff the replies into envelopes. Miss Davis has an assistant, but she takes Wilson's dictation herself. He hurls it at her fast, informally, and never begins a letter with "I."

People who get their names in the newspapers are subject to random visits from aimless callers. In Benjamin Fairless' office at U. S. Steel, somebody appears with a process for making steel in five minutes instead of the usual eight-to-ten hours; in J. Edgar Hoover's office, a man shows up with a system for neutralizing the radioactive aftereffects of the atom bomb; in the Rodgers and Hammerstein office, someone arrives who claims *he* really wrote all the music in "South Pacific," and they can expect his lawyers in the morning.

Secretaries must deal with these people, and Miss Davis gets her share of them, sometimes three or four a day. "I think the moon affects them," she laughs, "and they have a penchant for Fridays." People ask her, in lieu of her boss, for advice on rearing their children, twenty-one-foot cords on their telephones, and money to finance inventions that, they insist, will put A T & T out of business.

One thing no employer ever requests

Mrs. Dorothy Mitchell Saunders
Secretary to Andrew W. Robertson
Chairman of the Board
Westinghouse Electric Corporation

of an employee but which all secretaries must be able to do, and do superbly, is tell polite, even gracious, fibs. Not lies in the ordinary sense, they are a cover for the boss's forgetfulness or disinclination to call somebody back, or a protection for him when he must work without disturbance, in which case he is "out to lunch," "out of town," "in conference," or any of a number of other places he might reasonably be.

ONE MAN has a devastating habit of making two lunch or dinner dates for the same day and then calmly telling his secretary to get him out of one or the other. After creating the necessity for telling a fib, most bosses stand by, nodding their heads in approval over a good story or frowning if it sounds implausible. But Andrew W. Robertson, chairman of the board of Westinghouse Electric Corporation, will have none of it. He once overheard his secretary, Mrs. Dorothy Mitchell Saunders, extracting him from a dinner by saying he had a previous engagement, and he bristled with Scotch uprightness. "Never tell people that," he warned later, "unless it's true. Just say 'I regret.'"

No secretary is infallible, but the mistakes they make are often more amusing than disastrous. Frank Stanton, president of Columbia Broadcasting System, once flew all the way to Chicago to attend a banquet that his secretary, Winifred Williams, had neglected to tell him was strictly a black-tie affair. When Stanton ran into a colleague in dinner clothes at the hotel, he realized he was improperly dressed. He retired to his room and ate a lonely meal, never showing up at the party at all. He phoned Miss Williams to chide her gently and still teases her about making him miss a good dinner.

A small sin that most secretaries develop is forgery. They can reproduce their bosses' signatures with amazing accuracy; one girl has twice done it on checks, with the boss's full knowledge but not with the bank's. "Be a secretary and go to the pen," she says cheerfully. However, she has since acquired power of attorney. Government secretaries never exercise this talent, even on letters, for obvious reasons, and neither does Miss Williams; Stanton is against it.

What to call her employer is a problem for Barbara Evans, administrative assistant to Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

A native Washingtonian, she went to work for him fifteen years ago at the law firm of Covington, Burling, Rublee, O'Brian and Shorb, sometimes referred to around the capital as "We, the People." It took him ten years to start calling her Barbara, and of course she still addresses him as Mr. Acheson, but she hasn't yet found a proper reference title for him. "You can't call a man like that the boss,' and he isn't really my 'chief,'" Miss Evans complains.

Miss Helen Gandy
Secretary to J. Edgar Hoover

Many of Acheson's personal and social transactions are handled by State Department protocol men, but Miss Evans always seems to be getting involved with his livestock. One Saturday afternoon he went off to a football game, advising her that a man might wire or phone confirming his purchase of twenty-four head of Black Angus cattle. The man called all right, but not merely to confirm the sale. He had arrived at the Acheson farm in Virginia, cows in tow, and insisted Miss Evans should provide a place to put them. She hurriedly phoned all those people who might nail together a corral for twenty-four homeless bovines, but on Saturday afternoon, nobody would do it. At last she found a neighbor not too far from the Acheson place who agreed to board them for a week. She had no idea whether the price was right or not; she just accepted and went home feeling she had achieved a *coup*.

CABINET officers and diplomats have a way of being in conference all day and then settling down to routine chores at five P.M. Their secretaries can't very well protest that they have a cocktail date or a manicure appointment or crave a nap before dinner—at times, they're lucky if they get dinner. When British Prime Minister Clement Attlee was conferring with President Truman last December, both Miss Evans and Vernice Anderson, who "sees to" Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup, worked every night till midnight and somehow managed to appear the next morning at 8:45, cheerful and well-groomed.

Ambassador Jessup acquired Miss Anderson along with the office furniture a couple of years ago, and promptly took her around the world to make notes on the "at large" he was supposed to deal with. They flew all the way, spending a week in Japan, a week in Korea, a week in Formosa, a week in India, and so on. Miss Anderson was intrigued by the exotic Oriental food and kept asking the foreign-service officer who accompanied them in the Far East what was in each dish. The farther they got from civilization, the less certain he became. At last he advised, "Don't ask; just eat it."

On a Monday afternoon last fall, Jessup told her he might be going with the President to meet General Douglas MacArthur, and a day later he postscripted, "You're going, too. Go home and pack something." She'd learned from experience by that time to keep the essentials already packed, and less than forty-eight hours later they headed west for the historic meeting on Wake Island, and Miss Anderson enjoyed a brief but glittering fame as the only woman present at that conference.

Occasionally Miss Anderson has to select a menu for a stag dinner the ambassador is giving, and she does it, she says, simply by picking out whatever she herself would like. The closest she ever came to cooking for her boss was in Paris. Jessup was too busy to eat, so she would go into the code room—the place in an embassy where cables are dispatched, and where there is always a hot plate—to beg a bit of dry bread and cheese and boil coffee in an old pan. It was on this the ambassador dined while the Berlin blockade was being settled.

SECRETARIES carry a good deal of valuable information around in their heads, including, in the Government, some top-secret stuff. When J. Edgar Hoover wants to be brought up to the minute on current cases, for instance, it is often his secretary, Helen Gandy, who briefs him. She was working in Hoover's corner of the Justice Department twenty-seven years ago, and when he was assigned to the FBI, he took her along. Like Oscar Hammerstein's Mary Steele, Miss Gandy has never learned shorthand and typing in the orthodox sense. She always intended to study nights, but from the time she entered Hoover's office, so much work has been tossed in her lap that there never were any nights. By now, of course, she can just listen to him, make a few notes, then go out and write it all down on a typewriter she has tamed to a four-finger system.

Once when Hoover, Miss Gandy, and the FBI were all fairly new, she left for a vacation and was called back from the hills to the telephone. Thinking something terrible had happened either to the country or her boss, she laughed with relief when she found out all he wanted was the combination to the office safe.

On last Inauguration Day, Hoover decided to have one of his infrequent buffet luncheons and watch the parade from his convenient windows overlooking Constitution Avenue. He told Miss Gandy to order salad, sandwiches, and coffee for eight or ten people. Knowing his tendency to invite more people than he realizes, she thought it would be wise to double the amount. She couldn't have been more wrong. One hundred and thirty invited guests trooped through the office doors, and Miss Gandy built sandwiches for eight solid hours while messengers scoured the neighborhood for bread. Hoover took all this in his stride and saw nothing miraculous in the ever-appearing sandwiches. He appreciates her, though, and when he wants to say so, he writes her a letter. That's not as stuffy as it sounds: everything written in the FBI goes on the record.

As a Christmas project, the bureau often sponsors an underprivileged family

for a year, and among her other duties, Miss Gandy frequently finds herself pacing a hospital floor waiting for a baby to be born or helping a teen-aged boy plan his future as an engineer.

THE BLUE-RIBBON baby story, however, really belongs to Mrs. Edith Allen, secretary to Justice William O. Douglas. In the 175-year history of the Supreme Court of the United States, she's the only woman to have had a child while she was employed there. The event rocked the quiet building and echoed down its white-marble halls. No pregnant woman ever got more eminent interest in her condition, from the Chief Justice to Douglas' colored factotum, a young man who had fathered five children and knew considerably more about it than Mrs. Allen did.

Most of these girls know by name and telephone number other secretaries to prominent people who, when routine channels fail, are invaluable in getting services for their bosses—theatre tickets, visas, plane reservations. Two secretaries exchange Christmas gifts, although they have never met. For a Supreme Court justice, however, the routine channels always work. All Mrs. Allen has to do is say, "I am Justice Douglas' secretary," and gears immediately mesh all over the place.

Mrs. Allen has been with Douglas since his days on the Securities and Exchange Commission. Like the FBI's Helen Gandy and many industrial or business secretaries, she began early and has simply moved up with the boss. In large companies, when a new officer comes in from the outside, he sometimes "borrows" a secretary from another official—particularly if that official is out of town—and just never returns her. In the rare instance when the girl steps into a top position to begin with, she is usually recommended by a friend. Such jobs are not obtained through newspaper ads and rarely through schools or agencies.

Secretaries are not always "shes." Banks, some senators, and some theatre people like Joshua Logan and Rex Harrison lean toward male secretaries. James J. Garvey, a tall, slender, white-haired man with an Irish twinkle, has served United States Steel's president, Benjamin F. Fairless, as secretary for fifteen years. The main reason Fairless has a man in the job is probably because Garvey must so often talk steel, coal, mining, and Government directives with visiting executives from all over the country. The company's head offices

Mrs. Edith Allen
Secretary to Justice William O. Douglas

are in Pittsburgh, but Fairless spends nearly seventy per cent of his time traveling around. Garvey doesn't take dictation, although he knows both typing and shorthand, because Fairless has sifted the always-appalling mail situation down almost to the vanishing point by copious use of the phone and ten vice-presidents. When he finds that he does have to dictate a letter, it is Garvey's secretary—also a man, Jim Mitchell—who takes it.

NEXT TO telephones, mail is a secretary's biggest daily hurdle. It is reported that Malvina Thompson, secretary to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, handled three thousand letters a year during her White House days, and when Billy Rose announced the cessation of his newspaper column, his office was hit by an avalanche of two thousand letters the first week—to the horror of his secretary, Miss Helen Schrank. The University of California gets so much mail, not counting student correspondence, that the post office rates it, by volume, in the top five per cent of all the post offices in the United States.

With its eight campuses, forty-four thousand students, and fifty-million-dollar annual budget, the university is a vast, sprawling enterprise that takes more than one set of eyes and ears to shepherd.

President Robert Gordon Sproul has a capable, extra pair of each in Agnes Robb, who is putting in her thirty-first year as his administrative secretary. The staff of twenty-seven works steadily in assembling and organizing the papers from which Sproul will act, abstracting or supplementing them so he can grasp their content in the shortest possible time. Miss Robb reviews each batch of papers, sometimes clocking them down to the minute, so she'll know exactly when he will be through and whether he can take a four-thirty appointment.

Sproul is a perfectionist in small things. If he asks her to remind him of something, he will invariably ask her later if she has remembered to remind him. Miss Robb learned early in her career that he prefers to have preliminary decisions mapped out for him. He likes to be told, "I think you should go to Los Angeles late Sunday night so you can have a day's work and sleep on the train," rather than to be asked, "When do you want to go to Los Angeles?" He travels almost constantly between the Berkeley and Los Angeles campuses. Once his house was rather badly damaged by fire when he was out of the office, and it took her quite a while to reach him. Finally she got him on the phone and cried, a bit breathlessly, "Your house is on fire!"

There was a pause. Then he asked, "What should I do about it?" That was his only comment.

Miss Agnes Robb
Secretary to Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul
President, University of California

It is part of Miss Robb's job to outguess her boss, predicting which issues will become important, then traveling to both offices ahead of him and getting the material ready. The only time all this criss-crossing of the state backfired was when, in sending him about sixty miles away to make a speech, she miscalculated; he arrived after the audience had gone home.

Beardsley Ruml, famous economist, likes to scare his prospective secretaries by warning them he works a 168-hour week, and that isn't as absurd as it might sound. Ruml serves on the boards of directors of thirteen companies and seven other bureaus and committees, including the Committee for Economic Development, is trustee for two colleges, and fills in the places where daylight comes through as economic adviser to the Puerto Rican government, Princeton University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and three other groups.

Despite his preoccupation with numbers, he will not touch his own checkbook or income-tax returns; he turns the whole thing over to his number-one secretary, Virginia Emig. "And he invented the pay-as-you-go tax plan," she wails.

Ruml is not perturbed. "If I find myself doing any work," he booms, "I know I'm underorganized. If I'm not needed, then everything is going along fine." Miss Emig calls him B.R. She spends a certain amount of time in Washington, where Ruml is in demand at various Senate committee hearings, and has to cut herself in with a luncheon appointment in order to talk to him for any length of time. In addition to three office calendars, he keeps a small engagement book in his pocket and notes down—usually on the wrong days in squiggles no one, least of all himself, can read—things he wants to remember. Then he will frown at Miss Emig's neat calendar on his desk and roar, "Ginny! Why have you got me down as going to Washington this week?" She explains, and he subsides.

Incidentally, Miss Emig probably performs the ultimate in secretarial service: she sometimes keeps his dental appointments. "I'll bet I've got the cleanest teeth in New York," she laughs.

IF THERE is anyone who would find secretaries about as useless as a watch-fob on a penguin, you'd think it would be cowboys, but that assumption doesn't hold up. What with motion pictures, radio programs, television shows, personal-appearance tours, rodeos, and a passion for airplanes, a cowboy like Gene Autry uses a staff of four, headed by Louise Heising. She performs all the conglomerate functions of other secretaries and also doubles as a violinist in her boss's orchestra. Most employers fly around on scheduled air lines, but Autry pilots his own plane, and Miss Heising has known him to keep eight engagements in eight different cities before calling it a day. Oddly enough, she doesn't share his enthusiasm for horses, and when she takes dictation on a movie set, she keeps edging away from Autry's horse, Champion. With a strange animal sense of humor,

he seems to know it, and more than once she has looked up to find the horse's chin almost resting on her shoulder, apparently kibitzing her shorthand.

Miss Heising's life is full of hurried requests to fly to another city or drive out to Autry's ranch near San Fernando. One night she rushed out there only to find that the front gate, which is a full mile from the house, had been left closed. The nearest phone was in San Fernando, several miles back. The metal fence was

Miss Ethel Bonnard
Secretary to Ralph S. Damon
President, Trans World Airlines, Inc.

supposed to be electrically wired, and the top slanted toward her menacingly. The gate itself was latticed with iron bars clear to the top of its twelve-foot height; she sampled it gingerly, then climbed over and walked to the house. When she explained to her boss why she was so late, Autry cried, "Oh, no! The gate wasn't locked. All you had to do was push it."

REAL Hollywood secretaries aren't very different from those in other businesses except perhaps for Mary Lou Van Ness who, as secretary to all the stars on the Paramount lot, has a load of bosses. She has to supply Bob Hope with his home phone number, which keeps eluding him; deposit checks for Ray Milland; and buy and hide surprise birthday gifts for Alan Ladd's wife—but she somehow finds time to squeeze in ordinary office tasks, too. Paramount's studio boss, Y. Frank Freeman, once told her nobody could possibly do what she does, but nevertheless he calls her when he wants to find one of her "clients." She made the job up herself, and she isn't likely to lose it—the competition is nonexistent. Betty Hutton sat in one corner of her office one day and finally asked, "How can you *do* all this?"

"It's genes," Miss Van Ness replied. "You have to be born that way."

Being a secretary, at its best, is a business of knowing your man, and as knowing anybody takes time, most secretaries are scared their first day on the job, regardless of their background and experience. As Mary Steele put it, "The first day you shake. The second day you're numb. The third day you cry, and swear you'll never make it. After that, you slowly become a secretary."

One thing is certain: Wherever you see the name of a man or woman who accomplishes more than mere mortal has a right to accomplish, you can bet that right beside it belongs the name of a whiz of a secretary. Their bosses would be the first to agree. THE END

There's Nothing Like Mink (Continued from page 43)

minks on today's market are grown on ranches in northern New York, Maine, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois. A steadily dwindling number of wild minks are trapped in Canada and Labrador.

A mink, now that we've tracked it to its habitat, turns out to be a semiaquatic quadruped with a vicious personality, a repulsive odor, and no charm whatsoever. Name the outcasts of the animal kingdom, and you'll find the mink right in there, biting, bloodsucking, and consuming its own young. Cousin of the polecat, brother of the ferret and the weasel, the mink is akin to the skunk in its ability to hurl a hideous scent.

Barbed wire, guards in high towers armed with machine guns, and watchdogs as surly as their charges, bar intruders from a mink ranch. You'd be ruthless toward intruders, too, if you owned several hundred breeder minks, worth up to a thousand dollars each, and ten to twenty thousand kits, which you expect to bring from twenty to a hundred dollars each in November when they've finished fattening themselves on a vitamin-laden diet of horse meat, chopped eels, eggs, liver, grapefruit, cereal, and hormones.

The inhabitants of a mink ranch live in rows of separate cages. If they ran loose, fur would fly in unremitting gang warfare, and the profits would evaporate. Breeder specimens are mated in the spring. They whelp in April, about four to a litter. In the fall, when full grown, minks measure fifteen to nineteen inches long. Their coats are prime—at the peak of perfection—for just ten days in November.

During those ten days, each ranch is in a frenzy as the entire mink population, except for breeders, is herded into gas chambers where their nasty little lives are snuffed out with carbon monoxide. Gas is used because it leaves no mark on the pelt. Usually an automobile exhaust pipe is hooked to a box, the box is baited with meat, the mink handler places a cage against the box, raises the gate, and the mink quickly ends its days of snarling to begin the long, expensive journey into a new life of glamour.

Don't get the notion you can buy a pair of minks, house them in a rabbit hutch, and get rich in a couple of seasons. Minks fall prey to distemper, rickets, and pneumonia, they're horrid creatures to have around, and their care and feeding is a full-time nightmare. And even if you invest several thousand dollars in first-class breeding stock, it'll take eight lean years to grow a crop worth hauling to market.

LAST YEAR the skins of between two and three million minks reached fur markets in New York, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, and Montreal. Then they converged on New York, where eighty per cent of the country's mink coats are made. From there, they fanned out to department stores and furriers across the country, and to the shoulders of women who could pony out five hundred dollars and up for a stole or cape and fifteen hundred and up for a coat.

In Hollywood, where a star fears arrest for indecent exposure if she appears in anything less elite than a mink, a furrier named Al Teitelbaum has a corner on this luxury trade. One of his gaudiest masterpieces was a mink dress created for Betty Grable to wear in a film dream sequence. Its train stretched out endlessly, and its price tag bore the improbable figure of twenty-one thousand dollars.

In Texas, oil millionaires are anxious to wrap their womenfolk in mink. Stanley Marcus of Neiman-Marcus tells of the new tycoon who ordered the best mink in the shop for his daughter, who was going East to finishing school. The salesman pointed out that mink was inappropriate for a teen-age girl. The doting parent was insulted—closed his account and bought his mink elsewhere. A short time later he came back to apologize. His daughter had written that she felt like a fool in her mink, and wouldn't Papa send along a plain beaver?

Honors for the most expensive mink coat ever created are hard to bestow. Statistics are slippery and press agents breathe hard on price tags to make them grow. Designer Esther Dorothy priced her first all-white mink wrap at twenty-five thousand. Hope Hampton, a blonde lady wild for white furs, bought the coat off the model's back at a fashion show at the Ritz-Carlton.

One day last November a woman in her sixties, wearing a serviceable tweed coat and oxfords, walked into Maximilian's, New York's top-drawer mink house, and asked to see the finest. Within a few minutes, this inconspicuous little woman, a stranger to the glittering society and café-society circle that sets highest store by murderously expensive mink, was the owner of a nineteen-thousand-dollar Labrador mink coat with an enormous shirred cape collar. This coat was probably the most spectacular ever made for direct sale, rather than for publicity or the prestige of the furrier.

A well-heeled countess living in the United States has on her bed a mink coverlet insured for ten thousand dollars. The countess was halfway across the Atlantic last summer before she remembered that she had left the furry thing lying around—high-cost fodder for the moths. Via ship-to-shore telephone, she ordered her housekeeper to bundle it off to storage.

The Duchess of Windsor, a long-time fancier of mink, owns a rare ebony-black mink, a gray-tweed coat with a sumptuous mink lining, and an evening wrap of gold brocade with a solid-mink interior.

Back in 1934, dress designer Valentina enraged the mink industry with her durable crack, "Meenk is for football." Later she added the corollary, "Ermine is for bathrobes." For years, Valentina herself braved the herds of first-night minks, sables, and ermines in a voluminous skunk cape.

Before women could take Valentina's counsel seriously, the mink industry met her challenge with a gimmick called the mutation mink. In a litter, a saffron, silvery, bluish, or striped specimen occasionally appears. By experimenting with these freak variations, breeders developed new strains, to which they attached the lyric titles of Royal Pastel, Aleutian, Heather, Palomino, Breath of Spring, and Natural Quebec Crest Azure Blue.

In December, 1942, when the first silverblu mink coat cast an eighteen-thousand-dollar shadow, sugar daddies found it expedient to hide behind their excess-profits taxes. At the first mutation auction in 1943, silver and blue pelts brought from $65 to a record $265 a skin—five times the price of common-garden-variety brown mink.

ALTHOUGH a mink coat costs more than the average automobile and only slightly less than many houses, unlike a car or house, it is usually purchased for cash. Some retailers of cheap furs offer credit terms. But according to *Women's Wear Daily*, the leading trade paper in

"The chips are down, Miss LaHaye."

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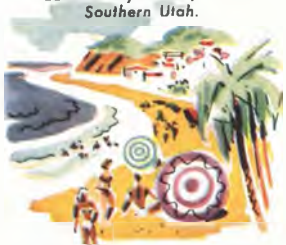

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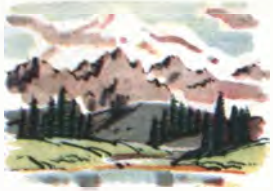

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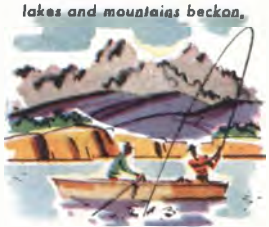

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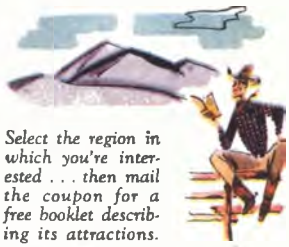

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the female-apparel field, a muskrat coat, at one-tenth the price of a mink, is far more likely to be financed.

At S. Klein's, a five-story bargain basement on Union Square in New York where mink coats are sold strictly cash-and-carry, it's an everyday occurrence for a woman to extract several thousand dollars in crumpled one-, five-, and ten-dollar bills from an ample purse or shopping bag. At the Ritz Thrift Shop on Fifty-seventh Street, the acutely bargain-conscious can buy a slightly second-hand mink for three hundred dollars and up. Aaron Kaye, the proprietor of this odd establishment, boasts that the two hundred mink coats in his vaults represent the largest concentration of retail mink in the world.

Won't mink lose its value as the symbol of success if mass production and mark-down merchandising make it available to stenographers and salesgirls? That fear has brought headaches to many thoughtful members of the trade. One fur group recently urged industry-wide control to keep the supply down and prices up. The ranches cold-shouldered this scheme.

MINK is a comparative newcomer to the fur throne. It has no long, aristocratic history like ermine, sable, and squirrel, which can be traced back to the days of heraldry. Today's luxury mink is native to the American continent and was unknown in Europe until John Jacob Astor's trappers brought the rich brown pelts out of the American wilderness.

Up to the nineteen-twenties, all fur coats, including mink, were styled like meal sacks. Changing fashions were expressed with the addition of pompons, tails, and paws. In the twenties, the great French *couturiers* got their hands on furs. They discovered that properly treated animal hides could be draped with the grace and fluidity of silk or velvet. Probably the fur most responsive to cunning styling was mink.

Today, mink is king. But should it become excessively common, it may well be pushed off its throne by some other pelt. Not, however, by Russian sable—current quotation thirty thousand dollars a coat—because of a fleecing American fur men took from some big-time experts in the skin game behind the Iron Curtain.

Sables flourish in Russia; minks in North America. About two years ago, American furriers and Amtorg, the Soviet trade agency, arranged the even swap of a dozen specimen-breeding American minks for a dozen breeding Russian sables. After the exchange, the sables were installed in one of the finest mink ranches in this country, their care as scrupulously supervised as the regimen of a premature infant. Came the whelping season—no baby sables. A veterinarian was called in. His diagnosis: the sables had all been sterilized.

As far as anyone knows, the minks that went to Russia are still multiplying merrily. So are the millions of snarling, pampered minks on American breeding farms. Someday mink-in-every-closet may join chicken-in-every-pot as a campaign slogan. Not a bad idea when you consider the captains of industry who might still be peddling newspapers or greasing somebody else's automobile if it had not been for their wives' unflagging determination to cover their backs with the coveted mink. THE END

The Perfect Beast *(Continued from page 44)*

he shrieked and flung himself about so frenetically that they finally gave up. It was better, they decided, to have him comatose than hysterical. So they let him look at the program, and nursed a wan hope that someday he would tire of it. That day, however, showed no signs of ever coming. Tim grew steadily more devoted to The Crimson Fox.

The Crimson Fox was aptly named, being both crimson and foxy. His costume was a hooded robe of shining red silk; his cunning was incredible. If such a man had chosen to put on a pin-striped suit and go legitimate, there can be no doubt that he would have become a titan of finance or the dean of a great university or even the President of the United States. But he scorned the straight and narrow. Crime was what he liked, and the gorier the better. Aided by Vixen, a ripe blonde customarily clad in a negligee, presumably his common-law wife, The Crimson Fox nightly dispatched a minimum of seven souls. Nor were the deaths clean and quick: The Crimson Fox preferred to kill his victims cell by cell.

"Hand me my surgeon's tools," he was saying now to Vixen. Strapped to a table was the delivery boy from a delicatessen, who had innocently brought up some sandwiches a few minutes earlier and who now found, poor fellow, that his brain was going to be switched with an orangutan's. All this was somehow connected with the theft of a hydrogen bomb.

Tim crunched his knuckles as The Crimson Fox's trephine bit into the delivery boy's skull, and on the porch George was saying, "Do you know how long that Haskins place has been on the market?"

"Eight or ten years, at least," said Ethel.

"*Twenty* years," said George. "Haskins put it up for sale in 1930, right after the crash. Every realtor in Westport gave up on that white elephant long ago—except me." He folded his hands on his little round belly and beamed with self-satisfaction.

"Is the deal closed?" Ethel asked.

"The title is being searched now. It'll be a week or two. But don't worry. The customer is hooked," he said confidently.

"LISTEN tomorrow," said the television set, "for another thrilling adventure of The Crimson Fox, brought to you every night at this time by the makers of En-Er-Gee Corn Flakes, the only breakfast food containing chlorophyll. You, too, boys and girls, can be as stout as an aspen. Tell your Mommy to buy some En-Er-Gee Corn Flakes at once. Refuse breakfast until she does. . . . Now, until tomorrow, good night from The Crimson Fox."

"Thank heavens," said George and Ethel in unison. They went into the living room. With glassy eyes and slack jaw, Tim sat, unmoving, before the television set. "Bedtime, Tim," said Ethel, tapping him gently on the shoulder. The boy stirred, then got off his chair, walked as in a trance over to his father, and lifted his face silently. George placed a good-night kiss on his son's cheek. Then Tim pivoted slowly, went to his mother, took her hand, and followed her like an automaton up the stairs to his room.

The Crimson Fox always reduced Tim to this zombielike state, and for a long time George and Ethel had been alarmed. Finally they had got used to it—not pleased with it, but used to it. It was, after all, better than the maniacal tantrums the boy would throw if they denied him The Crimson Fox. Besides, it had one bright spot: it made a very simple process out of putting Tim to sleep. All Ethel had to do was to point him at his bed, and he toppled into it as though poleaxed.

ETHEL was downstairs in less than five minutes. For a moment she stood sighing, thinking of her son, and then, with an effort, she erased the thought from her mind and sat down at a small rosewood desk in the corner of the living room. The month's household bills had arrived in the morning mail, and she proceeded to make out checks.

George sat in an easy chair across the room, a cigar in his mouth, the evening paper in his hand. But he was not reading; he was too full of joy at his coup in selling the Haskins property. After a while, he tossed the paper aside and just leaned back and blew smoke rings.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SCIENTIFIC SOLACE

Jean Sartwell

Whenever life is at a lull,
And all my future's dark,
And I'm convinced I'm deadly dull
Without a vital spark;
One fact of life shines luminous:
That I, in certain patches,
Contain sufficient phosphorus
To make two thousand matches.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Eight thousand bucks," he said dreamily. "That will be my commission on the Haskins deal. Things are going to be a lot easier around here, honey."

"Yes, dear," said Ethel, writing checks.

"Yes, sir," said George with a vigorous nod of his head. "No more skimping, no more cutting corners, no more overdrafts at the bank. . . . Of course," he added, with a meaningful look at his wife, "we're still going to have to watch our pennies."

"Yes, dear," said Ethel, writing checks.

"Eight thousand bucks," he repeated, rolling the syllables lovingly on his tongue. He basked in rich contentment for a moment. Then a surge of exuberance went through him and he bounded from his chair, crossed the room, and gave his wife a resounding kiss.

"Mmm, more," she urged, smiling up at him.

"Enough," he said, raising his hand sternly. "People will say we're in love."

"We can't have that," she agreed.

"However," said George, "if you promise not to breathe a word--"

"Honor bright," said Ethel solemnly and reached for her husband.

He kissed her again, clung, whispered, "Can't you make out those checks some other time?"

"Might as well," she replied. "We haven't got enough money in the bank to cover them anyhow."

George felt his ardor cooling. "You're kidding," he said with a tentative grin.

"No, really," Ethel assured him.

A lover no more, George dumped his wife and picked up the checkbook. "I don't get it," he said sharply. "I just deposited some money in the account last Tuesday."

"Don't get sore at *me*, George. You know how much everything costs these days."

George started riffling through the stubs. Suddenly he stopped, blinked, and turned to his wife with an incredulous expression. "What," he said in a dangerous tone, "is this check for one hundred and six dollars to the telephone company?"

Ethel averted her eyes guiltily. "Telegrams," she mumbled.

"Telegrams?" he shouted. "To whom?"

Ethel kept her eyes averted. "President Truman," she said. "Senator McMahon, Senator Benton, Representative Lodge, Trygve Lie, Jacob Malik, T. V. Soong—"

George stared at her with utter incomprehension. "Why?" he gasped.

NOW SHE faced him squarely. "Somebody around here has to take an interest in world affairs," she declared.

"Huh?" said George.

"All you ever think about," she continued hotly, "is selling real estate. I've asked you over and over again to join some group that is doing something about world affairs. But, no—you're too busy. Well, let me tell you something, George Melvin"—her finger wagged under his nose—"I care what kind of a world my child grows up in, even if you don't."

He seized her waving finger. "Wait a minute," he yelled. "What's all this got to do with one hundred and six dollars on my phone bill?"

"It is my contribution to world peace."

"*Your* contribution? Who's paying this bill?"

"I might have known," she said scornfully, "that you would take this attitude. Money, money, money—that's all you ever think about."

"Oh, sure," raged George, waving his arms wildly. "I'm just a dirty rat for trying to support my family."

"Don't you understand, George?" She cast earnest eyes upon him. "World peace comes first. That's why you must do your bit, just as I am doing."

"All right," he said placatingly. "All right. World peace comes first. Now will you be good enough to tell me why you sent one hundred and six dollars' worth of telegrams to President Truman and Trygve Lie?"

"It's the new campaign of the Westport Women's Civic League," she explained. "All of us are sending telegrams to the President and to our Congressmen and to people at the United Nations. We're letting them know we want an end to war, and we want it now. We," she concluded, holding up a clenched fist, "are fighting for peace!"

"Grand!" snarled George. "That's just dandy! So you send telegrams. So what do you think happens to the telegrams? They go right in the wastebasket, that's what."

"They do not!" she denied furiously. "And even if they did, I'm *doing* some-

"The peachiest thing just happened, and I'm beside myself with happiness!"

thing about world peace. That's more than you can say."

"You're *doing* nothing!" he shouted. "Telegrams aren't action. They're a *substitute* for action. You sit around at these meetings and gab about things you don't understand, and then you send a telegram and go around feeling righteous."

"That's not true!"

"Of course it's true," he snapped. "I'm beginning to think that women's clubs are subsidized by Western Union. Send telegrams, send telegrams—that's the new rage. Be a fighter for world peace and never leave your chair. 'Ladies, do you feel guilty about living off the fat of the land? Send a telegram to Washington. Lift your spirits. Salve your conscience. You, too, can be a Molly Pitcher, and you don't even have to get your fingernails dirty.' "

"What are *you* doing for world peace?" she demanded angrily.

"Nothing—and neither are you. But I'm honest enough to admit it. I don't waste money on telegrams and then go around thinking I'm a hero."

A tear started down each of Ethel's pink cheeks. "George," she said, "you are a perfect beast."

"For Pete's sake, Ethel," he cried, "use your head. Don't you think the boys in Washington are wise to this telegram racket? Do you really imagine that you have any influence at all over them?"

"You are hateful, just hateful."

"Ethel, Ethel," he groaned. "Don't you see what you're doing? You clubwomen have a lot of power, *real* power. You've got organization, you've got numbers. But you're throwing it all away. You've emasculated yourselves."

"How can you emasculate a women's club?" asked Ethel, through her tears.

"A figure of speech," said George, grinning, and then he was serious again. "Listen, Ethel—you clubwomen are going to be a very minor force as long as you keep confusing telegrams with action. You've got to stop sending telegrams and start *doing* things. I mean action—real, genuine, direct action."

"All right, Mr. Know-It-All, you tell me what kind of action we can take toward world peace."

"Look, Ethel," said George gently, "don't you think you ought to leave world peace to the gentlemen in the White House and Congress? I think they're probably a little better qualified than the Westport Women's Civic League. Couldn't you ladies concern yourselves with something a trifle smaller, something more your size?"

"Nothing else matters," said Ethel stoutly, "unless we have peace in the world."

"Very convenient," sneered George. "Very, very convenient. There's no use working for anything but world peace, and the way to work for world peace is to send telegrams. Work! Hah! Oh, that's splendid, Ethel. You're a fine bunch of women, a fine, upstanding, civic-minded, righteous bunch of women."

"And you," she sobbed bitterly, "are a terrible, terrible man."

"And you are a mealymouthed, hypocrit—" But George never finished his harsh words, because suddenly from upstairs there came a series of horrible, piercing screams. George and Ethel exchanged a quick, terrified look and then raced for Tim's bedroom.

THE BOY was sitting bolt upright in bed, his eyes staring straight ahead, his pajamas drenched with perspiration, scream after scream coming from his open mouth.

"Timmy, baby!" cried Ethel, and cradled

him in her arms. "It's all right, baby, it's all right."

The boy's screams did not abate. "It's all right, baby," Ethel crooned over and over. "You've had a bad dream, but it's all right now."

"It's all right, son," George echoed, stroking the boy's damp hair.

It took fully fifteen minutes before Tim was finally quiet. Ethel changed his pajamas, got him a drink of water, and tucked him in snugly. He was asleep again instantly.

GEORGE and Ethel stood for a while and watched their son with troubled eyes. Then they returned to the living room. Unspeaking, they sat side by side on the divan.

"This was the worst nightmare so far," said George at length.

Ethel nodded wordlessly.

"This settles it," said George firmly. "We've got to make that kid stop looking at 'The Crimson Fox.'"

Ethel shrugged helplessly. "How, George? How?"

"Yeah, how?" repeated George, and sank back into glumness.

"If only he would get tired of the program—"

"Not a chance."

"If there were only some way to get the program off the air—"

A great light came into George's eyes. He seized his wife by both shoulders. "That's it, Ethel," he exclaimed. "Make them stop broadcasting the show. You can do it."

"Me?" said Ethel, looking askance at her husband.

"Your women's club," said George excitedly. "Here, now, is something you can handle."

"Yes!" cried Ethel. Her excitement now exceeded George's. She leaped to her feet. "I'll bring it up at the meeting tomorrow night. We'll all send telegrams to the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission."

"No, damn it!" roared George. He rose and thrust his angry face only an inch away from Ethel's. "No telegrams, do you hear? This requires action—direct action."

She cowered before her husband's fury. "What did you have in mind, dear?" she asked meekly.

"A boycott," he declared, smacking his fist into his palm. "Who sponsors 'The Crimson Fox?' En-Er-Gee Flakes, isn't it? Boycott En-Er-Gee Corn Flakes. You, all the women in your club, refuse to buy another box of their corn flakes until they take the program off the air."

Ethel looked reverently at her husband. "That's wonderful, dear!"

"Get all the other women's clubs in the area to cooperate," George continued. "Make this thing spread. Hit the sponsor where it hurts. That's the way to get things done—not with telegrams."

Ethel laid a contrite head on George's shoulder. "You're right, dear," she said softly. "Forgive me for all those dreadful things. I said to you before. You were right, absolutely right."

"Forget it," said George, giving his wife a magnanimous pat.

"From now on," she promised, "I'm always going to listen to you."

"Perhaps it would be better," said George, examining his fingernails.

"Because you are so intelligent," she went on. "You are so wise and perspicacious."

"Well, I don't know," chuckled George. "Still, it's true that the boys downtown always say that you have to get up pretty early in the morning to get ahead of old George Melvin."

"I'm so lucky," breathed Ethel.

LUCKY Ethel Melvin went the following night to the weekly meeting of the Westport Women's Civic League. Madame Chairman called the meeting to order. The minutes were read. Old business was disposed of. Madame Chairman called for new business.

"I move," said one member, "that we all send telegrams to the French ambassador deploring conditions in Indo-China."

"I second the motion," said another member.

"The motion has been made and seconded," said Madame Chairman. "All in favor say 'aye.'"

"Aye," came the cry.

"The ayes have it," said Madame Chairman, beaming with satisfaction over the fact that the Indo-China mess had been cleared up.

"I move," said another member, "that we send cablegrams to King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan warning him that we will stand for no further trouble in the Near East."

"Oh, cablegrams!" exclaimed Madame Chairman. "How jolly! Who will second?"

"Second!" cried several.

"The motion has been made and seconded," said Madame Chairman. "All in favor say 'aye.'" And a moment later, "The ayes have it."

"Madame Chairman," said Ethel Melvin, "I'm sure all of you know a horrible television program called 'The Crimson Fox.'"

There was a murmur of assent from the assemblage.

"I am sure also," Ethel continued, "that those of you who have children would like to get this gory abomination banished from the air."

Heads nodded enthusiastically all through the room.

"I therefore move," said Ethel, "that we take measures to have 'The Crimson Fox' program canceled."

"Second," chorused the membership.

"The motion has been made and seconded," said Madame Chairman. "All those in favor say 'aye.'"

"Aye," they thundered.

"Excellent, excellent," said Madame Chairman, favoring all with an approving smile. "Now, where do we send the telegrams, Mrs. Melvin?"

"No telegrams," said Ethel.

"No telegrams?" asked Madame Chairman, and they all looked in wonder at Ethel.

"This," said Ethel, "requires direct action. 'The Crimson Fox' is sponsored by En-Er-Gee Corn Flakes. The way to get this program canceled is to hit the sponsor where it hurts. I move that we all boycott En-Er-Gee Corn Flakes until 'The Crimson Fox' is dropped. I further move that we communicate with the women's clubs of Darien and Stamford and all the other cities in this area and ask them to cooperate with us in the boycott."

"Delightful!" cried Madame Chairman, clapping her hands, and in a moment the applause was general. Ethel, blushing, took several bows. Then everyone sang "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow," and a committee was appointed, with Ethel, of course, as chairman, to spread the boycott to women's clubs in neighboring communities.

Ethel's committee proceeded without delay. Down the Merritt Parkway sped the ladies, bringing the news to their sisters in Norwalk, Darien, Stamford, and New Canaan and receiving, in all of these places, enthusiastic collaboration. Onward they went to Greenwich, Port Chester, and Rye, onward to Mamaroneck and Larchmont, to Scarsdale, to Yonkers, to New York itself. Heady with success, they swept into New Jersey and Pennsylvania. News of their crusade preceded them, and they were greeted as saviors, with fetes and bussing.

In eight short days, the boycott was tight as a drumhead in the entire New York television area, and spreading like a brushfire along the coaxial cable to the Middle West. On the ninth day, the makers of En-Er-Gee Corn Flakes announced that "The Crimson Fox" had been replaced with a program called "Birds of America," and Ethel went home to receive the congratulations of her husband.

"I am back," she said simply as she stood—tired, disheveled, and proud—in the living room.

"Nyaah," said George.

Did he say nyaah? thought Ethel. No, he couldn't have.

Aloud, she said, "I bring to you the gratitude of millions of American parents. And you deserve it, George. If you hadn't opened my eyes, it never would have happened. It was your brains, George, and your ingenuity that made it all possible."

"Nyaah," said George.

"Nyaah?" asked Ethel. It was clear this time.

"Yes, nyaah," said George.

"Dear," said Ethel, "perhaps you haven't heard. Thanks to your brilliant plan, 'The Crimson Fox' has been canceled."

"So I've heard," George answered surlily.

"Then why nyaah?" asked Ethel in confusion.

"I'll tell you why nyaah," he replied, glaring murderously at her. "I lost the Haskins sale. The guy who was going to buy the house was the writer of 'The Crimson Fox.'"

IT WAS nine-thirty the same night. Ethel leaned out the door of Tim's bedroom. "George," she called softly, "come up here."

"What for?" snarled George from the living room.

"Please, dear, come up for just a minute."

Muttering, he ascended the stairs. "Well, what is it?" he snapped, casting his wife a black look.

She pointed to Tim's bed. "See how he sleeps," she said.

Peace was on the boy's face—sweet repose. Not a furrow creased his young brow. His breathing was deep and even, his hands lay relaxed on the cover.

"No bad dreams tonight," Ethel whispered.

George looked for a long time at his sleeping son. Then he turned to Ethel. There was a shy smile on her lips—a half-smile, conciliatory and timid. And George suddenly found that he was smiling, too.

"Okay," he said, putting his arm around his wife. "Okay." THE END

Elizabeth Taylor

(Continued from page 50)

their accent sounds almost like a Texan's.

The small Elizabeth served notice that she had notions of her own (this is a factor most often ignored in discussions about her) when it struck her that she would like the part of the girl in "National Velvet." She was told she was too little. "I'll grow," she announced. And she actually grew three inches in a few months and copped the part. Her chief interest in the picture was the horse, King Charles, who also became world-famous as "The Pie" when the film became a hit.

During those early pictures and for some time thereafter, Elizabeth was *of course* coached by her mother, although both, for inexplicable reasons, firmly deny this. Mrs. Taylor was Sara Sothern, actress, who made her debut with Edward Everett Horton in Los Angeles, played for four years in New York and London opposite Richard Bennett in Channing Pollock's "The Fool," and later in "The Little Spitfire." She gave up acting when she married Francis Taylor, art dealer, but when Elizabeth became a screen moppet, she became a movie mother almost to the exclusion of everything else, was on the studio pay roll as Elizabeth's chaperon, and stayed on the sound stages for every scene in every picture up to the moment her daughter became a married woman. As a movie mother, Mrs. Taylor suffered the fate of all ladies of her profession: she inspired a certain amount of unpopularity. This is an inevitable fate for the duennas of most theatrical children, and Mrs. Taylor, who is both philosophical and pretty, endured it gracefully.

Elizabeth's own resolves and determinations are difficult to uncover because she invariably gives the impression of not having any. She is too pretty. Everything, apparently, comes too easily to her. But for certain things, she has toiled hard.

In her early teens, it appeared to her that the attractive torsos of Lana Turner and other lovely and older ladies at Metro were desirable. Elizabeth applied herself for several years to a stretcher owned by her brother, who had athletic ambitions, and emerged eventually from the bathroom with one of the sweetest developments in town. Perhaps she would have had it anyway. The point is that she took no chances.

To ride "The Pie," she became a really skillful horsewoman. Her wrists and forearms today are astonishingly firm and strong. She achieved this through long and sometimes torturous hours of practice. Her closest friends, young persons around the studio of approximately her own age, insist that, although of course sheer chance made her a movie star, she has the strength and the personality and perseverance to have become a worth-while person in any walk of life.

"'She would have called attention to herself one way or another, wherever she was," they enjoy saying.

AFTER Elizabeth's marriage, on May 6, 1950, to Nick Hilton, who was twenty-three, Mrs. Taylor retired from supervision of Elizabeth's affairs and even refused to give interviews about her daughter. Before that, she was voluble,

especially in the romantic department. Of Lieutenant Glenn Davis, she said for publication in 1947: "This is the boy! My worries are over." Of William Pauley, in 1949, she announced in the papers: "Bill and Elizabeth were made for each other." Of Nick Hilton, now husband-in-absence, she declared in 1950: "Nick has everything I want in the husband of my daughter."

Mrs. Taylor wasn't alone in her enthusiasms. Elizabeth was painfully in love with each of her boyfriends. She suffered. She wept. She glowed, and she giggled. She reiterated the age-old, helpless complaint of the very young: "But you don't understand me!" But her springtime passions, which are gently understood in almost every neighborhood where there are growing girls, were unfortunately also the passions of a beautiful movie star; so Elizabeth's loves were solemnly front-paged instead of being smilingly backfenced. She doesn't know how to cope with that sort of thing any more than average nineteen-year-old daughters of good family; her disputes with Nick Hilton were complicated, and probably worsened, by current items in print. They were married May 6, 1950, and announced their separation December 6.

Aside from the fact that, as a girl, she is likely to fall in and out of love, there is another factor. Any studio is a hothouse of orchidaceous sex. It may be, and it almost always is, a very moral studio, but Hollywood's chief export is love, expertly packaged and nationally advertised. Love and the ways of love are talked about, photographed, and diagramed all day. On all sides are the most beautiful young men and young women in the hemisphere, chosen for their biological impact. Intimate matters are discussed technically, often in terms of box office. In this milieu, a young and pretty thing is likely to be inspired either to experiment, or, if she is a gentlewoman, to quick marriage.

Put the foregoing paragraph down as a theory, of course. It does explain many a Hollywood love affair. It may indicate something about Elizabeth Taylor's catapulting adventures since her world première in the Metro commissary that May, 1947.

As a young-married, Elizabeth approached her new life both seriously and comic-seriously. Her husband is a Catholic, Elizabeth is not. Before the wedding, she hurried to beg instruction in the duties of a Catholic wife from several older ladies of the screen, all stanch and sincere churchwomen. She accepted their advice thankfully and tried to follow it.

Hopeful of becoming a real wife, although she is frightened of kitchens and would be capable of boiling the lamb chops, Elizabeth prepared herself for household duties with the purchase of a half-dozen organdy aprons at $19.95 each and one hand-painted apron at considerably more. They were never used.

IN SOCIAL affairs, Elizabeth clings to her own young crowd—Roddy McDowall; Janie Powell and her husband, Gary Steffen, who is in insurance; Marshall Thompson and his wife, and Marshall's friends from Occidental College. They talk interminably on the telephone and write notes to each other. Their chief delight is to hold birthday parties for each other at which they can leap out yelling "Surprise! Surprise!"

Elizabeth dresses simply in the peasant skirts and ginghams appropriate to her age, but she is impatient for the time when she can drip with furs and diamonds—which she could easily afford but is always talked out of. Nick Hilton, in spite of their disagreements, was a steadying influence there: he vetoed the swank stuff. In Switzerland on their honeymoon, he made Elizabeth return a pair of seven-hundred-dollar cuff links she had lovingly purchased for him, because her allowance didn't cover such an extravagance.

In spite of her screen poise and her increasing personal poise (she has deliberately lowered her voice and seldom squeals now), Elizabeth is often embarrassed and confused in sophisticated company. At such times, she frankly admits that she doesn't know what to do or say. But once, at the Waldorf-Astoria, accompanied by her father-in-law and assorted Vanderbilts, she calmly deserted her party to make an unscheduled appearance in a sweater manufacturers'

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HEAVY, HEAVY HANGS OVER MY HEAD

Loud Rosenfield

I purchased a convertible
And find it most exertible.
I push a button when I stop
To raise up or let down the top.
When it goes up, the skies grow
fair;
When it goes down, it blows her
hair;
It goes back up, she needs the sun;
Back down, she soon gets overdone;
Back up avoiding Mrs. Brown,
It goes back down to show the
town.
My car's convertible, I find,
But nothing like milady's mind!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

convention because one of the manufacturers had been kind to her when she was not so well-known. She does impromptu, polite things agreeably, but is likely to blow up in the presence of formality.

Nick Hilton the eldest of the three Hilton boys, is, although only twenty-four, an experienced hotel man who once made the coffee at five A.M. daily at the Stevens in Chicago, and is reputed to be a fast-thinking, energetic businessman. He is public-relations executive for the magnificent Bel Air Hotel in Bel Air, California, near Beverly Hills, and owns forty-one per cent of this expensive hostelry.

Nick's parents were separated when he was three, and he represents a way of life—big hotels, smart travel, café society—totally foreign but totally fascinating to Elizabeth. In one of their publicized disputes, Elizabeth was quoted as objecting to his gambling, and he was quoted as calling her "a toy wife."

Elizabeth's brother Howard, two years older than she, is darkly handsome, as are all the Taylors. The whole clan is remarkable for physical beauty. Brother

and sister are unusually close, but Howard avoided motion pictures and shunned publicity during his sister's ascendancy. He did not go to the extreme of Shirley Temple's brothers—one of whom became a state-highway patrolman and the other a professional wrestler—but is happily and anonymously employed in the studio art department, exercising a talent for drawing undoubtedly inherited from his art-dealer father. But once, when pressure was applied to him to take a screen test, he stopped such nonsense by getting a butch haircut so short that he almost achieved the effect of having had his head shaved.

ELIZABETH was officially on her own last year, the day she finished her schooling under the supervision of a state-supervised teacher, who taught her between scenes. (She had done well, but not brilliantly.) On the first day of her freedom, having to sit around for hours while technicians prepared scenes, she was bored almost to tears.

"What in the world do people *do* in studios when they don't go to school?" she complained.

Except for the brief interlude of her seven-month marriage, Elizabeth has lived most of her life in her parents' big, comfortable Spanish house on Elm Drive in Beverly Hills. She has a large bedroom, bath, and dressing room. Two walls of the dressing room are filled with closet space in which she has seventy-five dresses, a dozen cloth coats, one mink coat, and one silver-fox stole. She buys in spurts, as in a recent purchase in which she acquired eleven pairs of shoes and had them all dyed to match eleven dresses. She has a good string of pearls, but little flashy jewelry; she also owns a few pieces given to her by Nick Hilton, who showed modest good taste and restraint. Her ambition is to own diamond ear clips. Her favorite stone is an uncut emerald, a gift from a godmother, which she wore on a chain around her neck for years, until she replaced it with Glenn Davis' West Point class ring.

On the day her intention to divorce Hilton was announced, she kept an appointment in the Metro photographic gallery, toiling from eight in the morning until past ten at night with only a quick sandwich for lunch. When there is work to be done, she does it. When there isn't, Elizabeth is not dependable. She is invariably late for appointments or forgets them, and is congenitally incapable of tidiness. Her friends condone these faults, hurriedly explaining that assistant directors and hairdressers have done things for her since she was a small child and therefore it never occurs to her to be responsible unless a job is put squarely in her lap.

She diets in a very haphazard fashion when it occurs to her—eats a "slimming" lunch, then consumes four hot dogs in the afternoon when starvation seems imminent. Actually she has no trouble maintaining her gorgeous figure. She doesn't drink or smoke, but has never taken a smug stance about these habits.

Elizabeth has been able to ride bareback since the age of four and considers no girl a horsewoman who can't catch, bridle, and saddle a seventeen-hand horse.

"The man I marry must be able to keep me in horses," she used to say.

For several years, press agents have been putting out the story that Elizabeth

"Quit pushing! QUIT PUSHING!!"

has a "trained" coloratura voice. This is not true. She has a sweet coloratura voice, which she exercises on popular ballads, singing along with the records, and she likes to prove the coloratura part by singing with Lily Pons's records, staying up there with Lily on the high notes.

EVEN though she is a star in her own right, Elizabeth is as movie-struck as any of her own young fans. She missed the leading feminine role in "Quo Vadis," recently made in Rome with Deborah Kerr in the part, because her husband objected, not too unreasonably, to his wife's suffering before the cameras as a Christian martyr while they were on their honeymoon. But when Nick and Elizabeth arrived in Rome, Elizabeth hurried to Director Mervyn LeRoy as fast as possible and wangled a part as an extra. She acted only one day, but she wasn't going to be kept out of that film.

As a little girl, she was extremely shy. As an older little girl, she was even shyer. During her preglamour era, when she was fourteen and fifteen, Liz yearned lonesomely to be the same as everybody else in the high-school bracket. She envied her brother Howard, who was popular, and tried to insert herself into his group. She had little success, being regarded at first as a kid-sister nuisance, later as an untouchable because she was a movie star. Liz paid the juvenile penalty of being different. She was a wallflower on many occasions because the other small fry were awed by her.

Once she appealed to Howard to help her get a date for a dance.

"Get your own date," Howard said. "You got to take chances like other girls. Call up a boy. Get turned down, maybe, like any other girl."

"I'm not a slick chick, but I'm trying hard," she used to say. Her efforts were amply rewarded shortly after that appearance in the commissary: Elizabeth has been named "Miss Smooth" by a college fraternity, has been "Miss Glamour" at a U.C.L.A. junior prom, and has been named "The Girl We'd Most Like to Abandon Ship For" by the Navy. Still, she most appreciates the remark a photographer made about a year ago.

Elizabeth and her mother were entering a Hollywood restaurant. The lensman, on the lookout for movie celebrities, stopped them and asked for a picture.

"I think your daughter is one of the most beautiful women in the world," he told Mrs. Taylor.

Liz almost burst. "Mother!" she shrilled. "He called me a *woman!*"

For the most part, Liz likes to talk about her toy French poodle, Gigi, about Kostelanetz records, about her friend Janie Powell, and about clothes. But in moments of seriousness, pinned down to the facts of life, she says: "Whatever happens, I want to work. I've been a problem to cast. They've had to wait for me to grow up. Now, when the time is right, I'd love to do a musical. Also, I'd like to do something dramatic I can get my teeth in, because up to now, for obvious reasons, I haven't had that kind of part.

"The other big thing I want is—two children and a home of my own."

SHE SELDOM discusses her studio work at home or with her friends. She has an intense loyalty to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and went dutifully to work on her new picture a few days after her separation from her husband was officially announced. She refused resolutely to discuss Nick with anybody, made no excuses and no explanations, simply reported to the set and did her work as competently and as sincerely as ever. If the title of the new film appalled her, she said nothing. It is called "Love Is Better Than Ever." THE END

Are You a Better Driver than Your Husband? *(Continued from page 69)*

18. If the rear of your car skids to the right on a slippery street, you should—

a ( ) Swing the steering wheel from side to side
b (√) Turn the steering wheel to the right
c ( ) Turn the steering wheel to the left
d ( ) Hold the steering wheel still

19. What would you do if another car came straight at you on the wrong side of the road?

a ( ) Pull to the left so he could pass on the right
b ( ) Pull over to the center so you could dodge either way
c ( ) Keep in your own lane
d (√) Pull as far as possible to the right and even take to the shoulder

20. When you meet glaring headlights at night, what should you do?

a ( ) Keep your eyes on the left side of the road
b (√) Look at the right side of the road
c ( ) Look straight ahead
d ( ) Wear sun glasses

21. The proper method of applying your brakes when driving on ice is to—

a ( ) Pump the brake with hard, rapid jabs
b ( ) Apply light but steady pressure
c ( ) Use only the hand brake
d ( ) Press the brake lightly, and pump the clutch

22. Reducing tire pressure to give more traction when driving on ice will—

a (√) Help shorten your stopping distance
b ( ) Not help shorten your stopping distance
c ( ) Cause you to skid sideways more
d ( ) Cause the front end to swerve

23. In taking a sharp curve, it is best to—

a ( ) Turn your front wheels toward the inside a little
b ( ) Turn your front wheels toward the outside a little
c (√) Keep your front wheels steady
d ( ) Shimmy your front wheels a little

24. If you find yourself driving on soft, muddy ground, the best thing to do is—

a ( ) Stop and try to start out in low gear
b ( ) Slow down
c (√) Keep going; shift to lower gear if necessary
d ( ) Stop, put in reverse, and back out

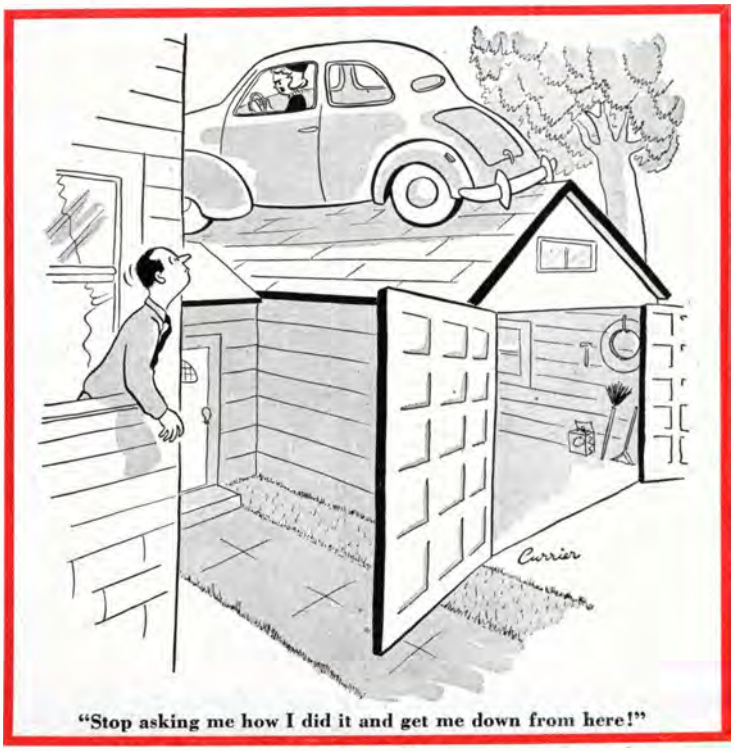
25. What grade do you think you made on this test? (Each question counts 4 points.)

a ( ) 90 to 100 (5-error range)
b (√) 80 to 90 (10-error range)
c ( ) 70 to 80 (15-error range)
d ( ) Below 70

ANSWERS ON NEXT PAGE

Answers to the Driving Quiz on pages 68, 69, and 109

1. (b) *Swinging the wheel from side to side a little eases the shock, and the front end won't jump so high.*
2. (b) *It is far safer to pass through an amber light than to make an emergency stop. A vehicle following you too closely is likely to ram you in the rear.*
3. (c) *A short nap is best.*
4. (a) *The most important thing is to keep traction. This can only be done with the foot on the accelerator. Applying your brake will cause complete loss of steering control.*
5. (b) *It is always safer to slow down before a curve than to apply your brakes while on a curve.*
6. (d) *It is important to keep traction while in a curve. You can keep traction and slow down, too, by this method.*
7. (a) *This gives a little higher speed and more traction.*
8. (b) *Let your engine act as a brake; it saves your regular brakes.*
9. (d) *The real secret of safe driving is your ability to anticipate. Take nothing for granted. If the car ahead signals for a right turn, figure that he just* may *turn left.*
10. (d) *To apply your brake may make you lose steering control. Ease off the accelerator and let the engine slow you down.*
11. (b) *Leave the foot off the clutch (to keep from killing the motor) until the car has just about come to a stop. Use a pumping action on the brake, thus allowing the full use of the rear-wheel brakes. Use this method on all stops, especially emergency ones. By leaving the foot off the clutch, you permit the motor also to act as a brake. You stop twenty per cent faster this way, with less wear on car and tires.*
12. (a) *Applying the brakes is likely to throw the car into a side-slip or spin. Ease the foot off the accelerator, and let the engine slow the car until it is safe to apply the brakes lightly.*
13. (d) *An accident on a slippery street is always due to driving too fast for conditions.*
14. (b) *You should never cut back on the highway at a high rate of speed. If the shoulder is lower than the pavement, the car will swerve out of control. Steer straight and slow down gradually. Then cut back on at a sharp angle.*
15. (c) *The pedestrian* always *has the right of way, any place, any time.*
16. (d) *At intersections where there are no signal lights or stop*



"Stop asking me how I did it and get me down from here!"

signs, the vehicle on the driver's right *has the right of way.*

17. (b) *It takes between 153 and 164 feet to stop at 40 mph. By keeping twice the speedometer reading in yards away from the vehicle ahead, you are playing it safe.*

18. (b) *You must always turn the steering wheel* in the direction *of the skid. This helps the forward-motion pull against the skid.*

19. (d) *Never try to dodge to the wrong side of the road. If an accident occurs, you may be blamed. You should pull to the right; take to the shoulder of the road if necessary.*

20. (b) *By looking over the engine cowling of your car at the* right *side of the road, you can define your position on the road and still keep the glare out of your eyes. You will be able to see the oncoming vehicle through your side vision.*

21. (a) *Recent research and tests have shown that you can stop on ice or snow twenty per cent faster with less skidding by pumping the brakes. When the brakes are pressed steadily, steering control is lost and the car goes into a side skid. Keep the foot off the clutch and let the engine help slow you down. At 20 mph, you can stop in 88 feet by using chains on glare ice, as against 197 feet with no chains. Use chains.*

22. (b) *Reducing tire pressure will* not *shorten stopping distance.*

23. (d) *By shimmying your front wheels a little, you ease the pressure on the side walls of the front tires.*

24. (c) *Keep going and shift to a lower gear. Once you stop, it is much harder to start again.*

25. *This is a direct indication of your confidence. If you checked (a), you are overconfident, which may make you careless; (b), you are normal; (c), you need a little more confidence; (d), you are the Milquetoast type of driver, which can also lead to trouble.*

Now, see how the "expert driver" of the family rates.

YOUR RATING AS A DRIVER

Count the number of questions you missed, multiply by 4, and subtract from 100. This is your final grade:

84 to 100 Excellent
72 to 80 Very good
60 to 68 Good
52 to 56 Poor
Below 52 You need more lessons

THE END

Are Fight Referees Honest? *(Continued from page 71)*

worker, who is more familiar with political fights than with boxing contests, can hide his incompetence in the comparative anonymity of a judge's role and get frequent assignments at the request of his sponsor, who puts the pressure on the Boxing Commission. Such an individual is one of the New York boxing judges who figured in a series of unsatisfactory decisions. This official, who had nothing but political influence to recommend him, but plenty of that, had acquired the unenviable but not unwarranted reputation of being a willing tool of a gambling clique that controls a number of fighters. It could hardly have been a coincidence that he was assigned to so many bouts in which the clique's fighters participated. Many complaints were made against him to the Commission, but the latter didn't act until it was revealed that the judge was employed in a bookmaking parlor owned by a gambling mogul now serving a jail sentence. The judge wasn't suspended, but for several months he didn't get any assignments. Then his name began to be noticed again on the list of active officials. Inquiry revealed that the Commission had been ordered by powerful political leaders to give him more assignments.

THERE are two other factors that militate against honesty among the boxing judges and referees. One is the large number of them on the rolls—which means that they don't get a chance to work often and, if they are at all susceptible to the soothing influence of legal tender, they are inclined to make the most of what opportunities they do get. The other is the relatively small compensation they get. New York's rate of pay for judges and referees (more generous than that of other states) calls for remuneration on a sliding scale, based on the box-office receipts. This ranges from $10 for judges and $15 for referees when the gate is under $600, to $125 for judges and $150 for referees on the rare occasions when there's over $100,000 in the till. The average compensation for a judge ranges from $25 to $50 and for a referee, from $50 to $100. Boxing commissions can hardly expect men who are doing this type of work primarily to augment their regular incomes to have the strength of St. Thomas Aquinas when Satan, in the guise of a fight-fixer, waves a wad of crisp bills under their sensitive nostrils.

Any boxing commissioner who expresses surprise, horror, or indignation at the suggestion that referees and judges are being bought almost daily is either a colossal hypocrite, in on the gravy himself, or an ineffable fathead. The practice is almost as old as pugilism itself, but it didn't become widespread until the politicians took over.

The late Eddie Mead, through whose fat fingers money slipped like sugar, was known as one of the softest touches in the fight racket when he was managing Henry Armstrong, the triple-crown winner, and other ring stars such as Joe Lynch, the bantamweight champion. Eddie used to say that every time he came into New York for a fight, he paid off fifteen officials, on the chance that some of them might act as the referee or judges of the fight he was interested in.

Boxing in the United States today is controlled by the underworld to a greater degree than it ever was before. The same people who run the gambling rackets have muscled into the fight business and have such a strangle hold on it that even respectable promoters have to deal with them if they want to operate. This situation prevails in every stratum of boxing from the lowest to the top. In every key city, the Mob, as it is called, has a representative, who usually has a powerful "in" with the commission and can ask for the appointment of certain referees or judges controlled by the racketeers. The late New York *Sun* used to run the warning "Don't bet on fights" at the bottom of its boxing stories. Many well-posted boxing fans who have made mental catalogues of the various judges and referees have adopted a new slogan: "Don't bet on fights until you've found out who the officials are going to be."

Some of the modern managers of top-line boxers now refuse to sign for any bouts unless they are assured of "protection" for their charges. Sometimes this is arranged through the opposing manager, who may instruct his own gallant knight either to "go in the water" or take it easy. If the other fighter refuses to do business, the manager will either go to work on the officials or drop the match. Any fighter—except a standout such as Joe Louis, who has amassed a long string of victories, especially knockouts—is open to the suspicion of paying for protection.

"Protection" is nothing new in boxing. In the days of notorious home-town decisions in the smaller cities, champions always brought along their own referees. After becoming a champion, Freddie Welsh, the lightweight champion of the World War I era, insisted on Billy Roche as his referee whenever he fought. This was a precautionary measure to guard against theft of his title by a "homer" who favored the local boy, or a referee in cahoots with gamblers. Decisions weren't permitted in most states where boxing was legal in those days, but the claim of foul was being overworked, and a champion could be tricked out of his title in that way. Once, a mutual friend of Roche and Welsh asked the referee what he would do if, by a miracle, Freddie were knocked unconscious by an opponent. Billy, after reflecting a moment, replied: "I'd count up to six and then collapse on top of him with a heart attack."

AFTER Gene Tunney won the heavyweight title from Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia's Sesqui-Centennial Stadium in 1926, the boxing world buzzed with stories, unflattering to everyone concerned. When Gene won the decision, no one gave him credit for the consummate boxing skill that enabled him to outpoint Dempsey on the soggy canvas in a torrential downpour. It just seemed unbelievable that anyone could beat Jack.

Some of the tongue-wagging seemed justified after Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, boss of the Philadelphia rackets, brought suit against Tunney for twenty per cent of his earnings as world's champion. Hoff based his claim on a verbal agreement he swore was entered into between himself and Billy Gibson, Tunney's manager, on the eve of the bout, whereby for a cash payment of $20,000 to Tunney, he

was to share in Gene's earnings should he win the title. Abe Attell, onetime featherweight champion and later a gambler whose name had been linked with the Black Sox scandal in 1919, was named by Hoff as a witness to the transaction. Tunney flatly denied the existence of any such agreement or the receipt of any money from Hoff. The suit lingered in the courts for over four years before it was finally dropped by Hoff in January, 1931, after Gibson had been adjudged legally incompetent and, thus, couldn't be examined. Tunney's counsel denied having given Hoff any money to drop the case. The story in fight circles was that Manager Gibson, who had been a smart politician before he became mentally incompetent, had arranged for "protection" with Hoff, who controlled boxing in Philadelphia and could secure the appointment of any referee Gibson wanted. Whatever the alleged agreement may have been, Gene didn't need any more protection than was provided by his good left hand.

IN THE Battle of the Long Count, the following year in Chicago, it was a different story. Dempsey had earned a return bout with Tunney by knocking out Jack Sharkey at the Yankee Stadium in New York with a blow that many competent ringside critics said was low and should have disqualified Dempsey. This bout had been refereed by Jack O'Sullivan, who ignored cries of "foul" and unhesitatingly counted out Sharkey, thus clinching the Chicago championship fight for the ex-champ, a detail on which Promoter Tex Rickard had been counting heavily.

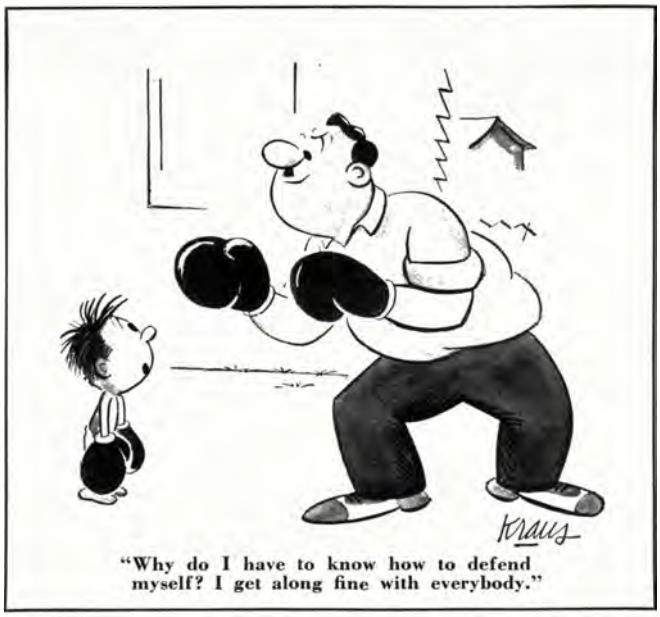
Al Capone, then at his peak, backed Dempsey heavily in his return bout with Tunney and told underworld associates that the Illinois Boxing Commission would, at his behest, appoint Dave Miller as referee. Capone reckoned not with Mr. Gibson, Boss of the Bronx. Working quietly, Billy succeeded in inducing the Illinois board to switch referees on the afternoon of the fight. That night, Capone was escorted to his first-row seat by a platoon of the most evil-looking cutthroats this side of Devil's Island, but the worst of them looked like choirboys alongside the boss when he saw Dave Barry, instead of Miller, climb up the ring steps for the main event. The scar on Al's face turned livid, and there was murder in his eyes as it dawned on him that he had been outsmarted in his own stronghold by an Irishman from the Bronx.

What actually happened in the seventh round that night will be discussed as heatedly by future generations as it was by fight fans everywhere for months following the fight. Tunney, leading by a comfortable margin up to then, suddenly grew careless and gave his leg-weary opponent the opening Dempsey had been waiting for. Striking like a rattlesnake, Dempsey's famed Iron Mike left hook found Tunney's jaw, and as the champion's arms dropped, Jack followed up with lefts and rights that landed flush on the target. As Tunney crumpled to the canvas, Dempsey, resorting to a favorite maneuver, closed in on him from behind, ready to annihilate him if he arose. Referee Barry pushed Dempsey away, and then escorted him to a neutral corner. All this took up five or six seconds. Not until Barry returned to Tunney's side did he start counting. At seven, Gene was in a sitting position, looking dazed. It didn't appear as if he'd make it at eight, and when nine was tolled off, the crowd prepared to cut loose with a mighty roar for the first dethroned heavyweight champion who ever came back. But, no! There was Tunney pushing himself to his feet and, a few seconds later, he was back-pedaling out of danger faster than the tired challenger was able to move forward. Tunney went on to win handily.

Every other feature of the fight was forgotten as the press and public went into the merits of Referee Barry's delayed count. It is generally agreed that about sixteen seconds elapsed from the time Tunney hit the canvas until he was on his feet again, ready to shift into reverse.

One school of thought contends that Dempsey, having been instructed in advance to go to a neutral corner in case of a knockdown, should have done so without being told, and that it was his attempt to take an unfair advantage that cost him the fight. The other school insists that Referee Barry had been put in there by Gibson, expressly to protect Tunney's title in just such an emergency. Anyway, they paid off on Tunney, and Referee Barry died a natural death some years later—he was not encased in a cement coffin the morning after the fight, as was a popular custom in Chicago for anyone who offended Mr. Capone.

ONLY A FEW months ago, Lou Nova, former heavyweight contender who now writes a sports column for the



"Why do I have to know how to defend myself? I get along fine with everybody."

Encinian in Encino, California, pounded out a two-fisted diatribe against Referee Eddie Joseph, who had officiated in his bout with Tommy Farr at Madison Square Garden in 1938. Referring to Joseph sarcastically as "Honest Eddie," Nova pulled no punches in accusing him of using every means in his power to help Farr. Nova won the decision, however. Joseph happens to be one of the New York referees whose work has often displeased the fans.

Quite apart from the merits, if any, of Nova's beef against Joseph, it is a fact that referees can and often do shape the outcome of a fight by paying too much attention to one of the fighters to the other's advantage. A referee with larceny in his mind and a big bet riding for him on one of the fighters can all but scuttle the man on whom he directs his unwelcome attentions. In breaking the fighters from clinches, he can use all his strength on the one he's bent on hampering, and he can step in to break up a sharp exchange at just the right time to save his man from punishment.

MANY referees are ex-fighters, which doesn't necessarily make them good officials. The late Benny Leonard, a product of Billy Gibson's managerial influence, was barred for life from officiating in Connecticut as a result of a performance while acting as a guest referee in a bout between Nathan Mann and Al McCoy at Bridgeport. Benny, a highly intelligent chap with an outstanding record as lightweight champion, had developed some misguided notions of loyalty to the fight mob through long association with the racket—a fault all too common among ex-fighters who become referees. Mann, a heavyweight, was managed by Marty Krompier, one of the Dutch Schultz boys, who miraculously survived a spray of bullets with which a gunman punctured him while he was being shaved in a Broadway barbershop some time before this. Leonard was brought along as guest referee by Krompier to protect his man from any incident that might stand in the way of a return bout between Mann and Joe Louis, who had flattened Mann quickly the year before.

Things went along swimmingly until McCoy got a bit too ambitious and let go a haymaker that knocked Mann flat. While one of his seconds jumped into the ring and poured a bucket of water on the stricken warrior, Krompier made a dive for the timekeeper's bell and gave it a bang heard round Bridgeport. As Mann was being dragged to his corner, the boxing commissioner, Frank Kosky, swung into action and ordered the fight to proceed, because the round wasn't over. When action was resumed, McCoy let go a haymaker at Mann that Referee Leonard grabbed in mid-air and stayed, just as the photographer of the Bridgeport *Telegram* snapped his shutter, and Commissioner Kosky called it "No Contest." The beautiful shot of Referee Leonard restraining McCoy from hitting Mann was widely featured in the press. It put an end to the guest-refereeing racket in Connecticut and brought about Benny's lifetime suspension as a referee in that state. This didn't affect Leonard's standing with the New York State Athletic Commission, however. It was while refereeing a bout at the St. Nicholas Arena a few years ago that Benny was seized with a heart attack and died in the ring. Leonard always regretted that ill-advised venture in Bridgeport, and he never again permitted himself to get involved in anything of that nature.

Gunboat Smith, a heavyweight of note whom the late Jimmy Johnston managed, became a New York referee through Johnston's influence. When Jack Sharkey was signed for a second bout with Max Schmeling after losing to him on a foul on the night Gene Tunney's abdicated heavyweight throne was at stake, Johnny Buckley, who managed Sharkey, cut Johnston in on his fighter to get him "protection" against the possibility of a repetition of the foul incident. The second fight was a close one. When it was decided in Sharkey's favor by Referee Smith's vote, Joe Jacobs, Schmeling's manager, grabbed the microphone over which the fight was being broadcast and

screamed, "We wuz robbed!" Jacobs pressed his complaint against Smith before the New York State Commission, and it was observed that after that Gunboat was never assigned as a referee in an important boxing match, although he was used frequently in wrestling matches.

One of the best known of the modern referees is Arthur Donovan, son of Professor Mike O'Donovan, a bare-knuckled warrior who taught Teddy Roosevelt how to box. Donovan, like his father, was a boxer before turning referee. He acquired world-wide fame by officiating in fourteen of Joe Louis' world's championship fights, a record no other referee has approached. The late Eugene Corri, most famous of the British referees, ranks next to him with four world's championship bouts. Donovan became known in later years as "Joe Louis' policeman," although there never was an occasion when Joe needed help from him. It is ironic, in fact, that the only time Louis, as champion, could have used some assistance from a referee was in his first bout with Jersey Joe Walcott. Louis was floored twice, and in the opinion of most of those who saw the fight, was soundly whipped by the cagey veteran. That night Ruby Goldstein was the third man in the ring, and he cast the only vote for Walcott. Marty Munro and Frank Forbes, the two judges, strung along with Joe, saving his title.

The crowd lustily booed the decision. Whenever this happens, you can be pretty sure the crowd is right and the decision is wrong.

BOXING could use a few of the old-time referees today. This is a pretty sentiment, egad, and also a most impractical suggestion. If one of the old boys were around today and dared to stop a main bout that offended his sense of smell, chances are he would be suspended on the spot by the Boxing Commission on a charge of "trying to ruin the game."

If official action is taken on obvious prize-ring Barneys in these days when politics-ridden commissions protect the promoters rather than the customers, it is in the form of a rebuke and maybe a short suspension for the offending boxers, until the swindled fans have had a chance to cool off. Unless caught red-handed, no referee should be accused of dishonesty until this situation has been taken into consideration.

Are fight referees honest? Considered as a class, not so honest as they would be if the low racket that boxing has become were converted into a Cauliflower Utopia. This could be brought about through a reform program hinging on these four big "Ifs":

(1) If regulation of the sport were divorced from politics and put in the hands of men who know the game and have its best interests at heart.

(2) If racketeers were driven out of the business and the standards for boxing managers were raised considerably above what they are now.

(3) If the judge system were abolished and the number of referees reduced to an efficient minimum that would provide steady employment for honest, competent arbiters.

(4) If the scale of fees was increased enough to make a referee's job so desirable that bribes would not be so tempting. THE END

Tall Girls

(Continued from page 80)

stockings, for instance, were made in only three sizes, short — twenty-nine inches, average—thirty inches, and long —thirty-one inches. A thirty-one-inch stocking to a girl six feet or better is a laugh. Generally it comes to an inch above the knee. As for dresses and coats, it was virtually hopeless for a six-foot girl to look for them. She had to have them made, or make them herself. Most tall girls have long narrow feet, and shoe manufacturers ignored that minor market as well. With the organization of Tall Clubs, however, the manufacturers' attention was called to this small but clothes-hungry market, for the clubs became pressure groups that wrote letters in a constant effort to ameliorate their sad condition.

Pretty soon, stockings began appearing in thirty-seven-inch lengths. Large stores in every city where there was a Tall Club opened departments devoted solely to the tall girls, and certain tall girls went into the business of catering to their lengthy sisters.

"Things are much better now," says six-foot-two-inch Elsa Walden, "and clothes are not at all difficult to find. The only trouble is, as soon as a store gets a new shipment of clothes, all the tall girls in town swoop down on the place, and being organized the way we are, we're apt to go to a party or a dance and find two or three other girls wearing exactly the same style of dress, and a dozen or more wearing the same model shoe. We don't mind too much, though, because it's become a sort of joke."

WHEN they go to a dance, tall girls rarely sit down. Each of them learns at an early age that if she stands up, she avoids much embarrassment. "Every girl in the club," said five-foot-ten-and-a-half-inch Ruth Gilke, "discovered it for herself. When you are sitting down, it's difficult for anyone to realize how tall you are. At one of my first dances, I was sitting down, and a boy came over to ask me to dance. He was a shrimp, not much more than five feet seven or eight; I was wearing three-inch heels, which made me six feet one. Well, when I stood up and towered over him, he got pale first, and then he blushed. I must say he acted like a little gentleman, because he didn't try to back out. But he got away from me just as fast as he could."

Every one of the tall girls insisted they didn't mind dating boys shorter than themselves, although they liked taller boys better. "A tall girl and a short boy," they say, "make a silly-looking couple. It's much nicer when the man is the same height as the girl is when she's wearing heels, or even a couple of inches taller."

A majority of the girls admitted privately that they realized that really short men, five feet five or under, were fascinated and devastated by the idea of being with a tall girl.

"In most cases," said twenty-four-year-old Marie Van Leuven, a six-foot-one-and-a-quarter-inch blue-eyed blonde who won a beauty contest at a national convention of Tall Clubs several years ago, "the short boys may be fascinated, but they're scared. I went out once with a boy five feet four. We'd

known each other a long time, and I knew, of course, that he was attracted by me. He used to say that sometime he'd get up enough courage to ask me for a date, and he kept asking me what I would say. I always told him that I would like to go.

"Well, he finally asked me for a date, and we went out. He took me to the Palmer House for dinner and dancing. When we got up to dance, I thought the musicians would fall off the bandstand, they laughed so hard. We didn't mind, because by that time we'd had a couple of drinks apiece, and we weren't minding anything much. Except for the musicians, no one else paid much attention. But he never asked me for another date. I think tall boys are much more fascinated by short girls than tall girls

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SLEEP COMES LIKE FOG

Beulah Frances Holland

Sleep comes like fog that drifts in from the sea,
Relaxes for a moment on the shore
And stumbles on the rocks, then steadily
Advances till the coastline is no more.

Sleep comes like fog to wrap in opal veils
The sharpened corners of reality,
To soften and diffuse acute details
Until they cease to have identity.

Sleep comes like fog, and both of them are treasure.
I wonder if the land resists, the way
A mind will try to race ahead and measure
Its strength by stretching out the length of day.

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are by short boys. That's the way it was in school; the football and basketball players were always going with the teeny, cute girls."

"One of the things that embarrassed me most when I was a child," said Evelyn Olson, "was traveling anywhere with my mother. When I was nine or ten, I looked as if I were over twelve, when you have to pay full fare for children. My mother always had fights with trolley and railroad conductors who insisted I was fifteen or sixteen years old. They wanted my mother to pay full fare for me, but she always held out, while I squirmed with embarrassment. When I started to go on busses by myself, to school and other places, she made me take along my birth certificate, so I could prove I didn't have to pay full fare. It seemed to me that everyone in Chicago must know how old I was."

The girls put on theatrical shows from time to time, but all of them are amateurs, although a professional once tried to join.

"This girl was a strip-teaser," said Evelyn Olson. "We didn't object to her just because of that, though. She was tall enough, but we discovered while we were considering her application that she was joining just for the publicity."

The girls take great pride in the fact that show girls and even chorus girls are getting taller. One of their prize possessions is a story from a New York newspaper declaring that the height of the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes has increased considerably over the years. The tallest Rockettes, it seems, used to be five feet five inches; these days, the tallest are five feet eight. "They'll have six-footers pretty soon," say the Chicago Tall Girls proudly.

They like to point out that the phrase, "Long-stemmed American Beauties," applies more to girls these days than it does to roses, owing to the wide publicity that Billy Rose first obtained, and continued to exploit, when he imported a dozen long-legged Texan girls, including the famous "Stutterin' Sam," daughter of a Fort Worth sheriff, to his Diamond Horseshoe back in 1938.

ACCORDING to studies made by the insurance companies of the United States, which examined almost four hundred thousand people, the average height of the full-grown American male is five feet seven and a half inches, and the female five feet two and a quarter inches. One-tenth of one per cent of the women of the United States, according to this same survey, are six feet or taller, one and two-tenths per cent of the women are five feet ten inches or over, and four and one-tenth per cent of the men are six feet or taller.

Dr. Gordon Townsend Bowles, of Harvard, who studied the physical records of three generations of Harvard students, and those of four New England women's colleges covering a span of eighty years, estimates that the average height of Americans increases by one inch every generation, or approximately every thirty-two years.

The husband of Mrs. Henrietta Tombolato, a six-foot Chicago Tall Girl, stands six feet five and a half inches. They met at a skating rink. They have been married three years and have two children, Maria, two years, and David, nine months old. "David," says Mrs. Tombolato, "is too young to show if he's going to be real tall. But Maria is thirty-eight inches, which is about the height a four-year-old child should be. She stands a head or more over kids her own age. People who don't know her think she's four, and they think she's sort of backward because she talks and walks like a two-year-old.

"All I hope is that by the time Maria grows up that darn song that made me so unhappy—it goes 'Five feet two, eyes of blue'—will be dead and forgotten, so she won't have the same trouble with it that I did."

"And," said Shirley Parman, who is five feet ten and three-quarter inches (after they join the Tall Girls Club, they become exceedingly jealous of each quarter-inch), "I hope that the song that goes, 'The girl that I marry, a doll I can carry,' also dies soon. I'd like to see the one who can carry this doll around the house!"

"The song I like," said Dagney Bergren dreamily, "is the one that goes, 'Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll.' I like that best of all." THE END

Cosmopolitan Conveyances *(Continued from page 21)*

"If I Had My Way" and sings it from Washington almost to Richmond in a voice as good as you would expect of a convention-bound sales chief of a paper-bag manufacturing company.

Near Fredericksburg, a burly traveler barges in to plead with the steward, ruddy-cheeked Leonard Kilian, for a much-needed highball. Kilian shakes his head, and the argument begins. In both dining cars, in the tavern car, and in the buffet lounge, there is a constant battle between thirsty passengers and the train employees who are charged with upholding the liquor laws, which change with each state. Worst of all is the pressure of furtive folding money in the hand of the good-natured cajoler, working on bartenders and stewards for that illegal shot in a dry state. Who knows which one will turn out to be the law-enforcement officer who will put the unwary train employee behind bars?

Outside Richmond, in the Hermitage yards, Seaboard Diesels take over. The run for the sun from New York to Miami is 1,491 miles; the timetable calls for an elapsed time of 25 hours, 35 minutes in the maroon-and-beige coaches; the lights are already dimmed at 10:15. Sleep here will be elusive, and its pursuit must be begun early. Reclining seats tilt backward; bodies caught in angular confines, struggle for attitudes of comfort; shoes slip off quietly; topcoats become blankets against the conditioned air; barbiturates begin their benumbing effort to overcome the clacking of steel upon steel; an infant begins to squawl and is quickly hushed; the open-mouthed snorer in seat B-45 becomes the loud bedfellow of the entire car; and in seats B-28 and 29, a boy and a girl on the Honeymoon Express get their first lesson in patience.

By midnight, North Carolina time, the Silver Meteor is a sleeping city hurtling southward at seventy-five miles an hour, and along its corridors, heavy-lidded porters softly open shoe lockers to work the magic of their nightly shines, so like the magic of childhood when the tooth placed under the pillow became a gleaming coin at morning's awakening.

A deep-throated air horn, four blasts to a crossing, and a swinging beam of light cut through the darkness, past Raleigh, Moncure, Southern Pines, Camden, Columbia. Night ends.

AT 9:30 A.M. after a breakfast of sausage with buckwheat cakes, Southern corn muffins, and coffee, the refreshed passengers look out of the dining-car window and spy, wonder of wonders, a palm tree! Jacksonville, Florida!

The Meteor is on the final leg now, down through the state of Florida, which is like a journey through a bowl of fruit, with a tossed vegetable salad served on the side.

At Wildwood, the Silver Meteor breaks into two separate trains, one-third of the cars headed southwest for the Gulf playgrounds of St. Petersburg and Sarasota, the other two-thirds continuing on down the east coast to Miami. It is at Wildwood that you first experience the miracle of summer-in-winter. It is almost noon, the sun is high in your blue heaven, and as you stand with upturned face on the platform, waiting for the Meteor to complete its reproduction by fission, you accept what you had secretly doubted the day before in the frozen north—there really *is* a paradise of tropical balm only a sleeper-jump away from your snow-covered back yard.

"All aboard!" Less than five hours to go!

Tiny pale-blue lakes, tangerine groves, and wild-growing guava trees skim by. Grapefruit lie in wasteful clusters on the roadbed, caught in the ties, and shudder

as the Meteor thunders by at seventy-nine mph on a downgrade. And then the train turns off into a sidetrack and grinds to a halt, and in a few minutes you know why the dispatcher at Jacksonville put the Meteor "in the hole." With a tremendous "whoosh!", the northbound Meteor out of Miami flashes by, jammed with a cargo of glowing epidermal layers and calmed nerves.

In the dining car, luncheon is fried young chicken, Southern style, and pumpkin custard pudding; the radio vocal is by Skinnay Ennis out of WSUN, St. Pete; at Table 9, a writer, two comfortably widowed ladies, and the vice-president of one of the nation's largest candy-bar manufacturing companies discover the common bond of hotel reservations at the Pancoast, one of Miami Beach's oldest and finest; and in coach car 13-E, the girl named Margie and the boy called "Sweetie" gaze out of their window with weary eyes.

An alligator, jaws flapping, rears up from a muddy creek. A Piper Cub plane speeds overhead, following the Seaboard tracks, and is swiftly passed. That little white house to the right was once the fortress hideaway of John Ashley, Florida's Jesse James of the twenties, and those Black Angus cattle roaming the acreage to the east belong to a guy who made his millions in the numbers racket in Daytona Beach.

South of Indiantown, the Silver Meteor plunges into the outskirts of the Everglades, pounding over a limerock roadbed that stands miraculously firm in the uncharted quagmire of marshland. Look sharply. You may spot a bear, a black panther, or a wild deer here.

SUDDENLY, at a little after three o'clock, something rears its head out of the desolation. White stucco! Tall buildings! This is it! The Gold Coast! America's No. 1 Playpen!

In the train, a quickening and a stirring about. First stop, West Palm Beach. Men and women in the cottons and gabardines of summer scan the new arrivals as baggage thumps down on the platform and the Silver Meteor begins to lose its population. Beyond the depot are the winter wonders of busy tennis courts lying in the shadow of Florida's towering palm trees.

Lake Worth; Boynton Beach; North Delray; Delray Beach; Deerfield Beach, whose small stucco station and surrounding desolation give small hint of the eighty-five-dollar-a-day luxuries that lie a few miles to the east on the Atlantic, at the fabulous Boca Raton Club. Fort Lauderdale next. Then Hollywood, with its Hollywood Beach Hotel, and Gulf Stream race track to take whatever you've got left. At Hialeah station, cabdrivers line the platform looking for customers for International Airport and the jump-off to Nassau, Havana, Puerto Rico, and South America. And finally, at half-past four, just in time to catch a fading glimmer of late-afternoon sun, the Silver Meteor comes slowly to rest in the salmon-pink Seaboard terminal at Miami.

"Yoo hoo!" "There they are!" "Taxi, mister?"

The private cars are waiting. The cabs and jitneys and hotel station wagons stand poised to take off for the dash across Biscayne Bay to the beach and a hundred thousand rooms-with-a-view. There they go! Have fun! THE END

The Girl with the Tiger-Blonde Hair *(Continued from page 61)*

rounds," the girl said crisply, "and I don't take orders from clerks."

"I was a clerk last week," he said coldly. "This week I am a store detective, and I have the authority to—"

"Listen, Sherlock," she broke in, "why don't you go see if any kitchen stoves are missing and stay out of sales promotion, which you know nothing about?"

"I shall be training in the promotion department next week," he said, "but there is no reason I shouldn't take up this matter with Uncle Dudley right now."

"Uncle Dudley?"

"Dudley J. Trimble"—he nodded—"the owner of this store. My name is Jonathan Hill, and I happen to be D.J.'s nephew."

"Oh—" the girl tilted her head to one side—"I've heard about you. You're that ex-radio actor who's going to marry D.J.'s daughter, Agatha." She shook her head. "Hasn't anyone ever told you it's dangerous to marry a cousin?"

"Agatha is no relation to me whatsoever," Jonathan said. "Someone left her in the lost-and-found department when she was an infant. After thirty days, Uncle Dudley adopted her."

"My name is Jenny Dale." The girl smiled. "How about having some coffee with me in the employee's cafeteria while you tell me the rest of this fascinating story?"

"I have nothing to say to you," Jonathan said wildly, "except that you look like something out of a burlesque skit, and I want you to get out of my basement!" He waved at Arthur Kelly, the regular basement dick, who was trying to date a salesgirl in the pressure-cooker section. When Arthur saw the gorgeous number in pink pajamas, he reported to Jonathan at once.

"Something you want *me* to handle, chief?" He leered brightly at Jenny Dale. "Mother told me there would be days like this in Trimble's basement," Arthur added happily. "Doesn't she look wonderful against that red lawn mower?"

"Stop that," Jonathan said. "I want you to take Miss Dale back to the Sleepe Shoppe and report her for being A.W.O.L. in hardware. And tell Mr. Nappingwell I shall recommend dismissal for Miss Dale if I ever see her out of her section again."

"You ought to run up to the mezzanine and get fitted for glasses," Arthur said, staring at Jenny. "Or maybe a new head. This kid is awfully cute, and what's wrong with selling pajamas in the basement? I'll buy a pair myself."

"You've been employed here for five years, Kelly," Jonathan said ominously. "Do you wish to try for six?"

"Yes, sir," Arthur said hastily. "This trip is necessary, sir."

AFTER they had gone, Jonathan told himself that D.J. would certainly have approved of his firm stand against models in the basement. However, he had to admit that if he had allowed himself to remain in Jenny's vicinity for another five minutes, he might not have been able to send her away. He thought about Agatha and winced. Agatha, too, was beautiful—if you liked the cold perfection of sculptured alabaster. Why, he wondered unhappily, do some girls, like Jenny Dale, for example, seem to radiate a glowing warmth while others, like Agatha, seem to have the melting point of a haddock preserved in a deep freeze? Jonathan winced again, but this time somebody had slapped his back.

He swung around and was confronted by the grinning face of his best friend, Chuck Peterson. Chuck was a television producer who had a head like a Hallowe'en pumpkin. There was something that looked like a leather binocular case hanging against the side of Chuck's camel's-hair topcoat.

"JOHNNY," Chuck said, motioning at a display of pots and pans, "when are you going to give up this nutty idea and come back to show business where you belong?"

"Why don't you stop?" Jonathan asked grumpily. "I've told you a hundred times, I'm going to become a merchant tycoon and I'm through with acting. Now, go away before I arrest you for loitering."

"But I've got a terrific comedy spot for you in my new show! Why give up acting just when television is going to be the biggest thing in—"

"Show business is no business," Jonathan said, "and acting is a frivolous profession. The mercantile racket is steady and offers dignity and security and is part of the lifeblood of our civilization. I hope soon to become a member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce."

"But Johnny," Chuck moaned, "you'll have to marry *Aggie!* You'll never be happy with—"

"Agatha is a very attractive girl," Jonathan said.

"So is the Statue of Liberty."

"Agatha has several university degrees. I find her discourses on the Byzantine Empire stimulating. She also speaks Latin like a native."

"You understand Latin like a native?"

"No."

"So?"

"She is also an authority on Existentialism and the poetry of T. S. Eliot."

"You'd do better if you joined a circulating library and found yourself a real lively dame—"

"If you mean the kind of girl I used to dream about," Jonathan said with dignity, "a girl with tawny gold hair, gorgeous violet eyes, and luscious bee-stung lips—she would only be a distraction from the truly worth-while things of life. I have put such things behind me."

Chuck stared behind Jonathan and whistled. "I get it now," he grinned. "Why didn't you tell your old pal? I can keep a secret."

Jonathan whirled. Jenny was standing behind him. She was still in her pink pajamas. His heart pumped against his ribs. "You're fired!" Jonathan said.

"You're crazy!" Chuck was astonished.

"You're wrong," Jenny grinned at Jonathan. "Mr. Nappingwell said you aren't the president of the store yet, and he only takes orders from D.J. He also asked me to go to the Stork Club with him tonight—"

"I'll have him fired, too!" Jonathan choked.

"—but Arthur Kelly said he saw me first," Jenny continued, "and the only way I could stop them from fighting over me was to tell them I was going to the Stork with you tonight."

"You had no business making that assertion!" Jonathan yelped. "You know very well I'm engaged—"

Jenny moved closer to Jonathan. "Wouldn't you *like* to take me to the

"Good-by dull, aimless evenings."

Stork Club, Johnny?" she murmured.

"What kind of a question is that?" Jonathan backed away nervously.

"What's the matter with you?" Chuck broke in. "You've been on quiz shows. If you answer yes, you win the pair of nylons chock-full of gorgeous goodies."

"You can wear dark glasses"—Jenny touched Jonathan's arm lightly—"and no one will be the wiser. Wouldn't you like just one more fling, Johnny, before you marry this emporium and settle down with Aggie?"

"I don't know . . . I guess so . . . yes—" Jonathan seemed confused by the impact of Jenny's enormous violet eyes. "But the answer is still no."

"No?" Jenny breathed softly. She seemed to float closer, and then her lips accidentally brushed his, and then a blinding light seemed to go off in his head.

"What happened?" He blinked rapidly. "I've got spots before my eyes."

"You've got sales slips in your head!" Chuck said, snapping the cover on his leather case. "You're wasting your time with this fortune hunter, chicken," he added to Jenny. "He's going to marry an encyclopedia, raise little almanacs, and sell them in Trimble's basement. He's not human anymore. He thinks he's a cash register."

"I'm the guy who has to marry Agatha," Jonathan complained to Jenny as Chuck strode off. "Why should *he* be so upset about it?"

"You tell me." Jenny shrugged her lovely shoulders.

"He's my closest friend," Jonathan explained. "We went through high school and college together. He saved my life when we were in the Navy. He got me into radio. I owe him a hundred and eleven dollars and ninety cents. But that doesn't give him the right to make all my decisions for me."

"*You* can make decisions?" Jenny scoffed. "A guy who can't even make up his mind to take a girl dancing?"

"Did you say . . . dancing?"

"And I didn't mean with Agatha."

"Agatha doesn't dance."

"And you have such nice long legs!" Jenny clucked. "Too bad, because I think you and I would be terrific doing a rumba."

"The rumba," Jonathan moaned wistfully. "It wasn't fair of you to mention the rumba. The rumba is my weakness."

"Let's look at it this way," Jenny said quickly. "Everybody is entitled to a little happiness before he steps off the brink into the unknown, isn't he? They even give a condemned man his choice of menu for his last meal."

"I don't suppose a champagne dinner and a couple of dances is asking too much." Jonathan stared at Jenny wistfully. "After all, I'm practically going into solitary when I marry Agatha and her two thousand volumes of poetry."

"Then it's a date! I'll meet you in front of the Stork Club at seven-thirty tonight!" Jenny said eagerly. "Now, Johnny, don't you dare stand me up!"

"I'll be there," Jonathan said in a daze, "in dark glasses."

HE WATCHED Jenny leave through the stairway exit and wondered how it happened that he had committed himself to night-clubbing with a strange girl he had wanted to fire only a few moments before. Then Jenny's lovely image was suddenly replaced in his mind by Uncle Dudley's, his bald head gleaming and his eyes like two leveled pistols.

Jonathan made a quick trip to the mezzanine to buy a large pair of dark glasses at an employee discount.

THAT NIGHT at seven-thirty, Jonathan escorted Jenny Dale into the Stork Club. He kept his dark glasses on until dinner and champagne had been ordered and he was certain that there was no one in the dining room who would recognize him. After removing his glasses, he took a good look at Jenny, and his knees turned to jelly.

Jenny's golden hair shimmered with light, her eyes were as lavender as a tropical evening sky, her mouth was like a dewy pink camellia. Jonathan dropped his glance in confusion and noticed that she wore a pastel-plaid strapless taffeta evening dress in a way that was rather exciting. He clamped censorship on his thoughts and decided to explain to Jenny just why he *had* to marry Agatha. It would, he thought, help him to remember that it was the only practical course.

"—and so you see, Jenny, I'm really marrying Agatha for my own inheritance," Jonathan said, after several glasses of champagne. "And, although I'm Uncle Dudley's closest blood relation, he would have cut me off without a kopeck if I hadn't gone to work in the store and agreed to marry his adopted daughter."

"I guess I had the wrong idea about you," Jenny said. "I understood it was Agatha's money—"

"No, we were supposed to share the inheritance equally," Jonathan said, "but when Agatha told D.J. she was going to marry that poet, Tennyson Oglethorpe, he blew his top and said he hadn't built up his business to give it to a seedy Greenwich Village character after he died. So he threatened to disown Agatha, and me, too, if we didn't marry each other and keep the business in the family." Jonathan stared furtively around the night club. "I just hope D.J. doesn't find out that I was out with you tonight, Jenny."

Jenny started and gulped some champagne. "I might as well tell you," she said nervously, "my job at the store was only for today. I mean, if anybody should ask you, well, you'll probably never see me again."

Jonathan received the news with a mixture of relief and keen disappointment. He tried to reason with himself. A guy could grow very fond of a girl like Jenny and that could lead to a lot of confusion. Some of the confusion had taken possession of his emotions already.

"Agatha," he burst out, "should have married Oglethorpe and the hell with Uncle Dudley! And why shouldn't I marry a girl of my own choice? Money isn't everything!"

"It is, too," Jenny said with conviction. "I expect to have a lot of money someday and maybe even become famous. Oh, I can whip up elegant meals on a budget, and I can sew as fine a seam as Hattie Carnegie, as you can see by this dress I made myself, but why do it the hard way?"

"Are you marrying somebody for money, too?" Jonathan asked, surprised.

"I don't have to," Jenny said defiantly. "I've studied for years to become an actress, and now at last I've got my first real chance. I'll be a big star someday. I'll be very rich and have *hundreds* of men at my feet. Men who can further my career!"

"Just wait until you fall in love with one guy," Jonathan said morosely. "He won't stand for all those—"

"I don't intend to fall in love with anybody!"

"I've heard it sneaks up on you without warning," he said earnestly, "and makes all your plans look silly." He wondered with astonishment why he was so concerned about Jenny's rejection of love.

"I don't want to talk about it anymore!" Jenny said jumping up. "Come on, if we're going to dance. Then you can take me home, and we'll go our separate ways as though we'd never met."

In the middle of the first dance, Jonathan discovered that holding Jenny tightly in his arms was something he wouldn't mind doing the rest of his life. The stern censor in his mind gave up the hopeless struggle, and Jonathan succumbed to the provocative blandishments of the dancing, the music, and the champagne. Wishful dreams began to form beautiful visions in his head. He saw Jenny in his apartment wearing an apron and cooking a batch of crêpes Suzette.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JENNY KISS'D HIM

Carolyn Ellis

Jenny kiss'd him when they met
And he dreamed that night about it,
Her kiss was wonderful, and yet
He was better off without it—
Letters followed . . . Now he's sad,
Now a lawyer must assist him—
Breach of promise suit . . . Too bad
Jenny kiss'd him.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AT ONE in the morning, Jenny insisted she had to go home. They left the club in a dreamy haze and somehow found themselves strolling unsteadily down Fifth Avenue, with the snow drifting down on them like star dust.

"Jenny, I just can't let you walk out of my life," he said. "Perhaps if we saw each other again—"

"This is just an interlude, Johnny." Jenny hiccuped politely and patted his arm. "Means nothing. In the morning, you'll understand . . . you'll explain to Agatha . . . you'll marry her. . . ."

"I didn't plan on this," Jonathan said, panic rising in him at the thought of never seeing Jenny again, "but I think I've fallen in love with you."

"Steady, son," Jenny's eyes snapped open. "A delusion like that could cost you your inheritance."

"There's a big future in television!" Jonathan said, and swept Jenny into his arms. Several billion fluffy white snowflakes fell on New York City in the time it took him to kiss her.

"Oh, my goodness," Jenny said faintly, "let's not lose our heads." She sighed deeply. "Oh, well, just for a moment, perhaps—"

"What's the use of fighting it?" Jonathan demanded after kissing her again. "It's fate, Jenny. And we are Destiny's children."

"I'm getting all mixed up," Jenny wailed. "What's going on here, anyway—" Suddenly she broke away from Jonathan and waved dizzily at a cruising taxi. It cut in toward the curb. "This is all very disconcerting," she added. "I've got to get home and figure this out over several cups of black coffee."

"I'll go with you and explain the whole thing," Jonathan said, opening the cab door.

"No, you won't!" Jenny pushed Jonathan back on the sidewalk and jumped into the cab. "This calls for a clear head, and you'd be no help at all!"

"But how will I find you again?" Jonathan yelped. "Jenny, what's your phone number?"

"If there's any phoning to do," Jenny said, *"I'll* do it."

A wonderful, scary feeling filled Jonathan's chest as he stood in the snow and watched the cab until it was out of sight. He felt positive that Jenny had been as emotionally moved by their kisses as he had. He went home to his apartment, fully confident that Jenny would finally capitulate to the inevitable and phone him in the morning.

JONATHAN awoke late in the morning with a wide smile on his face. He breathed deeply of the crisp winter air that came in through a half-open window. The clock on his bedside table told him he should have been at the store two hours before, but he didn't care. The phone rang, and he leaped out of bed to pick up the receiver.

"Jenny!" he yelled, feeling it was going to be the most wonderful day of his life. "I knew you'd call! I knew it!"

"You might have told *me* about that girl, Jonathan," Agatha said in her highly mannered, private-school accent, "before you let the whole town in on it!" Jonathan's wonderful feeling drained away like cold water down a basin.

"The whole town?" he asked. A vague uneasiness made a prickling sensation on the back of his neck. "Uh—hello, Agatha. What—what did you mean about the whole town—?"

"I mean that photograph of you kissing that—that cheap little meatball," Agatha shrilled, "in that horrible Ed Tilson's column this morning! I've never been so utterly humiliated!" Her voice rose an octave. "It just isn't worth it—that's all!" Agatha hung up with a bang.

Within ten minutes, Jonathan had dressed, gone out and bought a newspaper, and returned to his apartment. With trembling hands, he opened the paper to Ed Tilson's popular Broadway column. There was a picture of Jenny kissing him in Trimble's basement. Jenny was in pajamas. Jonathan read the item printed under the picture.

> UP DALE AND DOWN HILL! The publicity gag of the week was staged yesterday in TRIMBLE'S famous basement. . . . JENNY DALE, curvaceous new lovely in CHUCK PETERSON'S forthcoming TV opus, "Time to Retire," is shown (above) bussing JONATHAN HILL, ex-radio thespian and nephew of D.J. TRIMBLE. What started out to be a routine stunt to publicize the new video show got out of hand and turned into real news!
>
> Here's the "Inside Dope," and we do mean young JONATHAN HILL, who was set to marry the store tycoon's adopted daughter, AGATHA TRIMBLE. Apparently HILL fell for DALE like a ton of loaded dice. Veddy late last night your sharp-eyed saloon reporter dropped in at the STORK CLUB and who did he see in an ardent *"pas de deux"* but the aspirant to the TRIMBLE fortune and the new TV Venus. And, kiddies, he was a "real gone guy"!
>
> PREDICTION: JONATHAN HILL, who has been learning the business in TRIMBLE'S basement, will be given the "business" by AGATHA TRIMBLE, and we don't mean the edifice down near Herald Square! But don't look for a HILL and DALE romance . . . the gorgeous new glamourpuss merely agreed to the stunt so that you and you and you would remember to tune in on her channel next Saturday nite at 9:00.

Jonathan dropped the newspaper as though he had been shot in the stomach by a bazooka. Chuck had taken that picture, he groaned to himself, and not with a pair of binoculars. And Jenny had deliberately enticed him to the night club just to make a fool of him and get a few more lines of cheap publicity. He got up and kicked the paper across the room. His best friend and an ambitious little actress had simply used him to tout a new show, and he had been sap enough to think that Jenny had fallen in love with him!

The phone jangled again, and he snatched it up.

"Johnny, this is Chuck—"

"Drop dead, you Judas!" Jonathan slammed down the receiver, but the phone rang immediately and he picked it up again.

"I'm sorry I ever let you save my life, Peterson!" he yelled. "Please stay out of it from now on!"

"This is Jenny—" Jenny broke in at the other end of the line.

"Oh, it's *you,* madam!" Jonathan said irately. "I suppose you'd like me to kiss you again for the evening papers? Well, no thanks—go find yourself another inside dope!"

"Please listen, Johnny. That stunt was cooked up before I ever met you—"

"Nice of you to tell me—*now!"* he shouted and slammed down the phone.

Jonathan stormed angrily out of his apartment. Downstairs, he took a taxi to the store. On the way over, he wondered if he would ever be able to straighten out the mess with Uncle Dudley and Agatha.

As he passed through the crowded aisles of the store, a lump came into his throat, and he realized that he had grown to love the place, with its great family of customers and employees, and that he really did not want to leave it to go back to show business. The tinging of the store's signal system was still ringing in his heart when he finally arrived at D.J.'s tenth-floor office.

"WHAT took you so long to get here?" D.J. roared. His bald head glistened like a flying saucer against the sun. "Agatha's eloped with that damned poet, and now I've got to change my will!"

"Eloped?" Jonathan caught his breath sharply. "With Oglethorpe?"

"But neither of them will ever get a penny of my money!" D.J. pounded his desk for emphasis. "They can be sure of that!"

"I know I've forfeited my share of the inheritance, Uncle Dudley," Jonathan said quietly. "But do you think it's fair

My Favorite Column

LEONARD LYONS

This is the last in COSMOPOLITAN'S series of favorite columns selected for reprinting by their well-known authors

Sixteen years of column-writing have given me a ringside seat at the most exciting events of our time, in distant places of the globe and with all the men and women who are Players. The lady I tell of below is the brightest star; to have won her attention for a full evening was a magic achievement. This column brought a smile, she said, so I knew it was my best.

Mike Romanoff, noticing my restlessness and apprehension, approached me like Yogi Berra would a pitcher gone wild. "She'll be along, old boy," he reassured me. "The reservation is for six-thirty. You're fifteen minutes early." His dinner patrons were arriving already, for it was a long drive to the Shrine Auditorium in downtown Los Angeles. "Who is she?" he asked. "Who're you taking to the Friars Frolics?"

I winked, and nodded twice, the way I'd seen Louis Calhern do in many movies—a wink signifying Beauty, Mystery, and Promise. Calhern had been my intermediary. "Who am I, John Alden?" was the written message he had left at my hotel. "I reached your girl, and she says she'll be delighted. This is the highest date-making since Talleyrand."

"Who is she?" Romanoff repeated.

I borrowed a Murad from him and strove for nonchalance while Mike studied me. His knitted brows bespoke difficulty in detecting attractive characteristics. He weighed this difficulty against the knowledge that I have many friends in Hollywood and that studios do not discourage fraternization between visiting columnists and unattached screen actresses.

"Greer?" he beamed, mindful that Miss Garson's hair, eyes, and quick wit are not unlike my wife's. "Joan?" he asked, suspecting that as the father of four children I might have a natural affinity for Miss Crawford and her quartette brood.

I glanced at my watch—6:19. "He has a date with a girl, and won't tell who she is," I heard him tell arrivals. "What's your guess? Let's all guess." Romanoff tabulated the names like a horse-room operator recording entries.

"Ava Gardner," he wrote. . . . I had known Miss Gardner when she was the wife of Artie Shaw. . . "Betty Grable," Romanoff recorded. Her husband was out of town, and she had once subleased an apartment in the house where I lived in New York. . . . "Hedy Lamarr," Romanoff continued . . . and I remembered the three times I had dated a girl other than Sylvia in the score of years since she accepted my fraternity pin.

The first was inadvertent. I was visiting an ailing friend at Mt. Sinai Hospital. He introduced me to his wife, and said, "This is her first trip to New York. Will you take her to the Stork Club tonight?" I remembered the startled looks of Billingsley and his captains when, for the first time, I led a lady other than my wife into the Cub Room. The wolves rushed in, as if I had just joined their club and must abide by new, mysterious rules. But I was entertaining her, Rita Hayworth, only as a measure of loyalty, of course, to a stricken friend.

"Hepburn. . . . Joan Caulfield. . . . Joan Fontaine," Romanoff recorded . . . and I remembered the second date. It was in Paris, near the end of the war. It was a double-date with Commander Joel Fisher, and we took Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas to dinner. I never learned whether the ladies had accepted because I had news of their American friends, or because they were hungry and I had a card to the SHAEF mess.

It was 6:22. "New York's calling," a headwaiter told me. "Mrs. Lyons is on the phone." Romanoff beat me to the receiver and said: "Sylvia? How are you, you poor dear? Your husband is taking a girl to the Frolics tonight. Guess who." Sylvia guessed right.

And I remembered the third date—in Beverly Hills, when Georgia Gibbs and I played tennis against Ezio Pinza and Paul Mannheim, the Lehman Bros. banker, and won the match and celebrated with dinner at Chasen's. The first two men I saw at Chasen's greeted me coldly and suspiciously and immediately wrote a report to my wife and signed their true names—J. Edgar Hoover and his aide, Clyde Tolson.

I glanced at my watch—6:29. The outer door of Romanoff's opened, and there She was. Our cheeks brushed, and I mentioned her promptness.

"Did you think I'd be late?" she laughed—the magical laugh that has enchanted theatre-goers throughout the world. She took my arm. "Late? You forget," she reminded me, "that we Barrymores never miss a cue."

And then I took Ethel Barrymore in to dinner. THE END

to cut Agatha out of your will? It wasn't her fault that I—"

"Oh, shut up! I just got a report on this Oglethorpe character"—D.J. slapped a piece of paper on his desk—"and he's worth more than I am! Wealthy oil family . . . ashamed of his fortune. . . . can you imagine a dimwit like that?"

Jonathan said nothing. He stared out the window at the traffic ten stories below.

"Well?" D.J. bellowed. "Haven't you anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes, I have!" Jonathan turned from the window. "I'm glad for Agatha's sake that this happened. And I'm not going to let you or anyone else tell me how to run my life anymore, Uncle Dudley!"

"So you jilted Agatha, and now you're defying *me?*"

"I should have done that in the first place," Jonathan said with conviction. "From now on, I make my own decisions."

"Bravo!" D.J. said dryly. "I suppose now you'll be going after that little tomato you were smooching with in my basement?"

"I wouldn't touch her with one of your seventy-nine-cent mops," Jonathan said. "Miss Dale is a publicity-mad opportunist and completely without principles."

"Indeed?" D.J. leaned back in his swivel chair, and a wolfish grin appeared on his face. "Jenny!" he commanded, "come in here!"

Jonathan started convulsively as the door to an adjoining office opened and Jenny Dale came in wearing a cute wine-colored topcoat and a perky velvet bonnet to match. His heart began thumping wildly.

"What are *you* doing here?" he demanded.

"Johnny, listen to me first. I went to see Agatha this morning—"

"With a photographer, no doubt!" he said acidly.

"I explained it wasn't your fault," Jenny said quickly, "but Agatha said it was just what she needed to help make up her mind to marry the man she loves. Then I told her how I—I feel about you, Johnny, and she wished me luck—"

"YOU MEAN," Jonathan asked cautiously, "that you're really interested in me, even though I'm no longer an heir to the Trimble fortune?"

"Of course I am!" Jenny grinned. "Except that Uncle Dudley has decided to keep you in his will anyway, Johnny."

Jonathan stared at D.J. incredulously.

"What other choice have I got?" D.J. shrugged. "I'm certainly not going to bequeath my store to the Communist Party."

"I see!" Jonathan whirled on Jenny. "*Now* you're interested in me—now that I'll inherit some money without having to marry Agatha! Thank you very much!"

"Well, honestly, Johnny, it's certainly more convenient to be in love with a man who doesn't belong to another girl," Jenny said with surprise. "And it's not illegal to love a rich man—"

"Miss Dale, you've got more crust than a loaf of French bread!" Jonathan roared. "What does a gold digger like you know about love?"

"Oh, shrinking muslin!" D.J. broke in. "Your Aunt Daisy was a gold digger, but that woman worshiped me! And she used to whistle at men on the street and steal money from my cashbox. It seems to me that the only point worth considering now is whether you want Jenny or not!"

"But the car I learned to drive had *two* steering wheels!"

"You mean you actually *approve* of Jenny?" Jonathan asked, astounded. "But Uncle Dudley, you wanted me to marry *Agatha*—"

"Howling auditors! It was my duty to protect my business and marry off Agatha to somebody I could trust with her fortune. How was I to know that the guy she wanted to marry was worth twenty million bucks?" D.J. snapped. "As for my approval of Jenny—well, if I were thirty years younger—" D.J. hastily cleared his throat and frowned. "Anyway, Jenny came to see me, and we had a little talk. Then we waited for you." D.J. threw up his hands in disgust. "But now that you're here, you don't seem to know *what* you want!"

"I was thinking of re-enlisting in the Navy," Jonathan said faintly. "My old uniform still fits."

"Aside from everything else, Johnny," Jenny said, coming up close to him, "something *did* happen to us last night. You know—fate and Destiny's children and stuff. And who are we to struggle against Destiny?"

"They'll give me my old rating back," Jonathan said inarticulately. "No beautiful girls on a ship—it's against regulations. . . ."

"Johnny, look at me!" Jenny murmured, close to his chin. Her lovely violet eyes seemed to hold his hypnotically. "Can't you see that I really lost my head over you last night? That I didn't dare trust myself to let you take me home?"

It was awful, Jonathan thought, his brain reeling, how such an unprincipled girl could sound so sincere. He wondered if Lucrezia Borgia had had the same kind of eyes.

"I've got to get reactivated," he said weakly. "My commission—"

"Now, why didn't I think of that!" Jenny cried.

"Think of what?" he asked apprehensively.

"Reactivating you!" She flung her arms around Jonathan's neck, and a couple of seconds later, his expression of apprehension was replaced by a look of confused rapture. Instinctively, he pulled Jenny closer to him and continued the reactivation process.

"Let's go down to the jewelry department," he sighed at last. "I get a discount on engagement rings—twenty per cent off."

AFTER they had both left the office, the door of D.J.'s private lavatory opened, and Chuck Peterson walked over to the old man's desk.

"I'm glad that's over!" D.J. said to the plump TV producer. "Jumping price indexes! Now I'll be able to sleep nights again!"

"I still don't get the point of this screwy stunt you had me cook up." Chuck shook his head. "And I know you didn't plan on Johnny and the Dale kid ending up with a genuine four-star romance—"

"That was just an extra dividend." D.J. grinned. "Jenny's got a lot of spunk, and she's just what Jonathan needs. Anyway, I've corrected my original mistake and everybody's happy."

"But the detective agency that looked up Oglethorpe told you *last week* that the guy was loaded!" Chuck said, puzzled. "All you had to do was let Aggie marry her guy, and tell Johnny he would get his inheritance without any strings attached—why make a production of it?"

"Don't be so dense, Peterson," D.J. said impatiently. "I had to make them *rebel* against me and this marriage. That was the only way I could give them back their self-respect."

A light broke slowly over Chuck's homely face.

"You mean they should have told you to go soak your head the first time? And you just gave them another chance?"

"I was ashamed of myself," D.J. nodded morosely, "for having exploited a human weakness in those two kids. Unfortunately, if you offer enough money, you can corrupt almost any—" D.J. paused, and a faint smile appeared on his face. "That reminds me—according to our agreement, I am now the sponsor of your new show."

Chuck grinned, took a contract out of his pocket, and dropped it on D.J.'s desk.

"I've always been a weak character," Chuck sighed happily. "Get out your pen, D.J., and start corrupting." THE END

Cosmopolitan's Guide to War Wives

(Continued from page 55)

rating. Amounts are similar for comparable ratings in all services. Additional pay is given for his length of time in the service, including any World War II duty, and for special skills in fields such as radio, chemistry, and many others.

The lowest-ranking commissioned officer (second lieutenant or ensign) receives $213.75 a month base pay for his first two years' service (here, too, pay goes up with time) plus $42 subsistence and $75 rental allowance if he is eligible. Again, he may make additional money because of his type of work. The finance officer of his branch of the service can best help estimate his income.

The portion of an enlisted man's pay allotted to his family is slightly more than matched by the Government, so that a private's wife without children will get $45 a month from the Government plus whatever her husband gives her. But note this: there is no law saying he must give her anything at all. If he fails to do so, she can protest to the Red Cross or the welfare office, and they can usually make him see the light, but he cannot be forced in advance to make allotments for his dependents.

If you or your husband need an emergency loan, such as money for traveling in case of serious illness in the family, go to the Red Cross. They will not hand it to you without question, but both they and the relief and welfare offices have funds for such loans. The Red Cross has no control over granting leaves, but they will see that all the facts are laid before the officer in charge.

Should you get a job?

If you don't have children—and in some cases even if you do—part- or full-time work is worth considering for a lot of plain, earthy reasons, the most important of which is your own emotional balance. However great your practical problems, the least manageable are your physical and emotional needs. They are delicate to talk about, but it's wrong to ignore them. Even if you are near your husband's station, your moments together will be limited and governed by circumstances you cannot control.

It is well known that depriving people, such as prisoners, of something to do, even reading and writing, is a form of torture and an invitation to trouble. The busier you keep your mind and body, the easier it will be to ward off the jitters and the temptation to feel sorry for yourself. A job keeps you occupied, brings you into contact with people, and relieves that sense of futile waiting. Financially, working is sensible, whether you actually add to the family savings or just support yourself. However, if you work, many of the exemptions and suspensions of debt payments due on such things as cars or furniture will not apply to you. You'll have to pay them regularly, just as your husband would have. But there's something to be said for keeping up with them, so when he comes home, he'll not be bogged down in debts. Patriotically, too, working is all right. Even though you do not work directly in the defense program, your

presence in the total labor force will release someone else for the important work.

What do you do for laughs?

That depends on what you find funny, but by all means, have some kind of fun. Every human being needs relaxation, and every woman needs easy normal male companionship. That's another good argument for getting a job; the day-to-day contact with men will keep you from feeling left out. Some people argue that that's dangerous, but it's infinitely more dangerous to sit home and mope.

Other service wives will be your best allies. You'll go in groups to the movies or gather to play bridge or sew. Other married couples, not split by the mobilization, will invite you out occasionally. Even when it means being an extra woman, don't hesitate to go. Any hostess who expects to pair off her guests neatly had better come out of hibernation.

It's usually best not to have dates, as such. Yet when an old friend of your husband's, perhaps himself in uniform, blows into town, calls you up, and asks, "How about dinner?" get into your best dress, and eat hearty, lass. He'll show you pictures of his kids, and you can talk about your Tom or Joe and then write him all about it.

If you have a father-in-law or male parent of your own, a family lawyer or doctor or other older friend who will squire you to an occasional dinner and movie, you're lucky. You can go out with such a man without arousing any doubts at all in your husband's mind (or your own), and it will make you feel deliciously feminine, which is tonic for any woman's spirits.

What are your medical rights?

Because a friend had her baby in a Navy hospital doesn't mean that you can have yours there, too. It depends on whether space and facilities are available. The armed forces' medical care may extend to dependents, but that is a privilege, not a right, and the last word is always up to the officer in charge of the medical outfit involved. If you are admitted, you will pay a nominal daily fee for your food and rent, so to speak. Out-patient care—treatment that does not keep you in the hospital overnight—is usually free.

You foot your own transportation bill to and from the hospital, and you request entrance permission well in advance if you want to be sure of being accepted. In war time, of course, these facilities are in demand for servicemen and not so readily available to dependents.

What can you do about debts?

If you can afford to, pay them. But if his going has shrunk your income and you cannot afford to keep up taxes, insurance premiums, and mortgage payments, the law will suspend, until his discharge, obligations that were acquired while he was a civilian. Anything he takes on after joining the service is his own responsibility. These provisions are in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of 1940, as amended, which was continued by the Selective Service Act of 1948.

Under this law, if your monthly rent is $80 or less, you may not be evicted from your house or apartment except by court order, and it is the practice of the court to delay eviction three months. If the rent is over $80, you're on your own. But you may cancel

your lease on thirty days' notice, provided your husband signed it as a civilian.

The Government will guarantee premiums on privately held life insurance not exceeding $5,000 in face value. This doesn't mean you can simply send your premium-due notices around to Uncle Sam; it means the policy will not lapse while your husband is unable to meet the payments; unpaid premiums must be paid within one year after his discharge. During the time of Government guarantee, you cannot borrow money on the policy or cash it without permission of the Veterans Administration. At the moment, Congress is considering making National Service Life Insurance available free to all military personnel. Even if it should not do so, NSL Insurance in the amount of $10,000 is almost absurdly cheap; your husband should ask about it.

Incidentally, the benefits of the Selective Service Act don't just fall on you like manna from heaven. The right papers must be in order and proper application made. You may need a lawyer —your own, someone from the legal division of the Army or Navy, or, if you're broke, the Legal Aid Society. Both Legal Aid and the armed forces have working arrangements with state and national bar associations to help you find a lawyer if you don't know where to start.

If your husband owns property you have no control over, make yourself joint owner with the right to independent action (it is assumed you won't sell out to the highest bidder and buy a mink coat). Another good precaution is to have your husband give you a document called "power of attorney," which simply means the power to act in his name regarding anything he may own or have legal interest in. It can be limited to signing checks and making bank withdrawals (anybody can put money *in* a bank account) or broad enough to cover any transaction. Broad power of attorney should be drawn up by a lawyer, but you can get normally adequate forms at any stationery store, or your husband can get them from his legal officer.

In most states, power of attorney as well as joint signatures on checking accounts, safe-deposit boxes, and savings cease at once if either party dies. Some of these funds will be unfrozen if a tax waiver is obtained, but that can take several days, so it's a good idea to have a small savings account in your own name that can be turned into ready cash without question or formality.

Your husband should also make a will. Even if he has very little to leave, every serviceman has an "estate" of sorts in the eyes of the Army and Navy, and it makes it much simpler for them and saves you one. kind of grief if it is all arranged in advance. Here again, a lawyer should be consulted, but don't let that word scare you. Unless you are loaded with wealth and property and burdened with a large and quarrelsome family, you can have power of attorney drawn up for somewhere between $5 and $25, and a will for about $20 to $150. Don't be afraid to ask how much it's going to cost. A good lawyer will tell you without hedging; if he isn't good, you don't want him.

Two other people who can give you sound advice are your insurance agent

and your banker. These men have access to the law departments of their companies, which supply reliable information in their particular fields.

One more admonition: be sure to get copies of all vital records—birth certificates for the entire family, marriage certificate, Social Security numbers, employment records, insurance policies, and a list of all stocks, bonds, or securities you may own. You will probably be given photostatic copies, not the originals. Keep a set for yourself and at least one duplicate for possible submission.

What do you do with the children?

If you have small children and you plan to work, there are three things you can do: (a) hire someone to come into your home and look after them; (b) park them with relatives; (c) put them in nursery school. The first depends largely on whether you can afford it, the second on whether you have relatives who are willing and able. The third alternative is probably the most practicable, provided you can find a convenient and inexpensive school. Call your local Red Cross chapter for suggestions, and if you work for a large firm or plant, ask the personnel office. Sometimes you can get help from your church, home-service departments on local newspapers, student-employment offices at colleges and universities (because psychology and education students often serve in nursery schools), women's clubs, civic officials.

If your children are old enough for regular school, your problem is simplified. You can team up with another service wife who likes to cook and look after children, and would be happy to split living costs. That provides a perfect excuse to in-laws or your own parents who clamor for you to move in with them. Living with relatives can, of course, work out beautifully, but ask yourself first how well you and those relatives know each other as people and whether you each really approve of the way the other lives. Will they give you a free hand in bringing up your children? Anything that adds to your own unrest will sooner or later add to your husband's, too, and while it isn't easy to pinpoint your obligations, there is much to be said for considering him first.

What sort of letters and gifts should you send?

The most important thing about letters is that you write them, and keep writing them, even when you don't get replies. There may be all kinds of reasons why he can't write, but regular mail from home is a necessity to him. Clippings from local papers may interest him, but don't just fill the envelope with printed matter—no amount of it can take the place of a personal letter. Right now, and for as long as you are separated, your marriage very nearly exists on paper. Remember that, and then make the most of every letter you write. You don't have to be brilliant or witty; just try to be you. Write the way you talk when you're together. If you're in the habit of nibbling on his ears, tell him you wish you could do it now; it won't embarrass him. Set an extra place at the table on his birthday and then write him about it. He'll say, perhaps, that you're slightly crazy, but deep inside, he'll love it.

Gifts are difficult. Many things, like razors and soap, he can buy at his post exchange or ship's service cheaper than you can. The same is true of candy bars and cigarettes. His space is limited and his mobility high, so try to send inexpensive things he won't mind leaving behind—decks of cards, letter paper, pocket editions of books. If he is stationed in a country where certain items are still scarce or rationed, find out what they are and send them: coffee, rice, dried fruit, even nylons and lipstick—his weekend hostess may be old enough to be his mother, but she is nevertheless a woman and will appreciate such things.

How long will your husband be in the service?

Nobody knows. By the time you read this, Congress will probably have extended the service period to twenty-seven months, and it may go to thirty. Recalled reserves can be required to stay

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HALO, GOOD-BY

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Nor apple core nor sock nor book
Bestrews our teen-age darling's nook,
And it must be a week or more
Since curfew's beat her to our door.
She hasn't dallied in the bath;
She's somehow got an A in math;
She's spoken kindly to her brother.
And as for me, her dazzled mother,
She's waited on me till I swear
I'm feeling like the old gray mere!
The upkeep on a crown so stellar
Will break us both. I've got to tell her
That Dad said, Yes, she gets a formal,
And let the child revert to normal!

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indefinitely. Volunteer enlistments range from four to six years. It all depends on the gravity of the world situation, and no less an authority than Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall has said that the best we can hope for is a long period of tension. The perplexities of service and separation will undoubtedly confront young married couples for some time to come, which is all the more reason for straightening out the technical problems now.

Remember, no problem was ever invented that *something* couldn't be done about. It may take doing; there may not be an ideal solution, but there is one somewhere. Go to the regular channels, and if those are blocked, try others. Seek information from your minister, your doctor, your city officials. You're a citizen, and this is a democracy. Appeal to your congressman or senator. write to the President himself if you have to—though it goes without saying you should do it only in extreme need. But don't let anyone tell you no answer exists.

Keep your head and your faith, and you will come through with colors flying.

THE END

The Meanest Job in the World

(Continued from page 73)

was the snapper: "Copy to the District Attorney."

The young Sullivans were jumpy enough about the mess they were in when a neighbor made them jumpier. "There was a man asking about you people the other day," she confided to Cathy. "He asked where Bill worked, and before I could stop myself, I told him."

BILL, whose father had been a printer, worked in the office of a printing plant. Back at his desk after lunch that day, he got a call from the switchboard. "Bill," the girl said, "while you were out, a collection agency called you."

If the phone operator knew about it, the whole place would soon be in on it. Bill went to the phone booth in the plant and called the agency. "I don't know what your game is," he shouted over the din, "but please stop calling me at work."

The man at the agency laughed. "You dead beats," he sneered, "you're all the same. You're stupid. Brother, this is the collection business. We don't pull punches for anybody. You've only tipped your hand. You've told us what you don't like, and we're gonna do it every day from now on. And don't try any smart stuff. We've still got that order with your wife's name on it."

Sure enough, there was another call the next day. "He wouldn't leave any name," the operator reported, and Bill got the edge of contempt in her tone, "but it was the collection agency again." Each day there was a call, uncannily timed at lunch, and at the end of a week Bill was summoned into his boss's office.

The boss said, "I hear that you're being dunned. I want to pass along a bit of advice. Get out of it. If there is one thing the old man hates, it's employees who get into money tangles. Stop it before they garnishee your salary. The old man can't stand that. He has to stop the whole pay-roll routine, segregate your wages, and file a statement with the court proving he's done so. It's a lot of trouble, and he's turned against everyone it has happened to."

Bill tried to explain that he and his wife had been the victims of a racket, that it was the principle of the thing. The boss stopped him. "It's your business how you take it," he said. "I'm just telling you that my advice is pay."

Cathy was beginning to feel the same way, although she didn't dare admit it. Her days, once so pleasant, had become periods of strain. Each time the phone rang, she feared it was the agency man. He had one trick that particularly upset her: he always referred to the debt as an "honest debt," a phrase that made Cathy feel guilty—as if she owed the money after all. When the doorbell rang, she feared it was the collector, whose remarks the last time had been suggestive and nasty. He hadn't been around lately, but she never knew when he would show up.

Cathy was also conscious of a new attitude on the part of her neighbors. She soon found out why. "Such a nice man phoned me the other day," one reported. "He asked me if I could tell him why you didn't pay your bills."

The lady looked at Cathy with accusing eyes. "I told him there wasn't any reason you couldn't," she added.

The young Sullivans probably would have paid the collection agency—and got out of the clutches of the meanest of all businesses—if Bill had not been offered a job in a big city. The offer came from an executive Bill had once conducted through the plant. The man remembered, and now he wrote that some of his employees were being called back into the service. Would Bill like a job?

He and Cathy didn't admit it to each other, but it was the attitude of neighbors and fellow workers at the plant that made them willing to move to a city, when they liked the country so much. But so much fuss had been made over the bill that everyone knew about it—and seemed suspicious of Bill and Cathy. Sometimes it seemed as if they owed twelve hundred dollars instead of twelve dollars, and after deciding to accept the city job, they found themselves leaving town like dead beats. At the plant, Bill told only his superiors where he was going, and Cathy didn't tell the neighbors her exact address. They hired an out-of-town company to move them, and just before leaving Bill instructed the post office not to give out their new address.

IN THE new apartment, everything was fine again. It was as if their luck had suddenly changed—no more fright when phone or doorbell rang, no longer the strain of not knowing where the next threat might fall. Once again, the neighbors were courteous and friendly. Indeed, things were so swell that Cathy was not surprised to receive a letter that practically said she was an heiress.

It came on the letterhead of the National Inheritance Bureau, and went like this:

> We have been ordered to pay a sum of money from a trust fund to a person bearing your name.
>
> From information on hand we believe you are this person, but under provisions of the trust we are compelled to obtain positive information before payment can be made. For this reason we require the information requested below.
>
> Upon receipt and verification thereof, remittance will be made.
>
> Please give this matter prompt attention. Unless we receive the information not less then fifteen days from the date of this notice, we are instructed to make other disposition of the money.

Cathy couldn't imagine who would be leaving her money from a trust fund, but things were now so bright for her and Bill and the kids that anything seemed possible. Eagerly she filled out the questionnaire, which asked everything possible about her and Bill, and mailed it back to the Inheritance Bureau. In a few days, the mail brought her a shiny penny.

Cathy knew that somehow she had been fooled, and was glad she had not told Bill about being an heiress. She had planned to surprise him. Now she wouldn't have to confess that again she had done something foolish.

Then a letter came.

"You thought you could walk out on your debt," was scrawled across the top, "but we put a skip-tracer company on your trail. Now we have up-to-date information on you. We plan to use it immediately."

How they planned to use it was detailed in the letter, which was the more frightening because it was in the form of a summons headed "—— Photo Company vs. Yourself."

Bill was at work when the letter arrived. Cathy had never kept things from him and thought she never would. But all they had been through before *plus* being served with a summons, was too much.

She raided the household money, parked the kids with a neighbor so they could not tell Bill what she'd done, and as fast as possible got to the post office, where she sent a twelve-dollar money order to the agency. Doing it didn't make her feel guilty at all. Her only thought afterward was a natural one: I wonder if they'll send me the pictures now.

They never did. . . .

No doubt about it: Collecting, as it was practiced on the Bill Sullivans, is a ruthless, unscrupulous business. Of those whose business it is to collect delinquent accounts in this country, some thirteen thousand bonded individuals and agencies do it ethically—but many do not. In collecting even the smallest amount, they operate on the theory that the end justifies any means. When tough tactics fail, they try a new one. They shoot at the emotional solar plexus where lurks a man's fear that his boss, neighbors, or kids will discover he is

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AFTERNOON OF A FEMME

Ethel Jacobson

I'm taking the afternoon for me—
For a manicure-and-mudpack spree.
I've laundered my hair and crimped it flat,
Sleek as a fished-from-the-cistern cat.
But ah, when I comb it out tonight
I'll be a ravishing sight!
I'll work such wonders with rouge, mascara,
You'll think I'm Amber, or Scarlett O'Hara;
Though now I look, in this greenish mask,
Like— please don't ask.

But wait, just wait until I replace
This faded bathrobe with moonbeam lace,
These frowsy slippers with silver ones
And hose with no runs!
Tonight, tonight won't admirers swoon!
. . . . And so an old beau—wouldn't you know!—
That the last I heard was in Saskatoon—
Drops in. This afternoon.

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being dunned. It's even tougher, if possible, on people who have a guilty conscience—people who really owe money and are temporarily unable to pay.

"If there are any tricks those fellows don't use to bleed people, I don't know them," a post-office inspector says.

Some of the tricks are ingenious. Last November, a small-time collector in a Midwest city telephoned his delinquent accounts. "You know those sound trucks they're using in the campaign?" he asked. "Well, I'm renting one after the election, and I'm going to drive up and down in front of your house, blaring out that you owe me money."

He did, too.

Not all collectors stick their necks out so far. Most of them consider collecting a termite kind of work. "You got to keep at people," says one collector, "and you need a special talent for it. Best men working for me are guys who got a grudge against the world. They feel anybody who owes a bill is gettin' away with something, and they got to show him he can't do it."

Authorities explain that they have trouble stopping dubious collection practices because people consider it a disgrace to owe money. They'd rather live at the mercy of the meanest business than fight it. Even people victimized by racketeers—or by shady firms that send out inferior merchandise or refuse to accept returns—hesitate to admit that they are being dunned. Their reasoning may be sound: It's a peculiar quirk in our thinking, but we always seem to think the debtor has to be in the wrong.

Ideally, each collection agency has a backbone of steady accounts—business firms that regularly turn over uncollected bills on a percentage basis of from five to fifty per cent, depending on the amount of effort the company has already put into collecting. With enough such accounts, an agency can afford to be as ethical as a bank and employ collectors who behave like gentlemen.

But when a firm has only a few regular accounts—or none—its practices often decline as low as its fortunes. Business must be obtained by hustling unpaid bills from doctors, dentists, widows whose husbands have just died, grocery stores, cheap installment firms, businesses that have failed, and racketeers.

THE FACT is that there are rules of decency in the collection of money, as in everything. We have every right to insist that they be lived up to, even by the meanest firm.

If you owe money and feel these rules are being violated, go to the local Better Business Bureau, or send the information to the Federal Trade Commission, which has offices in Washington, New York, New Orleans, Chicago, San Francisco, and Seattle.

Also, there are a few decent things you must do yourself: You must convince your creditor that you intend to pay. One way is to keep in touch with him. Don't be afraid, when it is absolutely necessary, of making partial payments or of paying only interest. Such acts show your good faith.

If you ignore your creditor, or hide from him, he naturally assumes you do not intend to pay. It's then that he is likely to call in a tough collection agency —and you find yourself in the ruthless hands of the meanest business in the world.

THE END

The 4-F Scandal

(Continued from page 36)

aren't measuring the most vital aspect —the will to survive and the desire to fight."

It's hard, if not impossible, to measure this vital quality, General Hershey believes. "I'm a careless sort of person," he says, "and the perfectionist scares hell out of me. Trouble is, there aren't many perfect things or people around, but there are more than enough good people. I'm afraid of echelons and inventories and classifications whenever you get too stuffy about them, because you can finally classify out everybody who might play on your team."

Of all the tests, General Hershey is most suspicious of the Qualification Test, a mental examination now administered to all men approved by their Selective Service Boards. The military argues that any man who has gone through the fifth grade can pass the test with its minimum rating of thirteen and that standards should go no lower, but there are two soft spots in this reasoning: First, many unschooled men who can't get a passing grade might be highly useful soldiers; and second, the test is being given to men who may not yearn to pass it.

As General Hershey observed to the House Armed Services Committee: "This mental test is probably good, but not to apply to a man who is not seeking a job. It's all right to take a dozen people wanting a job and test them to find which one you are going to hire. But it is no good when the fellow doesn't have any strong motivation to pass it. I don't mean that he is necessarily going to lie down on the test. He just doesn't get up."

SEVERAL weeks ago I took the test, referred to officially as AFQT-1, in a barracks at Arlington Farms Induction Center. I was there as a reporter, not a selectee. I had no reason not to try for a high score. But I'm not sure my feeling was shared by everyone in the room.

The test took me the full forty-five minutes allotted, and I was unable to complete all the questions. I didn't have any trouble figuring out "synonyms"; they are part of my business. I managed fairly well on "arithmetic." But although the "patterns" problems—trying to work out how an unfolded blueprint would look if you folded the pieces together—wouldn't have troubled an engineer, they gave me plenty of worry.

The armed forces, aware that their mental test can be beaten by any average American who doesn't want to be a private, have ordained that all high-school graduates be accepted whether they pass the test or not. The induction sergeants make a little speech urging registrants to try for high scores because their military futures depend on it. Also, induction officers are empowered to interview men who flunk, and to induct those who they think purposely failed the test.

THE OBVIOUS flunker was never better revealed than by some doctors recently called to service. Although these men had gone through high school, college, medical school, and active practice, some of them still managed to flunk the mental test. When they were challenged, they admitted sheepishly that they might do better if they were obliged to take the test again.

Despite the checks and double checks on flunkers, fifty per cent of the men rejected by induction stations between last July and October were turned down for failure to pass the mental examinations. After unfavorable comment in the press and a flurry of public criticism, the armed forces have now reduced the number of these rejections. But it is remarkable that the mental examination is still considered a wise device for selecting soldiers, and even more remarkable that

it is administered to men who may not choose to pass.

Physical standards are taking an equal toll of the available manpower. At this writing, one out of every four registrants is rejected for physical defects. Let's look into a Maryland induction station and watch the 4-F's pile up. In one day, a roughing-machine operator failed for malocclusion—his teeth didn't meet in a proper bite; a carpenter was turned down for a perforated eardrum; a truck driver was rejected for flat feet; a real-estate broker flunked because of asthma; a lathe operator was dropped for a hernia. "If you get that hernia fixed, we'll be glad to take you," the induction officer told him. The lathe operator merely smiled.

INDUCTION-STATION doctors give a very thorough physical examination, using the best of modern medical techniques. No one can quarrel with their methods. They are told to examine the registrant for his physical capacity, his upper extremities, his lower extremities, his hearing, eyes, and neuropsychiatric stability. When they finish the examination, they must grade the registrant 1, 2, 3, or 4 in each of these categories according to carefully specified standards. If the registrant gets one 4 on his physical examination, he's out.

During World War II, these physical examinations turned up 6,419,700 4-F's, and we are now on the way to building a similar army of rejectees. Most of the 4-F's took a beating back home; many would have gladly exchanged their uneasy freedom for a uniform. Probably half of them could have served in uniform in the thousand and one jobs behind the line if the Army hadn't applied combat standards to base-command privates.

Of all 4-F's, the services had the most trouble explaining the rejected athletes. Sports writers gave them unwelcome attention. There was Byron Nelson, the greatest golfer of that day, rejected for hemophilia—his blood wouldn't clot; George Myatt, second baseman for the Washington Senators, rejected for a trick knee; Dave Ferris, Red Sox pitcher, for hay fever; George W. Case, one of the fastest runners in baseball, for a sinus ailment; Frank Sinkwich, professional football player, for flat feet; Creighton Miller, Notre Dame's All-American football star, Hal Newhouser, left-hander for the Detroit Tigers, and Russ Christopher, winning pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics—all for heart murmurs; and even Lippy Leo Durocher, who might have made a fine topkick, for a punctured eardrum.

As the Army points out, the public was wrong in thinking of these athletes as Class-A fighting men. "It should be realized," an Army spokesman says, "that there is a vast difference between the long and frequently arduous assignment of a soldier and the comparatively brief period of exertion encountered in a ten-round boxing match, a nine-inning baseball game, or a five-minute tap dance." But this adroit reply doesn't explain why these men and many of the six million 4-F's weren't used in jobs in which no one expected a Class-A fighting man.

A Washington physician who served four years in the Army in the last war and rose to major in the Medical Corps still has trouble understanding the

Army's Surgeon General. "I started out at an induction station, examining recruits," he told me. "I applied all the proper standards, and naturally, I kept rejecting men. Back then, I really believed that every soldier ought to be a perfect physical specimen.

"But when I got overseas, these standards no longer made sense to me. In Oran, two hundred miles behind the front, we had a base hospital staffed by perfect physical specimens who took temperatures and emptied bedpans. We could have used plenty of mild hernia cases to do their jobs and even a few heart murmurs. I could have recruited our whole enlisted contingent from the men I had rejected back in the States."

Colonel Warner Bowers, chief surgical consultant to the Army, also believes that the wholesale rejection of selectees was and is today a national disgrace. He said so at a recent meeting of Army officers, not realizing there was a newspaperman in the room. He advocated that all men with minor physical defects be classified for limited duty, and that the Army prepare to use these men in the millions of posts behind the combat lines. He even drew up a memorandum showing that the 4-F's could handle more than fifty per cent of the Army's jobs.

The memorandum has since been placed in a confidential classification, and only a curtailed report of Colonel Bowers' comments appeared in the press. When I asked the Surgeon General's office about the colonel's proposal, they referred me to G-1. And G-1 said, "No comment."

UNDER the mounting pressure for a powerful armed force, the United States Army will have to give better answers than that. Furthermore, the Army does have a case. While it has borne most of the criticism for absurdly high standards, it is actually the least guilty of all the services. The Army is largely dependent on Selective Service to fill its ranks, unlike the Air Force, Navy, and Marines, who pride themselves on taking only volunteers. Under pressure of the general draft, thousands of young Americans rush to these services as shot-gun volunteers, rather than take their chances on the less glamorous Army. In recent months, the Air Force, Navy, and Marines have combed over these volunteers and picked only the ones they like best. In this great grab act, they have rejected almost everybody who doesn't resemble the square-jawed man in the recruiting poster.

But the Army also likes these square-jawed heroes and has pegged its standards in order to get its share. One Army spokesman, after asking me not to use his name, put the Army's case frankly: "If our present tests mean anything—and they aren't entirely meaningless—they give us an indication of a selectee's physical and mental ability. The ones who do well on the tests will probably make more noncoms and officers than the ones who do badly. The ones who fail will probably turn up more men for sick call and the guardhouse. But we mustn't follow these tests too far, and we know it. What the Army objects to is the Navy and Air Force's making privates of men we could use as company commanders. If every service were required to take its fair share from the same manpower pool, we wouldn't have any complaints."

An Air Force general, who also prefers to remain anonymous, agrees in part with the Army man. During World War II, he says, he was appalled at the number of potential officers serving as Air Force privates. "I saw them at every air base," he says. "They'd come up to my plane to tote my Val-a-Pak, they'd tend bar at the officers' club and fill out manifests at headquarters. Some of these privates would have made excellent Army lieutenants and captains. We had plenty of topflight men whose talents were wasted."

But neither the Air Force nor the Navy will say such things in public. They are still behaving with the acquisitive instincts of a supply sergeant, who stores up all the good things he can get his hands on, just in case he'll ever need them. While skimming the cream off the top of the vat, they look with outraged innocence at their critics. "Why, we're just following the good old American volunteer system," they say. "We're giving men a chance to choose their branch of service. A common manpower pool would wreck the volunteer system."

At recent hearings of the House Armed Services Committee, Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Chief of Naval Operations, declared it was "essential" to man the Navy with volunteers and frowned on the common manpower pool. "Life on board ship," he reasoned, "is different from life on shore. Some people like it, others do not. It is very important, with men cooped up in small space, that as far as possible they be men who choose that way of life."

To such reasoning, General Hershey of Selective Service shouts foul play. "I'm not quarreling with the Navy and Air Force's taking volunteers," he says, "provided they really take the volunteers instead of rejecting most of them. Let them all come to the same pool and draw from it vertically all the way down to the skimmed milk. If you let them skim off the whipping cream, you're going to cheat the Army. They know it, and the Army does, too."

DESPITE this knowledge, it will still take an act of Congress to "unify" the armed forces on manpower. It may take another to make them recognize that their chief manpower shortage may be the shortage they create themselves. They must learn what every veteran knows: that the combat soldier and the rear-line soldier are two different men, and that we need them both. THE END

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INSCRIPTION FOR A BOILED SHIRT

Christopher Morley

Truth
Is often uncouth.

A lie, for politesse,
Wears evening dress
And with all its faults
Is graceful as a waltz.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Funny Business *(Continued from page 63)*

telescope. In trying to focus the shiner, they give themselves a black eye. A good icebreaker for parties." "WHAMMY EYES: Give them the double whammy with eyes that fit like specs. These will give you a very grotesque look." "BUTTERFLY FOLDER: When folder is opened, colored butterfly springs out and flies twenty-five feet. Appropriate for birthdays, holidays, general greetings." "SWOLLEN SORE FINGER: A compact bandage made like a thimble. When worn it looks like a very badly swollen finger." "JUMPING MATCHBOX: Regulation matchbox is equipped with a suction-cup jumping release. Dandy startling fun-maker." "RUBBER HOT DOG: A perfect imitation of a hot dog made of realistic sponge rubber. Fools everyone." "CACHOO SNEEZE POWDER: A small pinch blown into a room makes everybody sneeze."

S. S. ADAMS is the world's largest manufacturer of these nifty little inciters to laff riot, and the firm distributes its products to 180 joke jobbers and more than 3,000 joke retailers throughout the United States. Regionally, the Middle West leads the rest of the country in the purchase of jokes, although California, as might be surmised, outpurchases the next-ranking state, Illinois, almost twelve to one; Vermont, where Calvin Coolidge hailed from, purchases the least.

As far as the science of consumer research in the funny-party-goods field can determine, their most enthusiastic customers are not adolescent school children, but men of mature years, particularly salesmen, business executives, and politicians.

An Adams item more than forty years old, the Dribble Glass ("Attractive tumbler with grape design cut with four secret holes; water dribbles down the drinker's front"), is still enormously popular in all our state legislatures: fun-loving solons plant them by the water pitchers on the speaker's rostrum. Harold Hoffman, who was governor of New Jersey for several terms, could never get enough Shooting Pop Ball Boxes, and his administrations were punctuated at frequent intervals by loud explosions and a geyser of paper spheres.

During the twenties, T. Coleman Du Pont, the munitions and chemicals magnate, a huge, whiskered man with a superabundance of adrenalin, was visited at his Delaware mansion by a very proper Anti-Saloon League Methodist clergyman. This clergyman, who had been a classmate of Du Pont's at Yale, was president of a small, impoverished Southern college, and the purpose of his visit was to raise some money for the struggling institution. Du Pont met him at the door and shook hands warmly. His hand, an S. S. Adams item, came off in the clergyman's. He then led his guest to a clothes closet in the front hall, and after the clergyman had removed his overcoat, Du Pont handed him a coat hanger. The clergyman inserted the hanger into the shoulders of his coat and hung it on a hook fastened to the wall. But the coat hanger, another Adams product, had a hook made of rubber cunningly processed to look like wire. It collapsed, and the coat fell to the floor. After the butler had rectified matters with a non-Adams hanger, host and guest went in to lunch.

NEEDLESS to say, lunch was an S. S. Adams Olympiad. Napkins exploded, plates rocked and twitched, spoons melted, saucers stuck to the bottoms of lifted cups, sponge-rubber meat defied cutting, vegetables leaped high into the air, flowers emitted jets of water and unappetizing reptilian life, showers of sparks and spurts of smoke were projected from incredible places, and at one time a cow was apparently mooing under the table.

At this period of his life, Mr. Du Pont was suffering from throat trouble. Surgeons had contrived a vocal apparatus of light metal for him, but as this was a pioneer effort, it didn't work very well, so that his voice seemed to come from the region of his collar button. His remarks were intelligible only to his beautiful nurse, who translated them. Finally, when a cloud of pop balls had shot out of the dessert, the poor clergyman realized that the lunch was over. He had, of course, been most anxious to explain how sorely his little college needed money, and why; but the S. S. Adams uproar had been so unceasing that he hadn't been able to get a word in edgewise. Besides, throughout the meal, the host had been almost ceaselessly doubled over with the laughter wheezing out from behind his necktie. He cackled something to the nurse.

"Mr. Du Pont wants to know if you'd

like to have a farewell drink with him."

"Thanks, Coleman, but I never touch liquor. I'll have a soft one with you, if you like."

The host nodded and poured himself a heavy snort. The nurse opened a Coke and poured it for the clergyman. The host gave a brief cackle.

"Mr. Du Pont says, 'Bottoms up!'" the nurse said.

The clergyman drank. Naturally, he had been served in the attractive tumbler with the grape design cut with four secret holes. Furious, he wiped off his front and stalked from the room without a word, leaving his host with his shoulders shaking and his face pillowed in his arms on the table.

The nurse intercepted the clergyman at the front door.

"Mr. Du Pont says he hasn't enjoyed himself so much since he left New Haven. And he begs you to accept this as a small token of his gratitude."

She handed him an envelope, which contained a very fat check. That was the only time that S. S. Adams participated in educational endowment.

IN THE office at the Asbury Park factory, two men sit at facing desks. The older man has white hair, blue eyes, a ruddy clean-shaven face, and is of a trim, conservative appearance. This is Soren Sorensen Adams, called Sam by his intimates. He looks like a man in his late fifties who has managed to keep in shape; actually he is past seventy. The other man, who is in his mid-thirties, is tall, slender, handsome, wears a Ronald Colman mustache, and displays a certain noticeable grace in his gestures. His name is Jules Traub.

Directly behind Mr. Traub is a big wooden filing cabinet; its four drawers are labeled, "SMOKE FROM FINGERTIPS," "JUMPING CANDY," "WOLF BADGES," and "NOSES." Everybody in the office, including a half-dozen females all hard at clerical work, seems to accept these designations as part of the furniture.

Mr. Traub is about to dictate a sales letter to his secretary. "Dear Mr. Dealer, here is good news, exclamation point, new paragraph," he begins. "A boatload of proven best sellers has just come in. Look at these values. We have in stock snake tulips, the import of all time. Only two dollars twenty-five cents per dozen; twenty-five sixty-five per gross. That's over a hundred and fifty per cent profit at fifty cents per snake tulip retail."

Mr. Adams is talking long-distance to the Coast: "Say, Bert, I wrote you yesterday that we shipped those joy buzzers of yours last Saturday. Sorry on those ears. Ears are out of stock at the moment, but we're working overtime to replenish our inventory. Of course we'll credit your ears remittance to your account, unless you'd like us to send you the equivalent in swollen sore fingers. . . . I see. Then let me make a suggestion. Our new plastic worms caught fire in the dime stores last month. . . . "

Like many other American industrialists, neither Mr. Adams nor Mr. Traub had much formal education. Brought by his parents from Denmark to New Jersey at the age of two, Mr. Adams went to work as a printer's devil at the age of twelve. Born in New York City, Mr. Traub ducked high school to become a magician (hence the graceful gestures he still retains). However, both men are highly literate; their spoken grammar is impeccable, and their vocabularies are copious.

A copious vocabulary is a prerequisite in the funny-party-goods business. Mr. Adams, who was a professional trap-shooter at one time in his younger days, is a veritable Annie Oakley when it comes to salesmanship. A few years ago, after an operation, he was sternly ordered by his doctor to take an all-winter rest cure in Florida, where he owns his own private key. After a good deal of argument, the doctor consented to let Mr. Adams drive there, if he promised to take it easy on the way. Mr. Adams promised, but somebody forgot to remove the sample case from the back of his car. On his way South, he contacted forty-one prospects and sold them all except a boy in short pants who had been corresponding with the company as an alleged retailer in order to obtain free samples.

A good deal of Mr. Traub's career as a magician was spent in the bars and lobbies of resort hotels (when the Duke of Windsor was the Prince of Wales, Mr. Traub taught him the Three Shell trick) and in the toy departments of department stores. Since a magician in action may never sit down, he decided, after more than a decade of erect prestidigitation, to give up magic before his arches gave up on him. What's more, he had become fascinated by department-store merchandising problems. It costs a big store fifteen cents to write the sales slip for a ten-cent magic-trick purchase. As an efficiency measure, why not put twenty-five tricks in a fancy box and sell it for five dollars? Mr. Traub opened a magic, puzzle, and joke business in Chicago and called it Fun, Inc. Early in 1949, to the dismay of their competitors, Fun, Inc., was combined with the S. S. Adams Co.

At various times in both the trade and secular press, Mr. Adams has been

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INDIAN GIFT

Harold Willard Gleason

(Representative Reva Bosone, of Utah, has introduced into the House of Representatives a resolution for an investigation to determine qualifications of American Indians to manage their own affairs without control by the Federal Government. —*News Item*)

Choctaw, Chickasaw, Pawnee, Crow,
Great White Sachem say, "Red
sons grow;
Puttum on long pants; learn
life's factses,
Why not runnum own lodge, help
pay taxes?
Shawnee, Cherokee, Seneca, Sioux,
Great White Pocketbook no can do:
Council fires costly—heap much Fed;
Great White Budget too deep in red!
Oto, Navaho, Kickapoo, Sac,
Powwows plenty headache—you
take back!"

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referred to as the Ford, the Einstein, and even the Leonardo da Vinci of the funny-party-goods business, which he just happened to drift into forty-five years ago. In 1906, he was a salesman for a coal-tar product that was marketed in the form of a powder. Workmen who handled it were attacked by violent fits of sustained sneezing. The alert Adams snapped up a warehouseful of the condemned product for a song, bottled it in vials, and sold it under the name of "Cachoo" to stores specializing in favors, false faces, funny hats, noisemakers, and the like. Cachoo, good for a chuckle fest anytime, swept the country. One Philadelphia retailer took seventy thousand vials. For a few months, Adams had visions of growing rich, but soon the sneeze-powder market was flooded with adulterated imitations put out by unscrupulous Cachoo pirates. A price-slash war ensued, and the young entrepreneur was almost driven to the wall.

It was then that he evolved the professional principle that he has never stopped living up to: "If I stand still, I'm not getting anywhere." So in 1907, he invented the Imitation Ink Blot. The earliest models were constructed of thin pieces of blot-shaped felt, dyed black; now they are made of japanned metal, and the item is still a steady seller. Then, with a speed and fertility that left his rivals reeling, he dreamed up the Dribble Glass, the Shiner, and the Bingo Shooting Device, a small metal box containing a mousetrap arrangement that explodes a percussion cap. ("It goes off with a loud bang when moved or disturbed. Place it in a napkin or magazine, under a plate, cigarette box, hat, etc. It is entirely harmless and always creates a big laugh.")

Triumph followed triumph, culminating finally in the Joy Buzzer (1931), a small gimmick containing clockwork, which you wind up and wear as a ring; when you shake hands with the victim it gives him a spurious electric shock. The Joy Buzzer is perhaps the greatest of the Adams inventions to date, and after twenty years, it still sells in the millions. Thanks to the Joy Buzzer, Adams never laid off an employee or cut a wage during the entire Depression.

In the past forty-five years, Mr. Adams has invented nearly seven hundred jokes, of which he has taken out patents on more than forty.

Because there are so many rapacious pirates (known in the industry as "bedroom manufacturers"), it is useless to patent an easily imitable joke; but patent protection is a good thing to have for the more complicated items that require large sums of money to produce. Twenty years ago, through the use of hired spies, a rich but unethical toy manufacturer stole the Joy Buzzer's blueprints, purchased special machinery, and had thirty workmen in his own plant trying to beat S. S. Adams on the market with it. Fortunately a battery of Adams patent attorneys was able to save the day for him in the nick of time.

Despite all the successes that have come to him, Mr. Adams has his disappointments, too. About seven years ago, he dreamed up a bathing suit that would dissolve in fresh or salt water. "We couldn't get the proper materials, and it died a natural death," he says sadly. But then a gleam comes into his eye. "It's still on the futures list, though."

THE END

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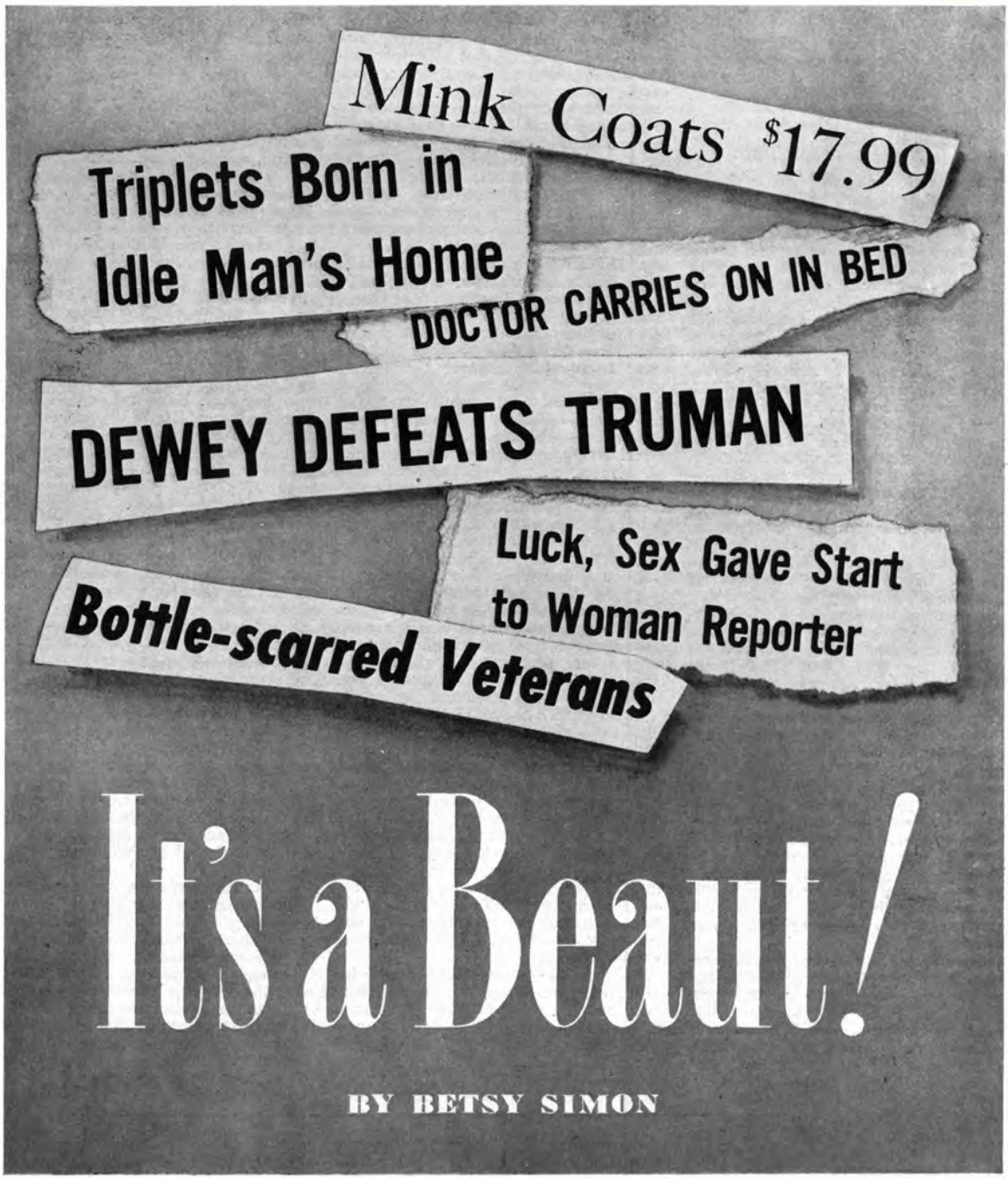

It's a Beaut!

BY BETSY SIMON

If you think the headlines above were embarrassing, turn the page for the full story of hilarious and sometimes ruinous misprints and mistakes that enliven front pages

TO ERR MAY BE HUMAN, BUT IT CAN ALSO BE VERY FUNNY—IN PRINT!

The Los Angeles *Daily News*, like many other newspapers, indulges in big, black headlines to catch the reader's eye. Its purpose was more than achieved recently with this front-page headline:

DR. SMRZ ILL,
CARRIES ON IN BED

Proofreaders, make-up men, city editors, and rewrite men had all seen the headline, but somehow it had eluded them, and to the eternal embarrassment of the *News*, managed to get locked up in the final plates. As is customary in such cases, Dr. Smrz's lawyers presented their cards the next morning.

Making mistakes, typographical or otherwise, is probably the number-one occupational hazard of the newspaper business. One letter is omitted from a respectable word and it suddenly becomes an unutterable. A routine photo of a society wedding gets mixed up with a photo of the two prize winners in the porky division of the Danbury Fair with the result that the attractive couple leaving St. Thomas' in a shower of rice is, according to the caption, "Yorkshire Lad and Bonny Snort out of Puddle Queen IV, winners in the 450-pound class." An overanxious reporter cables a rumor as fact, and irretractable headlines misinform an ever-gullible public.

Newspapers commit two kinds of errors: the local, harmless mistake that is usually considered a big joke, and the error of large scope that often causes considerable harm. Let it be pointed out, here and now, that rarely, if ever, are any of these mistakes intentional.

The papa of all the blunders that have been made in the entire history of American journalism is the false armistice report of World War I. On November 7, 1918 (four days before the actual end of the war), a cable was sent over the wires of the United Press Association by its president, Roy Howard. Worded in concentrated cablese, it read: "PARIS URGENT ARMISTICE ALLIES GERMANY SIGNED ELEVEN SMORNING HOSTILITIES CEASED TWO SAFTERNOON SEDAN TAKEN SMORNING BY AMERICANS."

Believing it had the scoop of the century, UP in New York immediately sent the welcome news out on its wires. Newspapers subscribing to the service rushed extras to the streets, proclaiming the glad tidings in giant headlines. The public began the wildest celebration in the nation's history. Offices and schools were empty in no time. Embracing each other in the streets, people crowded together, paraded, got drunk.

Other news services could get no confirmation. Even the wires of the UP provided no follow-ups. Some papers put out later editions saying the report was false. In a few instances, newsboys selling these papers were mobbed by angry celebrants who didn't want to believe the bad news, and the festivities continued unabated through the night.

It was not until late the next morning that the appalled UP received and released a second dispatch from Howard stating that the news was now said to be unconfirmed.

Although the UP has since been completely exonerated, they had a hard time trying to track down the source of the false report. The most commonly accepted explanation is that a German secret agent, believing that the American people were as ready to quit as the Germans, had made the original telephone call to American General Headquarters in Paris. A Naval attaché there had relayed the information to Vice Admiral Henry B. Wilson, commander of United States Naval forces in France. Admiral Wilson, in Brest at the time, had no reason to doubt the authenticity of the news, and he gave it to Howard. Two hours after Howard had cabled the report, Admiral Wilson informed him that the news was unconfirmed. Howard immediately sent a second cable, killing the story, but by this time the transatlantic cables were jammed, and the message was delayed twenty-four hours.

ON APRIL 28, 1945, twenty-six and a half years later, the Associated Press fell victim to the same kind of armistice error. Nine days before V-E Day, the AP sent a bulletin from San Francisco; "GERMANY HAS SURRENDERED TO THE ALLIED GOVERNMENTS UNCONDITIONALLY AND ANNOUNCEMENT IS EXPECTED MOMENTARILY, IT WAS STATED BY A HIGH AMERICAN OFFICIAL TODAY."

The announcement touched off a small facsimile of the 1918 excitement. Radio news announcers picked up the report, and the news was spread across the nation. On the front pages of dozens of newspapers (undaunted by AP's qualifying "announcement is expected momentarily") bold headlines screamed: "NAZIS QUIT" . . . . "GERMANY SURRENDERS" . . . . "GERMANY GIVES UP" . . . . "SURRENDER!" Even a London paper declared exultantly: "ALL OVER, THIS IS V-DAY."

But an hour and a half after the first news bulletin, President Truman announced that the rumor had "no foundation."

The AP, divulging its source, stated that the original announcement had come from Senator Tom Connally, who was attending the San Francisco conference. Senator Connally has never divulged *his* source.

The red-faced, eat-crow quota has also risen perceptibly over the following *faux pas:* the Hughes–Wilson election in 1916, when newspapers glibly announced the election of Mr. Hughes only to find, the following morning, that Mr. Wilson was president; the Truman–Dewey election, when magazines, commentators (Drew Pearson: "Dewey is sure to be elected. . . . "), pollsters, and newspapers (Chicago *Tribune* headline: "DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN") all tried to second-guess the electorate; the Landon–Roosevelt election, which caused the abrupt demise of the *Literary Digest*, which had made a specialty of accurate straw-vote predictions (it had guessed right in the 1920, '24, '28, and '32 elections).

Every newspaper wants to be first with a story, and a scoop is the reporter's sweetest plum. However, unless the city editor has implicit confidence in his legmen, he is wise to exercise wariness in the face of a fancy newsbeat. Consider the plight of the New York *Herald Tribune* after it scooped all the other New York papers with this exciting (for 1927) front-page headline: "NEW YORKERS DRINK SUMPTUOUSLY ON 17,000 TON FLOATING CAFE AT ANCHOR FIFTEEN MILES OFF FIRE ISLAND." Written in the first person by reporter Sanford Jarrell, the story was titillating reading for the Prohibition-sated public.

Accompanied by several prospective "guests" and a red-haired flapper named Irene, Jarrell, after an exhaustive two-day search, had located the "fabulous floating palace," where he had found "drinking unabated and revelry unrestrained." He reported that he had watched many of the guests drinking toasts to a reproduction of the Statue of Liberty that stood on the deck. There was no identifying name on the boat's hull, but the Union Jack flew jauntily from her mast. Irene had enjoyed herself immensely and, from the tone of the story, one could not help but conclude that Jarrell had shared her enjoyment.

The article created a sensation. Other papers, scooped though they were, picked up the story. Reporters from these papers were told to find the phantom ship at any cost. Washington ordered the Coast Guard to search for it. Rumors were tossed about like confetti. One conjecture was that the boat was the mother ship to all the rumrunners on the Atlantic Coast. Another rumor had it that the boat was in reality the *Von Steuben*, a former German raider recently sold for scrap.

Jarrell, sent out by his paper to describe a second visit, could not relocate the boat. Neither could anybody else. On Saturday, August twenty-third, seven days after the original story, the *Herald Tribune* printed a front-page apology—Mr. Jarrell had admitted that the whole story was a land-written product of his seagoing imagination. Mr. Jarrell was no longer employed by the *Herald Tribune*.

AMERICAN papers are not alone in being vulnerable to error. The European press has also contributed more than a fair share of boners for the book. One of the most flagrant, and at the same time one of the saddest examples of this, was the way the French press handled the Nungesser–Coli attempt to fly the Atlantic Ocean in 1927. Twenty-five thousand dollars had been offered to the first pilots to make a nonstop Paris–New York flight, and when the French team of Nungesser and Coli took off from Le Bourget on the morning of May 8, 1927, French hopes went with them.

Early in the afternoon of May ninth, rumors began to circulate throughout Paris that the two men had landed at New York to wild acclaim. One of the leading Paris afternoon papers printed an eyewitness account of the landing. A short time later, the rest of the afternoon papers published similar stories. Many of these accounts told dramatically how the plane had circled the Statue of Liberty three times before finally alighting on American waters.

Paris went wild. Newspapers were sold out on every street corner, and people laughed and wept for sheer joy. Champagne flowed in the streets; never

had France been so proud. But at midnight no official confirmation had been received. The crowds began to sober up and become angry, and they directed their anger at the newspapers.

The following morning the papers carried the bitter truth—the flyers had not arrived. In true French journalistic tradition, the blame for the false report was placed on the Ministries of Commerce, War, and Interior. Of all the Paris papers, *Le Temps* had been the only one to withstand the temptation to print the unconfirmed reports.

Tracing the origin of the rumors was difficult. New York news services had sent nothing but denials, so, Q.E.D., the reports must have originated in Paris. One explanation had it that Myron T. Herrick, the popular American ambassador, had innocently repeated a rumor that the plane had been sighted over Newfoundland. Although he had stated it was a rumor, Paris was so full of wishful thinking that the rumor was quickly turned into fact. Actually, the French plane, with fuel for only forty hours, was last sighted off the Irish coast, and the fate of the two flyers has never been determined.

To their everlasting credit, however, the French, on May twenty-first, just twelve days later, greeted the arrival of Charles A. Lindbergh as enthusiastically as they would have received their own Messrs. Coli and Nungesser.

MISTAKES of this enormity are fortunately rare. Far more typical of the run-of-the-mill newspaper error is a recent ad run by a New York clothing store. On February 9, 1949, a New York newspaper ran a full-page ad for S. Klein, the Fourteenth Street bargain emporium. The ad heralded a gigantic fur sale, and part of the copy ran as follows: "Four Star SPECIAL . . . included in this sale are just four NATURAL RANCH MINK coats . . . $17.99. . . . These coats are made from number one bundles of freshly pelted prime skins. Absolutely guaranteed not to be dyed, tipped, or blended."

No sooner had S. Klein's doors swung open on that fateful February ninth, than harried taxi drivers began dislodging hundreds of anxious ladies, all in hot pursuit of a $17.99 mink quarry. There happened to be actually six of these beauties for sale, and the first six women to arrive put them on and refused to take them off.

One customer announced that she was an attorney, and that the store was legally bound to sell the coat to her at the advertised price (the lady had informed herself erroneously). In vain, the salespeople tried to explain the newspaper error, but the growing mob of women, their tempers mounting, insisted that Klein's stand by its printed word.

The harassed management finally had to call the police, and when order was partially restored, fifty of the most unyielding females (the original six still defying anyone to remove the minks from their backs) were herded into the manager's office. There, through the combined efforts of the police, the management, and the firm's lawyers, who had been hurriedly summoned, the women were convinced that a mistake had been made, that the property was not legally theirs, and that they would have to give the coats back to Mr. Klein.

The following morning the newspaper, somewhat pink of mien, ran another ad for the store, this one on the house, apologizing for its typographical blunder and stating the correct price—$1,799.00.

"The World's Largest Store," Macy's–New York, pulled a beaut on May 15, 1949. This time, however, it wasn't the newspaper's mistake. Advertising a new camera that prints the photo it takes, Macy's took a full page in the *Times* and displayed a series of photographs showing a Macy's employee, Roy Reid, taking a picture of a pretty model and coyly presenting the finished print to the young lady, in exchange for her phone number. Here is a self-explanatory letter (one of many received) that Macy's got from a sharp-eyed customer:

> Macy's–
> This is a very clever ad—in fact, too clever. Roy Reid's left hand in close-up shows a wedding ring—yet he presented the photo to Miss Archer in exchange for her telephone number. Macy's!! Mr. Reid!! And in the New York *Times!!*
> Yours in fun,
> Percy J.

A Brooklyn department store puzzled its customers with a bath-salts ad: "When you step out of your bath, you will be the proud possessor of a baby." (The word "skin" had somehow got lost in the composing room.) Newspaper readers in Detroit lifted an eyebrow when one of their local stores advertised a nightgown thus: "This nightgown is so pretty it deserves to stay up all night."

Although newspapers are constantly on the alert for mistakes, the human tendency to err inevitably catches up with them, no matter how scrupulous the proofreader, how hawk-eyed the city editor. Part of newspaper folklore is the story of the small-town hero returning triumphant from the war. The entire population of the town, complete with brass band, was out to greet the homecoming warrior. That evening, the local newspaper hit the street with a four-inch headline: "BOTTLE-SCARRED VETERAN RETURNS." Discovering the error, the newspaper hurriedly put out a second edition, but alas, this time they topped their first effort. The headline now read: "BATTLE-SCARED VETERAN RETURNS."

NEWSPAPERS have produced a bumper crop of boners over the years. The stately New York *Times* prominently displayed a headline a few years ago: "SAILOR, WITH CHILD, FOUNDERS IN STREET." And it ran a caption beneath a photograph of a young woman standing beside her horse: "Miss R— with Sunny Side Up."

A headline appeared in a Midwest paper: "TRIPLETS BORN IN IDLE MAN'S HOME," and readers of the sports page of an otherwise conservative paper were jolted to learn that "CURATE IS DONATED TO BREEDING BUREAU" (turned out Curate was a horse). You might never have suspected it of Mrs. Roosevelt, but she told it on herself in her newspaper column: " . . . after supper with the men, we went back to dress."

As a matter of fact, the incidence of error in news items and ads is so high that the sophisticated humor magazine, *The New Yorker*, regularly lampoons the mistakes of its publishing brothers. Typical of its treatment of newsbreaks are the following:

This head appeared in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

PARISIAN BEHEADED FOR KILLING WIFE BEFORE MISTRESS

—which prompts *The New Yorker* to say, "Ah, the French! So full of protocol."

The Gloucester (Mass.) *Times* printed this:

> Kozak of the St. Louis Cardinals has a name that reads the same if you spell it backward. Do you know of another similar instance?
>
> "Di Maggio," quips *The New Yorker.*

From the New Rochelle *Standard Star:*

> ARE CALLED IGNOTS
> The huge chunks in which raw steel emerge in the mill are called ignots.

Continued from page 23

STORES WHERE YOU CAN BUY "THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK" FASHIONS

All fashions on pages 22 and 23 are at the following stores:

Bartlesville, Okla.	Montaldo's
Charlotte, N. C.	Montaldo's
Chicago, Ill.	Marshall Field & Company
Greensboro, N. C.	Montaldo's
Harrisburg, Pa.	Mary Sachs
Hazelton, Pa.	Wearn Inc.
Independence, Kan.	Montaldo's
Lancaster, Pa.	Mary Sachs
McKeesport, Pa.	Katzman
Milwaukee, Wis.	Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc.
New York, N. Y.	Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Blum Store
San Francisco, Calif.	H. Liebes & Co.
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
Syracuse, N. Y.	Fink & Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Montaldo's

The Judy 'n Jill redingote on page 22 is at the following stores:

Boston, Mass.	Jays
Burlington, Vt.	The Old Beehive
Chambersburg, Pa.	Fashionland
Columbus, Ohio	Montaldo's
Dayton, Ohio	Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Montaldo's
East Orange, N. J.	Doop's
Grand Rapids, Mich.	The Corl Shop
Hartford, Conn.	Manhattan Shop
Lowell, Mass.	House of Erwin
Minneapolis, Minn.	Harold, Inc.
New Haven, Conn.	Moline's Dress Shop
Norristown, Pa.	Feders
Reading, Pa.	Emily Hopkins
Richmond, Va.	Montaldo's
St. Louis, Mo.	Montaldo's
Utica, N. Y.	Hurst, Inc.
Wellesley, Mass.	Jays

The Margot jacketed sheath on page 22 is at the following stores:

Andover, Mass.	Michael Jay's Shop
Buffalo, N. Y.	Flint & Kent
Cincinnati, Ohio	Lillian's
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio	Montaldo's
Denver, Colo.	Montaldo's
Detroit, Mich.	B. Siegel Co.
Durham, N. C.	Ellis Stone Co.
East Orange, N. J.	Doop's
Englewood, N. J.	Louise Franz
Hartford, Conn.	Ethel S. Jaques
Miami, Fla.	Hartley's, Inc.
Portland, Ore.	Nicholas Ungar, Inc.
Providence, R. I.	Bette Rand, Inc.
Richmond, Va.	Montaldo's
Roanoke, Va.	Smartwear-Irving Saks, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Makoff
Scranton, Pa.	Florence Hinerfeld Dress Shop

The Handmacher checked worsted suit on page 23 is at the following stores:

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Buffalo, N. Y.	Flint & Kent
Charlottesville, Va.	Helen G. Eastham Shop
Cincinnati, Ohio	The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ga.	J. A. Kirven Co.
Dayton, Ohio	Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Denver Dry Goods Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Himelhoch's
Durham, N. C.	Ellis Stone Co.
Fort Worth, Tex.	R. E. Cox & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart's
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Dayton Co.
Orlando, Fla.	Dickson & Ives
Phoenix, Ariz.	Goldwater's
Roanoke, Va.	Lazarus, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Makoff
St. Paul, Minn.	Schuneman's
Washington, D. C.	Jelleff's, Inc.

Snaps *The New Yorker,* "Only by the village idiom."

The Los Angeles *Times* made this weighty pronouncement:

> More people eat lunch at The Farmers Market daily between twelve and two than anybody, and perhaps that indicates something.

The New Yorker says "Not to us."

This one appeared in the Palm Beach *Post:*

LUCK, SEX GAVE START TO WOMAN REPORTER

"A girl has to start somewhere," says *The New Yorker.*

So many thousands of clippings are sent them every month that *The New Yorker* has set up an entire department to handle news breaks. Into the wastebasket automatically go such cliché errors as: bride for bridge; two-headed for tow-headed; sin for sing; sin for son; martial for marital; plague for plaque; curse for course; immorality for immortality; numerical errors such as, "The basketball players were all 60 feet tall," and, "Formerly $14.95 now reduced to $109.98."

Despite their knowledge that *The New Yorker* will have a devastating last word, editors find it virtually impossible to turn out daily editions of a big-time newspaper with its complicated typography without some errors. Words like "comely" (becomes homely), "chief" (thief), and "who are" (can easily drop its "a") are constant invitations to libel suits.

Libel actions may also grow out of another newspaper menace—the switched caption. A hurried make-up man transposes captions under photos, and all hell breaks loose. Some time ago, a New York newspaper published a photograph showing an X-ray of a man's chest. Adjacent to this was a column telling of the death of a well-known senator. Over the picture, in large type, was the caption: "Senator ——'s Widow."

But it is not easy to win a libel suit against a newspaper when an honest mistake is at issue. For example, a typographical error was the cause of a fifty-thousand-dollar libel action instituted against a metropolitan newspaper several years ago. The suit was based on the subheading of a story, which told of fighting and shooting in the boarding-house operated by the plaintiff. The headline read: "GUEST SHOT IN PARTY FIGHT." The subhead was: "Landlady Slays Host—Southern Gentleman Protests with Gun and is Wounded in Scuffle." The word "slays" was the point of error. It should have been "slaps."

The plaintiff claimed that the heading of the story charged her with killing a man. The newspaper contended, successfully, that any person reading through the entire story would have no such impression.

SERIOUS errors are usually handled by the simple expedient of running a retraction, but a few papers cling to the old-fashioned idea that the printing of a retraction weakens public confidence in the newspaper's reliability and are reluctant to retract unless it looks as though they might be on the brink of a libel suit.

Samuel Bowles, a great journalist who devoted most of his life to editing the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican,* never published retractions in his newspaper. However, on at least one occasion, Mr. Bowles did agree to a slight modification. It seems that he was working at his desk one day when an indignant farmer entered and threw a copy of the *Republican* on his desk.

"Read that!" the farmer shouted.

Bowles read the marked news item. It told of a quarrel between a farmer and his wife, which had ended with a double death. The farmer had killed his wife and then hanged himself from a heavy beam in his barn.

"Well," asked Mr. Bowles, "what about it?"

"I am the man referred to in that piece," the farmer said heatedly. "I didn't kill my wife, and you can see that I didn't commit suicide. I demand a retraction!"

Bowles said calmly, "It is against our rules to print retractions, under any conditions."

"I don't care what your rules are!" thundered the farmer. "You've *got* to print a retraction. I'm not a murderer or a suicide, and you've got to say so in your paper."

Mr. Bowles considered this thoughtfully. "We cannot violate our rules," he said. "The only thing we can do for you is to say that you were cut down from the beam before you were dead."

THE END

Crack-Up *(Continued from page 31)*

Rufe they needed a piano player and mentioned that Tom was good.

When Rufe propositioned him, Tom made a quick deal. Anything was better than hawking punchboards.

Tom had guessed that Rufe's wife—the prima donna—would be a broken-down old bag with no talent. Tom was wrong. He saw that the minute she came in with her pal, Gussie. Gussie was the broken-down old bag. Doris was very well stacked. He could also see that she had a mind of her own. Tom knew right then that he had to make his stand and make it stick, if he hoped to get anywhere with the job—or with her.

Doris was raising hell about the pianist. After she figured she'd raked Rufe enough, she calmed down and looked Tom over. Then she told him to play for her. Instead, he sat at the piano and told her to sing. He'd go along. Doris shrugged and started. Tom coasted right along fine. But not for long. He suddenly stopped playing. There was Doris all by herself, and she didn't like it.

Tom told her she was doing it wrong. Then he told her how she ought to do it.

Gussie took it all in. She began to cackle. She got the picture.

Gussie'd had a tough life. She was supposed to be Doris' maid. She was lousy at it, but Doris was glad to have someone to bag with. Gussie understood Doris. She'd been a headliner herself, on a burlesque wheel when cooch dancing was hot stuff. Gussie loved Doris, and she sure hated Rufe. So she was for anything that looked like trouble for Rufe and fun for Doris. To Gussie, Tom looked like a handful of that kind of trouble, that kind of fun.

Gussie got Doris to try the song Tom's way. Doris had to admit it went better. That made her take a better look at Tom. Gussie didn't miss that look. Tom didn't either.

Rufe was the one who missed it. Rufe didn't know that was the moment when his number began to go up.

AT FIRST, everyone around the joint was curious about Tom. Especially Doris. Tom didn't have much to say, though. He just hinted at a love affair that had started him hitting the bottle; started him on the skids after he'd been on top.

Doris swallowed it. She wanted to know about the girl.

Gussie saw that, and it made her happy. Tom saw it, and it made him laugh. His line was good. It had always been good. Rufe saw nothing. The others were too cagey for that.

After a week at Rufe's place, Tom knew he was set. He checked out of the punchboard business and out of his hotel room, and he found an apartment off the boulevard. Quiet and private—the way he liked to live.

Its manager, Mrs. Lanks, was a meek, mousy-looking woman with a beat look in her eyes, not the nosy type. She suited Tom fine.

From the beginning, Tom handled Doris beautifully. He never let her alone, and yet he never asked her for anything. She never got a chance to turn him down.

When he wanted to, Tom could be a very pleasant guy. At Rufe's place, he wanted to. He got to know the customers. They began to come back because of him. He picked up a few friends that way.

Doc Devers was one of them. He and Doc got to be pretty thick. He didn't know then how he'd use Doc later, nor what would happen between him and Doc at the end.

Doc Devers had a broken-down frame house up the road. He got most of his fees taking care of drunks. He spent most of them getting drunk.

One night Doc really tied one on and ran up a tab at the bar. Rufe came in late and found Doc loaded and sounding off. Rufe blew up when he found out about the tab. He was getting ready to take the bill out of Doc's hide when Tom stepped in and offered to pay. Rufe took Tom's dough.

That happened on a Sunday night.

Mondays Rufe's joint was closed. That was fight night, and Tom went every Monday. When Doc showed up that Monday to thank Tom, Tom told him to forget it. Doc stayed grateful. So Tom took the old man along to the fights.

On the way back, Doc insisted on standing Tom a drink in his place. When Tom saw Doc's hutch, he wasn't impressed. It was just a small place, with a small sign out front—"S. Bruxton Devers, M.D."

Doc apologized for the appearance of the place. He explained that he took care of it himself, and he'd been busy. Tom had never seen such a mess. It looked as if a herd of buffalo had been stabled there. But only the living quarters. The office part of the house was spotless and clean. The consulting room. The examining room. The lab. There was a hell of a lot of equipment, and a lot of books. Tom *was* impressed then. He could see that Doc took his work seriously, that he cared about his profession. Tom should have remembered that later, before he tried to fool the old man.

That night Tom got Devers' story. It was interesting. The old man was a cantankerous old buzzard, but he sounded like a good doctor when he wasn't in his cups.

IT SEEMED that thirty-five years before, when Devers was a young g.p. with a fine career ahead of him, he got into trouble. One of his patients was dying of cancer, a long, drawn-out death. The family was cracking up. Doc could see that. He knew what other doctors sometimes did. He knew it would be merciful, so he took the chance. Something slipped up. The story got around, and the law got after Devers.

Mercy killing was hard to prove. He got off on a technicality. Then the medical board made its move. They tried to withdraw his license. He fought that, too. He won, but the damage had been done.

Then he sat in his office and waited, day after day, night after night. No patients came.

He couldn't take it. He began to drink, which didn't help. He drifted around on the shady edge of respectability, trying to stay alive, to keep from starving.

When he managed to collect enough for a small stake, he bought this place in the valley and settled down. Now he was about sixty-five, a lonely, eccentric lush, with occasional flashes of brilliance when he pulled himself together.

So Tom had a buddy. Doc went to the fights with him now and again, and took to hanging around the bar with him between numbers. Tom let him. It seemed to annoy Rufe, and that Tom liked.

When Tom wasn't around, Doc and Gussie beat their gums at each other. Two old bums. He told her about his operations. She told him about her life as a burlesque queen.

Doris spent a lot of time working out new routines with Tom. It paid off. Even Rufe had to admit business was better. How much better, Rufe learned with each monthly checkup. Tom figured he'd get himself in so solid Rufe wouldn't be able to get along without him. Or if Rufe decided he could, he'd find out Doris couldn't. Doris wasn't the type to let a man like Tom check out without trying him first. Tom was careful, though. He didn't want to go back to the punchboards.

Some nights Rufe had business out of town, chasing down cheap acts for the show. Sometimes a long trip kept him

out very late. He always phoned, and Doris had to stick around to count up and close the joint.

It was one of those nights. Doris was just hanging up the phone after talking to Rufe. She saw Tom getting ready to leave and stopped him.

Tom was feeling pretty good. Not sleepy. Doris wasn't sleepy either. This she made quite clear. Not sleepy and not a thing to do. She was asking for it, so he invited her over to his place for a drink. She said she'd drive around after closing. He gave her the address and left.

He got home, got out the liquor, and started to clean the place up. There was a knock. He grinned as he went to the door. She'd certainly made it fast.

It wasn't Doris. It was the manager, Mrs. Lanks. She looked like hell, like she'd been crying, and a little beat up, too. She wanted Tom to help her. Her husband was sick. He needed a doctor.

Tom didn't like it much, but he said he'd go. He got back in his car and went to get Devers. Doris wouldn't like it, but she could wait.

DEVERS was hard to awaken. When Tom finally got inside he saw why. The jug by the bed was almost empty.

Doc pulled himself together, and they went back to the Lanks's apartment. Devers went right into the bedroom, but Mrs. Lanks stopped Tom. Doris had showed up, she said, but wouldn't wait, not even after Mrs. Lanks explained what had happened. Tom told her to forget it. There'd always be another time. He meant it, too. He knew Doris would be sore, but he figured it was good for her.

Later Devers told him about Lanks. He was a psycho. Every once in a while, he blew his top, spent a few days in the booby hatch, and then came home.

Tom said that was a hell of a note. Seemed to him they'd hold on to a guy who was that dangerous.

Devers explained that there was nothing the law could do. So far, Lanks only beat up his wife, and she refused to prosecute. Lanks ought to have been committed long ago. This way, Lanks was due to kill his wife someday. Devers was very indignant about it. He said it was the result of stupidity. Stupid doctors and stupid laws. A perfect way to get away with murder.

The next day, Doris was very much the boss's wife: Tom made like he didn't know anything was wrong. She waited all that day and night for him to try to square with her. He never tried, then or later.

Not long afterward, both the Lankses disappeared and a new manager came in. Doc said Mrs. Lanks had told him they were going back to her home town. She hoped Lanks would get well there. Devers didn't think he would.

Tom stuck pretty close to his job, getting himself in solid. He built up a solo act for himself that the natives went for. Rufe was happy with it. He was saving an extra salary, and that made him very pleased with Tom. He went so far as to say so. Tom braced him for a raise, but Rufe turned him down. He wasn't *that* pleased.

Tom figured he'd be nicer to Doris. Rufe was asking for it, the way he chiseled. So was she, the way she steamed around. A little more teasing would do it fine.

Watching Tom have a drink with one of the drop-in cuties burned Doris. She showed it, too. But all Tom did was grin at her.

Then, of course, it happened.

Rufe had taken a long drive out of town to look over a comedy magic act he'd heard about. He had had trouble with the car. He'd have to stay over, he said when he phoned.

He was unhappy. Doris was sweet about it—very sweet. Rufe was unhappier. He said he'd call her later, after the show, to say good night. Doris made him promise not to forget. She'd be there waiting.

That night she was extra coy with Tom. He just teased her—had no time for her at all. And she got madder and madder. How was she to know Gussie had told him about Rufe's call?

They had been working hard over a new routine he had doped out, and he was proud of it. A booking agent was there to look it over, but Doris didn't know that.

She ruined the act that night. But good. She'd make him understand who ran things! She figured to burn him up. He burned all right. But he didn't sit still for it. When she kept on messing up the song, he quit cold. He had her out on the floor where she couldn't get away, and he just stopped playing. Right there in front of all the people, he stopped. He made her start all over. He gave her a lesson. And he made it very funny. Just like she was a bad little girl who had to learn her lines or papa'd spank. The yokels loved it. So did the booking agent. They thought it was part of the act. They laughed and laughed, at her, not with her.

She got away finally and went home with Gussie. Doris was raging. She could hardly wait for Rufe's call. She'd had enough of Tom. He seemed to think he owned the place. He'd find out. When she got through with him, he'd be a bum again!

But to Gussie, it looked like Rufe's pay-off night. It looked as if some excitement were due to show up.

It showed up. Name of Tom Bishop. He came in grinning and just managed to duck the ashtray Doris threw at him. She got him told off. When she ran out of breath, she left the room, telling him to scram.

Tom told Gussie to do the scramming.

Gussie leered and scrammed.

Tom made himself comfortable, almost as though he were moving in. He was.

Doris came back. She had slipped into something comfortable, very sexy, and very expensive.

Doris came back quite a lady. Very haughty and very much under control. She was *so* surprised at finding that Tom was still there. She hoped he'd give her no trouble. All he had to do was leave—quietly and like a gentleman, if he had any idea what that was like. Tom just sat and watched her. She began to get nervous. It wasn't going quite the way she'd planned.

Then Doris noticed that Gussie was gone. She wondered where.

For the first time, Tom spoke. He told her he'd sent Gussie away.

Doris was stuck. If she took that, Tom had her spotted like a sitting duck. If she didn't take it, how could she act the lady? It didn't take her long to decide. She blew her top again. How dare he walk in and order people out of her house?

She went into another tantrum, a beaut. Tom sat and enjoyed it for a while; then he got up and mixed drinks. She'd worked around to where she was telling him that when Rufe called she'd have Rufe throw him out. Rufe would make a bum out of him again. Rufe would . . .

The phone rang. She stood still, listening to it. Tom asked her why she didn't answer it.

It was Rufe. He hoped she was all right? She was. She sounded sort of funny? Well, she felt sort of funny. But she didn't say why.

Tom had just kissed her. Now he was sitting on the arm of her chair, playing with the back of her neck. No wonder she sounded funny.

No wonder she didn't tell Rufe. But she told Rufe what he wanted to hear. Sure, she missed him. She could hardly wait for him to get back. She hung up.

She didn't wait for him. Not more than long enough to put the light out.

That night Rufe's number climbed way up, close to the top of the mast.

RUFE was out in the cold after that night, and Tom moved right in, in every way. Even the help began to come to him. The only consolation for Rufe was that business was so good. He was making money hand over fist.

The booking-agency man kept coming around. He offered to get Tom and Doris into some good spots. Tom figured to use the offer to put Rufe in a squeeze.

He figured right. Doris saw the agent hanging around. Tom told her what he wanted, only he said the offer was just for him. He hated the thought, he said, but if Rufe didn't give, he had no choice.

So Rufe knew all about it when Tom braced him. Doris had seen to that. Rufe hoped to handle it with a few laughs, a small raise. And he wanted a contract.

Tom laughed back and shook his head. No raise, and no contract. Tom wanted a piece of the place. A good piece. Rufe blew up. A piece of the place? Over his dead body! Tom shrugged and gave

notice. Rufe had a month to make up his mind.

Tom let Doris know about that. She went right to work on Rufe.

Rufe didn't like the looks of things that night. Nor the next. Nor the one after. Doris had the lock on the door. Rufe hated to give in, but he knew what his answer would have to be. Tom knew, too: he was already counting the profits.

Rufe's number went up a little bit higher. Gussie cackled a little bit louder. Things were shaping up.

Rufe prayed for a miracle. In a funny way, his prayer was answered. It was a miracle that sent him right to the graveyard. Here's how it happened.

The Legion was having its annual convention in town, and the "boys" took over. They came from all over the country, and they were out for fun.

That night, Rufe was keeping an eye on a large party at the big table. Ten of them, all out-of-towners, all fried.

After Doris and Tom had been on a while, one of the Legionnaires jumped up and called for the cops.

Rufe got to him fast and got him into his office. Some of the man's buddies helped him. Rufe got the guy calmed down enough to get the story. It was simple. The man had recognized Tom. He was wanted back home.

Rufe saw his chance and grabbed it.

When had it happened? The drunk told him. Rufe saw how it fitted. But he was smart. He laughed it off, and swore that Tom had been working in the Rumpus Room at that time. The man tried to argue.

Rufe appealed to the man's friends. They didn't want to see an injustice done? Certainly not. They turned on their pal. How could he be that way? Get an innocent man in trouble. Get Rufe in trouble. Maybe get his nice bar closed up. Rufe was a good guy. He said Tom had been working for him at the time. And if li'l ole Rufey said so, it was so.

The drunk gave in. He apologized. Could be another guy looked like Tom. Why, sure—looked just like him. A man could make a mistake. An honest mistake honestly admitted was no shame. Certainly not. To prove it, Rufe called for drinks on the house.

The help was amazed: it was the first time in the memory of man. They didn't know what Rufe was celebrating. Things were going to run Rufe's way once more.

Tom walked into it smiling. He thought Rufe had decided to split with him without any trouble. He stuck out his hand. Partners—share and share alike. Happy days were here.

Rufe shook his head. No hand shake. No partnership. Maybe jail instead.

Tom stopped smiling.

Right there, Rufe made his point. Tom would stay on. But he'd stay away from Doris. And he'd make her like it, too. If not, Rufe figured to make a long-distance call to a sheriff. Did Tom get it?

Tom got it.

Rufe was magnanimous. He'd let Tom stay on and work, but of course he'd have to cut his salary. Expenses were high. Business was so-so.

Then Rufe showed what a smart guy he was. He told Tom there'd be a tip-off letter to the sheriff in his safe at home. Just in case Tom got any ideas about something accidentally happening to Rufe. Tom took it all and left—a beat man.

But Rufe hadn't figured far enough ahead. He wasn't much on long-range figuring.

TOM WAS, though. He started figuring right away, figuring how he could get from under and still keep a share of the profits. And figuring ways to get rid of Rufe. He just kept stalling Doris. He had to. She didn't much like it, but he didn't care. He cared about only one thing—staying out of jail.

But he could see what was coming. Doris was getting ready to blow her top. He knew how Rufe felt about Doris. Now it mattered.

Finally, Doris doped it out that Rufe had something on him, and Tom admitted it. Doris didn't care what it was. She made it simple. Either he did something about Rufe, or she would. She'd tell Rufe about them. About her and Tom. Tom was sure getting a real whip sawing.

There was another angle Rufe liked about the whole thing. He was sick of seeing Doc Devers chiseling drinks around the place. One night Rufe told Doc to scram, and Doc wasn't having any. He sounded off and didn't care who heard him. That did it. Rufe gave him a real going-over and threw him out. The old man went off, nursing his wounds. Tom wasn't around, but Doc knew his pal would square things for him.

He stormed around to Tom's place. Tom didn't want to listen, but he had to. Then after a while he wanted to. Doc was talking about what had started the brannigan with Rufe.

It seemed Doc had got mad about the Lankses. About what had happened, and what would happen. They had got in touch with Doc. Lanks had finally done just what Doc had predicted.

So Mrs. Lanks was dead. But Lanks's family didn't care about her. And no one else would, either. The lawyers and the judges and the doctors would get together with their legal mumbo-jumbo, and Lanks would soon walk free. Not cured. Not happy. It had happened before. It would happen again.

Tom listened. He got the idea. There was his way out. Doc had said it was a way to commit a perfect murder. Just pretend to be insane. Fake it. Fool the law, fool the doctors. That's what he'd been looking for. This was it. A tough way, a tricky way: but a new way. He'd be careful—and it would work. He listened to Doc. He asked a few questions.

Doc told Tom what he needed to know, about the crooks and mobsters that had killed and faked insanity. How their smart lawyers finally got them off. He told him about the rich killers who bought their way into asylums and eventual freedom.

Tom got the picture, got it clear and good. It needed money: he would get that. It needed smart lawyers and a dumb doctor. He would hire the first, and he already had the second. It needed a smart killer, too. He'd be smarter than any ever was before. Others waited until they were caught, then they faked it. He'd top that. He'd start acting like a psycho before the killing. Make sure of getting plenty of the right witnesses, all obviously honest. It was a sure thing.

Meanwhile, he kept listening to Doc. Doc told Tom what books to read, what papers to look up, what court records to study. And never knew he was doing it.

Tom remembered the tip-off letter to the sheriff in Rufe's safe. He would have to cover that. And for that he would need Doris.

It wouldn't be too hard to sell her. She was ready for anything to get rid of Rufe. He'd make it seem her own idea. And he'd manage to box her in good. So good she'd be in as deep as he. She'd have to play along.

IT WASN'T long before something came up that set the stage for Tom to get to work on Doris.

Doris told him that Rufe had a good offer for the place. And he was going to sell. The deal would be set in about two months. Tom knew that meant time was running out for him. He had to make his pitch right then. He acted as if he were thinking only of himself, the spot he was in. That made Doris mad.

She told him off. If that's all it meant, okay with her. She'd stick with Rufe. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. It seemed that Rufe was loaded, the way misers

sometimes are. And Rufe was crazy about her. He'd told her she could have anything she wanted after the sale.

Rufe had been sweet—Doris was just drunk enough to get sentimental. Rufe was carrying a heavy load of insurance: an endowment policy, due to be paid up soon, in her name. With the money for the place, it meant they could take things easy. It meant that if anything happened to Rufe she'd be taken care of.

Tom laughed at her. He could see her babying Rufe for years. A great life.

Doris flared back at him. It was better than he offered. A hell of a lot better than he offered.

Tom shrugged. What did she want him to do?

She had an answer: Show some guts! Anyone else would think of some way for them to be together.

She was mad and didn't mind showing it. That gave Tom his opening. Did she think he liked it any better than she did? But what could he do? Maybe he'd think of something.

She sneered. He'd better think fast. There wasn't much time.

He pretended to shrug it off. Was she nuts? What did she expect him to do? Knock off Rufe? Just for her?

That made her madder, so she gave the right answer. The one he wanted. Maybe a guy with guts would think her worth that!

Tom had what he wanted from her. He acted as if he were thinking it over.

She was right. If he could just think of a way—a way to get rid of Rufe and not get caught. They'd be fixed for life.

She watched him. Frightened—but fascinated.

She'd asked for it, and she was getting it. Maybe he did really love her that much. There was something thrilling about the idea.

A little at a time, Tom laid down the whole scheme. The idea he'd got from Doc, with all the details he'd figured out.

Doris got scared. Frightened to death. She grabbed her things. She wanted out, in a hurry.

Tom grabbed her. She struggled. But not long. When he made a pass, she had to give in. It was always like that.

When he let her go, he seemed changed. He acted as if he were a little frightened himself. It was just that the idea of losing her drove him crazy. He loved her. She had to believe that.

That was what she wanted to hear. What she wanted to believe.

As they lay there in the dark, Tom began to talk again. This time she listened quietly. Now she knew he loved her. Now, in the dark, somehow it was no longer so frightening. He sold it to her.

FROM then on, Tom spent a lot of time downtown, getting the dope Doc had tipped him to. He bought the books and read them all. He spent days at the big public library in the periodical room, and in the law library looking up case records.

He settled on just what he needed: paranoid-schizophrenia, they called it. He doped out all the symptoms and made a list of them. He memorized the stuff he needed, and then he burned the books and notes. There'd be no way to get him. No one would know—except Doris, of course. That couldn't be helped: he needed her help. And he was boxing her in good, as an accessory. With that hanging over her, she'd never open her mouth.

Came the day Tom thought maybe he wasn't feeling so well. Maybe Doc could help him? The old man was glad that Tom had come to him. He'd straighten him out in no time. He asked what seemed to bother Tom. Tom hesitated. Finally he admitted he thought he was going nuts.

Doc laughed, told Tom to forget it.

Tom insisted. He wanted Doc to examine him, wanted him to test him, just to be sure.

Doc gave in finally. Then Tom spilled his guts. Doc Devers was taken in completely. Why wouldn't he be? By now, Tom knew a hell of a lot about psychiatry.

Tom spoke of his quarrels, his jumpiness, his headaches, his dreams, and the other things he'd boned up on.

Doc couldn't find a thing, even after a physical examination. Tom agreed to trust him. Doc beamed. He gave Tom some powders and told him to get more sleep, to stop smoking, maybe lay off coffee. A drink or two was okay. But no more. And he was to quit worrying. That was the most important matter. Quit worrying.

Tom drove off happy as a lark. There'd be one good pro witness when he was needed. The doctor would have to admit he was neurotic—or worse. Would have to agree he'd shown the first symptoms of paranoia. What a dope!

After that, Tom moved fast. And his plan worked. Everyone around Rufe's place was sure he was going off his rocker. The porter couldn't stop talking about the time Tom accused him of stealing a jug of whisky. And it had been right there for all to see when they looked on the closet shelf.

Tom drank too much. Rufe gave the bartenders orders not to serve him. Tom was pretty sore about that. But he took it. He could always smuggle in a bottle. And they all knew he did.

The night of the blow-off, his act was so good he even frightened Doris. She knew what he was doing and what she had to do to help him. But even so, she was almost too scared to go through with it.

Gussie was happy that night. What a brannigan! There was Doris right in the middle of her number—Tom at the piano, quiet and pleasant—maybe swaying a bit from the drinks he'd sneaked, when suddenly, for no reason at all—absolutely no reason—he stopped playing. He left Doris with her mouth wide open in the middle of a song. He jumped up, ran over to one of the tables, and grabbed a customer. Began beating him up. A nice guy, too—a regular customer and a good spender. To Gussie, that proved how crazy Tom really was.

The night Tom picked was the night Rufe was scheduled to make his monthly checkup. That's why Tom picked it, so Rufe would be in his office. By the time he got out front, a couple of the waiters had roughed Tom up a bit. He was still struggling, though. Rufe smiled. He stepped in to finish the job.

Slowly and deliberately, he cut Tom up. When he finally knocked him out, Tom looked like raw meat.

The bartender wanted to call the cops. Rufe almost let him. Then Doris reminded him of something. It wasn't only that having cops around was bad for business. Getting mixed up in a courtroom case might foul up the deal to sell the place.

So Rufe told the boys to throw Tom out. They did—like a sack of meal.

It was Gussie who called Doc to come get Tom.

The place settled down. Rufe went back to his office and got set to turn Tom in for good. He got the long-distance operator on the phone. Rufe was a happy character for a few minutes. He figured there'd be a reward for Tom. He'd ask about that right off. Not a bad deal, getting paid for paying off Tom Bishop.

But the operator told Rufe his party wouldn't accept the charges. And when Rufe found out how much they were, the habit of a lifetime was too strong. He told the operator to forget it. He'd be damned if he'd shell out all that dough, when an air-mail letter would cost only six cents.

That's really what cost Rufe his life. He was just too damned cheap.

Rufe wrote his letter and put it aside to mail on his way home, after he finished checking the books and locking up. And his number went up as far as it figured to go.

DOC DEVERS knew the things to do for beat-up characters. He had got plenty of jobs like that before. Tom was still shaky when Doc was finished, but he figured he'd be good enough to finish what he'd started.

Tom pretended to be worried about what would happen. Doc said he'd take care of him. He wasn't to worry. Doc gave Tom some pills to help him sleep. Tom didn't take them. When Devers thought Tom was asleep, he hit the sack himself.

Tom waited until he was sure Doc was well into a sound sleep. He had a hard time, but he got out of the house without waking Devers. He got into his car and shoved off.

First, Tom drove to Rufe's house, for that letter to the sheriff Rufe said he was keeping in the safe. Doris was waiting there for him, and she had it. She was white and shaky, but pretty cool. Now that they had gone this far, she had hardened up. She could hardly wait now.

She had that look in her eyes. It did something to Tom. But she pushed him off, told him to come back when it was finished. They'd have a couple of hours before he had to get back to Doc's place.

She was right. He was a little surprised at himself. After the rough night he'd had. He got into the car and drove off.

The light was on in Rufe's office. Tom parked the car down the road and looked in the window. Rufe was sitting at his desk, hunched over the books. He didn't even hear the door to his office open. He didn't know he wasn't alone until Tom stood by the desk. Rufe got up cursing.

Then he relaxed and grinned. He was a big man, big enough to take care of Tom any time. Maybe he'd have some more fun. He started for Tom, but he was brought up short, and he raised his hands. He wasn't smiling anymore. Not when he saw what Tom had in his hand.

It was ugly looking, short and black. It was pointed straight at Rufe's big belly. It made a big difference, and Rufe knew it.

Tom was smiling now. He was going to have the fun. He let Rufe plead and beg. It sounded good to him. Rufe got to be a changed character. It turned out he had no hard feelings toward Tom. He

never had. Tom should know that. Rufe always liked him. If Tom would just forget the whole thing, they'd work out a deal. Tom would be a full partner.

Tom didn't say a thing. He just watched him sweat. And Rufe was sure sweating. Rufe swore he'd never meant to turn Tom in. It was just good business—what he'd done. Surely Tom knew how that was. He'd have done the same thing himself. Wouldn't he?

Tom solemnly agreed. No doubt about it. It was smart business to cash in when you had a man by the short hairs. Just the same, Tom kept holding the gun steady on Rufe's belly.

Rufe was panting now. Yeah. Sure. But he'd never figured on turning Tom in, he'd never have used that letter in the safe. He was no stool pigeon.

Tom just picked up the letter on the desk, the letter to the sheriff. Rufe had forgotten that. Tom was still and quiet, like a snake just before it strikes. But he couldn't resist the chance to let Rufe in on the whole deal. So Rufe thought he'd hang for murder?

Rufe did. He tried to tell Tom what killing him would mean. The death house.

Tom shook his head slowly. In one-syllable words, he explained to Rufe just what the frame was. Just how he would beat the rap. Just how he and Doris would spend all of Rufe's hard-saved money. He showed Rufe the letter from his safe. The letter Doris had given him. Told him how he had got it.

So Rufe made the move, the one Tom was waiting for. Tom side-stepped and slugged him with the butt of the gun. Rufe went down like a poled ox.

Tom was glad that he didn't have to shoot. Someone might have heard it.

HE FINISHED up quickly. When he got through with Rufe, when he got through with the office, the place sure looked like a maniac had cut loose. That's what he intended. He left prints. Evidence pointing to himself. He wanted to be sure there would be no doubt he'd committed the crime.

Then he searched the place to make sure there was nothing but the letter to worry about. There was nothing. The letter he'd get rid of on the way.

Doc was still snoring when Tom let himself in after leaving Doris. He felt fine. He didn't think he'd sleep. Though he'd have to lie there and wait it out. But he slept like a new-born baby without a care in the world.

The next day Joe, the bartender, found Rufe. What was left of him. Joe went outside and threw up. Then he called the cops. He was still shaking when they got there. He couldn't talk. He just pointed to the office. They hurried in.

Those prowl-car cops had been around plenty. But they were green around the gills when they came out. They sat outside and waited after calling homicide. They shook, too.

But not O'Hara. Detective Lieutenant O'Hara never shook. He just got mad. Mad all through, whenever he worked on a murder case. That's why he was such a good man at homicide. O'Hara was a tough, up-from-the-ranks, hard-boiled cop. He hated crime, criminals—and lawyers.

One look around Rufe's office, and he was a roaring bull. He got all the people rounded up. Doris, Gussie, all the employees. In short order, he got the story of Rufe and Tom Bishop. He wanted to know where Bishop was.

Gussie told him. Gussie couldn't tell him enough. He finally had to shut her up. He liked Doris better for his case. Quiet and frightened. The sad, bereaved widow. An eyeful. O'Hara could see her on the stand. With those legs, he had a perfect case. Clear-cut and simple. Doris would make a fine witness. It was a breeze. He'd get his vacation on time after all.

Doc was up early. He looked in on Tom. He was sleeping. Doc figured to let him sleep, the longer the better.

When O'Hara showed up, Doc tried to stop him. O'Hara and the others brushed right by him and made for the room where Tom was.

Tom was still asleep. That seemed to jolt O'Hara for a moment. He looked down at Tom and shook his head. This topped anything in his experience. And that was considerable.

O'Hara wasn't too gentle about waking Tom. He began to get sore right away.

Tom knew from nothing. He'd been nowhere. He'd done nothing. He was horrified at O'Hara's accusation. He wouldn't break down. He remembered his lessons. He got excited. Violent. Then apathetic. Catatonic.

O'Hara had seen all that before. He was sure it was a fake. He sensed the act instinctively, even though the others fell for it. So he tried. Tried hard. But it didn't work. Tom had rehearsed himself too well.

O'Hara got grim. He could see where the case was going. Another killer copping an insanity plea. Still, he wasn't too worried right then. He'd handled those before. It just made it a little more complicated. He told the boys to get Tom to the clink and book him. He didn't really think he was psycho, but he told them to keep someone watching all the time, just in case.

It didn't take long before O'Hara found out he was fighting a real tough one. Bishop remembered nothing, had nothing to say. He just wanted his lawyer. He had his way. The prison docs refused to permit further questioning.

The papers got the story, of course. Doris was good copy. So was Doc. He beat his breast and blamed himself. To the sob sisters, he was a noble old man with a heart of gold.

Tom's lawyer asked the judge to appoint a lunacy commission. The judge set a time for the hearing.

Doris put in an appearance. Gussie, Doc, and the others had their moments. The prison doctors reported. To them the prisoner looked like a psycho. O'Hara and the D.A. fought the good fight. Hopelessly. O'Hara got mad—and showed it. The judge bawled him out. That didn't help O'Hara's ulcer.

The lunacy commission was appointed.

O'Hara had to cancel his vacation after all. Things got grim around the homicide bureau. Everything they turned up made Bishop's plea look better. All the witnesses were sure Bishop had been off his rocker for a long time. Just as O'Hara was sure he wasn't. But it looked as if O'Hara couldn't prove it.

That's what the D.A. told him. But O'Hara kept at it. With any break at all, he figured he'd still get an indictment for murder. He figured Doris would help.

That's one time he figured wrong. That's where he got a real big shock.

The commission was ready to report. The D.A. called O'Hara in. He'd got an advance report. They'd found Tom legally insane. They thought he still was. Technically that meant he "was not nor had been aware of the nature of his act." There was no question that he had killed Rufe. He himself admitted as much now.

To O'Hara that was hogwash. He said as much. He got the D.A. steamed up enough to fight the decision. He lined up some experts himself. Not that he believed in that stuff. He would have preferred some time in a basement room with Bishop.

THEN DORIS testified: It turned out she missed Rufe. Sure, she did. Yet she couldn't feel hate for poor Tom Bishop. She was just sorry for him. Besides, she wasn't vindictive. Persecuting a poor demented man wouldn't help. Wouldn't bring back her loving husband.

O'Hara's stomach turned over.

The judge thought she was full of Christian charity.

Doris wept. She was fair, honest. She

admitted that Rufe had been tough. Had given Tom Bishop a bad ride. Yes—it had gone on for some time. Yes, it could have been jealousy. No, there was no excuse for it.

The D.A. couldn't shake that. He couldn't shake the testimony of the bartender, of Gussie, of the handyman, the waiters. They all had their say. They told about Tom's strange behavior. Sincerely and effectively.

Tom was satisfied. He'd done a perfect job.

O'Hara cussed and swallowed some pills. The D.A. glowered at him. He began to doubt O'Hara. Began to believe Tom was really nuts. The D.A. was a decent man, an honest one, and he was worried.

It got worse when the commission experts testified. The D.A. was helpless.

Tom's lawyer made the most of them. Tom's lawyer was no dope. Tom could see that. Tom was pleased.

Tom didn't take the stand. He didn't need to. He just sat and looked pathetic.

The clincher was Doc Devers. He really gave out. He had pulled himself together. Even O'Hara was surprised. He not only sounded impressive—the old bum looked impressive.

Doc didn't go so much for the medical stuff. He made his pitch a personal one. He blamed himself. He told how he loved Tom like a son. He told how Tom had come to him for help. What had happened? He had failed him. Let him down. He had let Tom wander around, unstable, sick, when he should have been in a hospital under treatment—watched and cared for. Doc pulled out all the stops.

He was good. Everyone felt that, even O'Hara. Because Doc meant it. It wasn't an act. O'Hara hated Doc for fouling up his case, but he had to admit he was sincere. Tom was pleased again. He'd picked a perfect pigeon.

The D.A. didn't even question Doc. He just gave up. He knew he was licked, even if O'Hara didn't.

The judge committed Tom to the state hospital for the criminally insane. From there on, he'd have to sweat it out alone.

THE STATE hospital for the criminally insane was a shock. Something less than a hospital and more than a prison. Suspicion and hate hung like a black threatening cloud over all. To each man, the others were enemies, who might strike suddenly and fatally.

As a result of the nature of his crime, Tom was placed alone for observation. He was treated gently but impersonally. Alone, he'd wake up at night, hearing sounds and thinking thoughts that made him want to scream the truth. That made him fear for his sanity and, believing in it again, made him fear each hand near him.

Only after weeks of constant guile and guardedness was the watching over him relaxed. Yet he himself never could relax.

Step by step, surrounded by horror and the sudden passions of the inmates, he plotted his release. Day by day, he was tested and treated. He pretended to regain his mental balance. Each move was under the searching eyes of a coldly skeptical, machinelike system. The answer to each question was precisely and dispassionately recorded. Each question was asked and re-asked.

He'd lie awake and wonder if he'd made a slip.

He lived with the specter of the death house or of the padded cell. Time stood still.

They gave him blocks to play with. Ink blots to see pictures in. Word tests to react to. Lights shone in his eyes. Hammers tapped his muscles.

When a man must lie to save his life, and each lie must be repeated a thousand times, how could he hope to remember what he never dared forget?

What was his mother like? Had he hated his father? Where were his schooldays spent? What frightened him? What made him glad? What God did he worship? What devil did he fear? Lift this. Bend that. What dreams did he dream when he slept? What thoughts did he think when he woke? When he failed to answer, the questions came again later. When he did answer, they came again as well. And how was he to be sure that he gave the right answers? No sign came from the cold eyes that watched him. No word came from the lips that quizzed him. Sometimes he almost envied the others. They dwelt in a world beyond reason. Without hope, without feeling. Without joy, but without despair.

DR. PAUL WILLIAMS was Tom's doctor. He was a physician and scientist, without any outside interests. Later, he found out his error. Later, he accepted its responsibilities. Now he was interested only in his work and his family.

The Bishop case interested Dr. Williams more and more. In all his years of study, he'd never come across such classic conditions. Response to treatment was immediate, improvement rapid. It was a lovely case. Dr. Williams was very pleased. He suspected nothing. Why should he? He was a scientist. He had a perfect case. One for the book—his new book.

His study of Tom Bishop went along without a single complication.

Until O'Hara showed up.

O'Hara hadn't forgotten Tom Bishop. He came on visitor's day. They brought Tom out. Tom was a trusted convalescent now. One look at O'Hara, and he froze. Then he decided to face up to O'Hara and have it out. It had to come sometime. In a way, it would be a final test.

Tom faced O'Hara. Wanted to know what he wanted. O'Hara ached for a rubber hose. As that was out, he tried the next best thing. He began to ride Tom. He needled him about Doris. He talked as if he had a setup case, as if he couldn't wait to get Tom back in court. It worked. Tom began to get panicky. But he had an out. When O'Hara got too much for him, Tom blew his top. He had seen others there do it often enough. So he knew what to do. He blew.

The attendants came running. They were always on the watch for things like that. Still O'Hara wouldn't quit. He was sure it was an act. He felt he was breaking it down.

Dr. Williams came out. He ordered Tom taken in. He rounded on O'Hara, and gave him hell. O'Hara had no right to disturb his patient, to cause a setback.

O'Hara wanted to know if that was true even when he was trying to solve a crime—a murder.

Williams brushed that off. He was a doctor. Crime meant nothing to him. The law meant nothing to him. His job was to heal the patient. He'd been doing it. Once cured, the man would be turned over to the law. Williams' interest stopped then. O'Hara's started then. Not before.

O'Hara burned. He told Williams what he thought of doctors who didn't give a damn about killers at large. Then he stalked off.

Tom watched it all from the window of his room.

Williams hurried to his patient. Tom handled that. He was upset, but he responded to treatment easily. Dr. Williams was satisfied. O'Hara hadn't done too much damage.

The great day of the medical-board hearing came at last. Tom's case was to be reviewed, his status determined.

Tom felt pretty good. Things were shaping up fine. When he saw O'Hara sitting there in the corner of the room, he didn't feel quite so good. But he shrugged it off. He knew why O'Hara was there: to take him back for trial. Okay. That's what Tom wanted, too. That was the road to freedom. Tom relaxed.

Dr. Paul Williams saw O'Hara, too. But after that day, what happened was none of the doctor's business.

Paul gave the history of his case. Step by step. Move by move. They all agreed. A classic case. Ideal response. Perfect handling. Some of the docs asked questions. Paul answered, or got Tom to answer. Tom knew what was expected. He had the answers ready.

One old doc scared him, though. He wanted to know if there wasn't danger in releasing Tom so soon. He was worried over the fact that Tom's case was so ideal. A textbook version—rarely found outside the books. Generally, schizophrenia was more complicated. It blended with various other forms.

Tom realized what he'd done, where the flaw was. He'd faked the text version too closely. He was frightened. The old man kept on talking, and Tom didn't like what he said. He pointed out that, at best, Tom's violence was proof of instability, evidence of a "psychopathic personality." They should be cautious about releasing him, be sure no further violence was indicated. Tom's cure seemed too rapid, too good to be true. Tom got a feeling of panic. He looked around at O'Hara.

O'Hara just looked disgusted. This was so much tripe to O'Hara.

Tom watched Dr. Williams. Paul was listening. He was looking at Tom very thoughtfully.

Paul looked over at O'Hara, too. He was beginning to wonder if O'Hara really had something. If O'Hara could be right.

But the other docs disagreed. They were glad to have a chance to see such a rare case. They were especially grateful to Dr. Williams. He had handled the case beautifully. Paul brightened. He was relieved. He completed his report. But he was still uneasy over the question that had crossed his mind. The doubt was there.

The board had heard enough. They ruled that Tom was now sane. His release was approved. Tom was taken out.

Paul thanked the board. Then he asked O'Hara to come to his office. Alone with O'Hara, Paul loosened up. He told O'Hara he wanted to know what happened next. O'Hara told him, in no uncertain terms. The way things looked, Tom would be tried, acquitted, and set free. Even though he was guilty, guilty as hell. And once acquitted, the killer was protected by law from further jeopardy. Nothing could convince O'Hara that Tom

Bishop hadn't framed the whole deal, hadn't banked on the double-jeopardy clause. Just as others had used the same racket. Only Tom had been better, smarter than most.

O'Hara was plenty sore. As far as he was concerned, Tom Bishop could thank Dr. Williams for making it all possible.

O'Hara left and Paul sat there, thoughtful and worried. O'Hara had given him plenty to think about. If he'd been fooled, he was guilty of turning a murderer loose, free to kill again. It was a big *if*. It was hard to prove. But it was there.

Meanwhile, Tom had been taken downtown to the jail. He figured that so far he'd played his part well. He wondered if Doris had done as well in her role.

SHE HAD, with two exceptions. One way or other, she'd got rid of employees who might have been damaging witnesses, except Gussie, of course. Doris liked Gussie too much. She didn't figure Gussie to be any trouble. She could handle her. Doris was right—to a point.

Doris had slipped up in one other detail. She hadn't got the insurance money. She'd tried, tried hard. She got tough with the company and demanded it.

So did O'Hara get tough. He told the company to hold it up. They agreed: why wouldn't they?

Doris kept after them. They had to make some move, so they sent an adjuster around.

Mr. Oscar Tedley was a very unctuous insurance adjuster. Very cheerful, too. But he frightened Doris. He started out by assuring her—yes, indeedy—that she was a very lucky woman. That was, assuming that everything was regular and clear, on the up-and-up, so to speak.

Doris wanted to know what he meant: what was so lucky about losing a devoted husband?

Mr. Tedley was very soothing. He simply meant that if anyone had to lose a husband, it was lucky he had been so thoughtful and so considerate as to have made provision for the future by carrying insurance. Such heavy coverage, too—one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. A widow—a young and attractive one—could look forward to a life of ease and comfort, thanks to such foresight. In spite of the sad circumstances, it made him, in a sense, happy to prove that the functions of the company he represented served such a good purpose. So many people misunderstood the value of insurance, its protection for the helpless and unhappy.

Doris appreciated that. She wanted to know what formalities had to be gone through.

Mr. Tedley dismissed those airily. Just matters of form. He regretted them. He was sure she understood. Costs of premiums were based on disbursements. The company aimed to keep costs low, of course. So he had to make a careful checkup, especially with regard to the payment of any large sum of money such as this.

Mr. Tedley went on to explain that he was sure that Doris, like so many women sheltered from life's uglinesses, had no idea of how often attempts were made to victimize insurance companies.

While he was preparing his paper forms, he told of some of the cases his company had been through, cases involving crimes committed for insurance money. Such ingenuity. Such rascality and depravity! He shook his head.

Doris wanted to know what that had to do with her. Her policy was paid up. The insurance money was due. When would she be paid?

Mr. Tedley was sure it would be soon. If it were only up to him, she'd be paid that day. But, unfortunately, he was just a small cog in a giant machine. The head of his department was a hard and suspicious man. When there was the slightest question of an irregularity, he was inclined to force the policyholder to sue.

Doris was shocked. What did he mean? There was no question in her case. How dare he suggest such a thing?

Oscar Tedley's manner changed slightly. He was still sympathetic, but he did want her to understand it was out of his hands. He was prepared to tell her, privately, that there was some difficulty. He was sure it would all be straightened out. But it was possible, just barely possible, that she'd have to go to court and sue. He hoped she would sue. He hoped she'd win. He himself, just between the two of them, would like to see his boss get his comeuppance. He was entirely too hard.

Doris was scared stiff at the idea of being forced into court.

Tedley made it clear how far the company would go to win the case. Prying into her private life, questioning her friends. The police hadn't the time or funds to track down witnesses, but the insurance company had.

Doris demanded to know what reason the company had to act in such a way.

Mr. Tedley confided that the police, in the person of one Lieutenant O'Hara, had been to the company's office. He hadn't said anything specific, but his manner had implied that he suspected some irregularity. The fact was, and this was most confidential, that this O'Hara person had been closeted with Mr. Tedley's boss for some time, and it appeared he had definitely suggested that payment be held up pending further investigation.

And there it was. Mr. Tedley's hands were tied. It might be months, maybe longer, before the company would be able to release the money. He hoped it would inflict no special hardship on a poor, unfortunate widow.

Doris got rid of Mr. Tedley finally. But before he left, he wanted to know what she had decided to do about the insurance. Would she take the company into court? Or would she prefer to wait?

Doris was almost airy as she assured him she'd wait. She saw no reason for incurring the expense of a suit.

Mr. Tedley sounded almost sad about that. He assured her that the court would award her costs. The company would have to pay—in the event she won, of course. But, actually, he thought her decision was wise. Such suits were so unpleasant. So messy. So many unpleasant matters came out that were best not exposed to public review. After all, we all have our little secrets, said Mr. Tedley archly as he bowed himself out.

Doris didn't like the way he said it.

PAUL WILLIAMS' wife was an understanding woman who knew when her husband was bothered. She also knew enough to say nothing and wait it out.

After a wait, Paul told her about Tom Bishop and O'Hara. There was a chance he'd been fooled by a very smart—a brilliant—trick. He argued that it wasn't his job to act as detective. That was police work.

Beatrice Williams pointed out that he had a duty beyond his work. He didn't know for sure he'd been fooled. It was up to him to find out. Beatrice won.

So Paul decided to take his wife out on a date. The Rumpus Room was not the sort of place he liked. But that was where they went. They got a table near the front, ordered drinks, and watched Doris do her number.

Doc was there that night. He spotted them and came over. Paul invited him to join them. And Beatrice was charming to the old man. Doc warmed to her charm. She got him to open up a bit about himself. Doc was a little too expansive, and Paul realized where Tom had got his knowledge of psychiatry.

It wasn't long before Doc gave him an opening. Doc wanted to talk about Tom. He wanted to thank Paul for taking such good care of his friend.

Paul worked round to telling Doc what O'Hara thought. Doc got mad. O'Hara was an ape. He was persecuting Tom.

"Have you reached a verdict?"

The boy was sick. . . . Paul saw he'd get nowhere with Doc.

By now, Doris had finished her number. Paul wanted to talk to her. He left Beatrice and the old man happily talking together.

Doris was in her dressing room, relaxing with a cigarette and a drink. The door was open. Paul knocked just the same. Doris didn't know him, but she smiled anyway. She was the friendly type. She told him to come on in and sit down.

He told her his name and explained who he was.

Doris stopped smiling and pulled her robe tighter. Under the pressure, the curves stood out more. She told him to sit down. She was at ease. Paul found he was nervous. It made him feel clumsy. Doris saw that. She smiled once more. She asked what he wanted? He fumbled for the right words—Did she know that Tom was due for trial? She did. Well, he wondered how she felt about it. She told him she felt okay. She expected to be called to testify. She would. She had no feeling about it.

Paul wondered if maybe she'd bear Tom a grudge? She assured him she wouldn't. She'd always liked Tom. She understood that in a way he'd been driven to do what he'd done. Now, she understood he was well again. She didn't see any point in persecuting him. Anyway, the law would take its course. She shrugged. That was good enough for her.

Paul asked how she knew so much about Tom's present status. . . . had she seen him? Doris grinned at him. The answer was no. But Doc had. Doc kept her informed. Doc had a lot of faith in Tom, and in his cure.

Paul was still feeling his way. He got frank with her. He wasn't so sure about Tom. He didn't have Doc's faith.

Doris looked at him. Took time to light another cigarette--time to think, to try to figure out how to handle this. She decided to be direct: What did all that have to do with her? Why had Dr. Williams come to her?

He gave it to her straight. He was Tom's doctor. He knew psychotics. How tricky their cure could be. How easily they might relapse. How quickly they could return to violence. He was worried. That's why he'd come to her. He was worried.

Doris still took it easy. What was he worried about? Didn't he think she could handle Tom if he were acquitted? If he came near her? Paul tried to make his answer sound real. Sound frightening enough. And to any innocent person, it would have.

He told her that Tom's history indicated that his violence, his feeling about Rufe might come back. It might flare up and be aimed at her. He wanted her to be prepared to protect herself.

He watched Doris carefully as he laid it on. She listened to every word he said, without one trace of worry or fear. With an easy smile.

When he finished, she laughed out loud. Told him to forget it. She wasn't scared. That, he could see, was true.

SOON afterward Paul left. He'd got what he came for. He was sure now. No woman, unless she knew for sure, could have taken his warning so calmly. Doris had to know Tom was faking in order to act that way. To be that sure, she had to be in on it. And he'd found out in time to convict Bishop.

The next day, Paul got to O'Hara. O'Hara wasn't impressed. So Williams finally agreed with him: so what? There was nothing he could do. Psychiatric diagnosis wasn't evidence. Not in a court of law. Privately, O'Hara thought it was bunk anywhere.

Paul got stubborn. He tried to make O'Hara see that the behavior of people, their reactions, was as sure evidence as a fingerprint, if handled by an expert.

O'Hara laughed. It was thanks to the experts Tom Bishop was going free, remember?

Dr. Williams wanted time. For what? More tests, more ink blots? Bunk. None of that was the kind of evidence that held up in court. And they were about due to go into court, try Bishop, see him acquitted, see him walk out free.

Paul Williams sat there, beat and mad. He eyed a heavy paperweight lying on the desk. He felt like using it to knock sense into O'Hara's thick skull. But he didn't. Someone knocked on the door.

O'Hara was wanted in the line-up room. They'd got the witnesses in to identify Buggsy Kent. O'Hara told Paul to come along. He'd show him what was evidence and how they got it.

On the way, O'Hara told him about Buggsy. He was a racketeer hood. A strong-arm mobster, sent out to beat up neighborhood shopkeepers when they didn't pay up.

Buggsy was up there in the light when they came in. Cocky as hell, grinning and sure of himself.

The cop with the file read his record. His voice was dry, monotonous, impersonal.

It was quite a record. Plenty of arrests, but no convictions.

Paul saw a half-dozen men there, the witnesses. He got the picture. Buggsy got off each time because no one dared testify against him.

Buggsy laughed and gagged. It was all a big joke to him. Nobody got nothing on him. Anybody tried, they was always sorry.

The witnesses got the threat.

Then the dry official voice spoke of Buggsy's mother and father, good decent people. They were dead. It spoke of his sister. Her suicide.

PAUL noticed that Buggsy stopped acting so tough. He shut up for a while. But the voice tolled on, and Buggsy began to talk again. He was defensive now. He didn't like them talking about his mother and father. They'd been good people. His sister, too. His sister had been a good girl. Nobody could say anything against her.

Paul noted that he spluttered and slipped a couple of times. He said Sis for Miss, Sister for Mister.

The cops needled him about picking on small-time shopkeepers. They wanted to know why he didn't go for bigger game. He claimed he was such a big shot, didn't he?

Buggsy admitted he hated the shopkeepers. Hated them all. He loved to see them get it so it hurt.

The waiting witnesses there got it all right. One by one they refused to identify him.

Buggsy got back his good humor. He saw himself getting out in short order.

Then Paul asked if he could talk to Buggsy. O'Hara hesitated. Buggsy began to beef. That burned O'Hara. He told Paul to go ahead.

Paul began to talk to Buggsy, quietly but persistently. He wanted to know why he bit his nails.

That startled Buggsy. Such a nutty question. He laughed. He just needed a manicure. The quiet man wanted to know why his face twitched? Buggsy didn't know. When had it started? He didn't remember. Was it when his sister died? When she killed herself? Buggsy got sullen. Maybe. He didn't remember.

The man wanted to know why she'd killed herself. Buggsy said it was none of his business. Was it because she'd been a bad girl?

Buggsy blew up. She was a *good* girl. A wonderful girl. He'd loved her. She'd taken care of him. He was almost crying. It was because of what the man had done to her.

What man?

That stopped Buggsy. He clammed up again.

The voice went on. The questions about his sister continued. They broke

him down, and finally he started and then couldn't stop talking.

Yes, it was the man's fault. A man who had a store in the neighborhood. She never told them who. She was going to have a baby. The man had run out on her, after promising to marry her. So she'd killed herself. But she was good. She was a wonderful sister. He'd got even, all right. He'd made them pay.

The more Buggsy talked, the more he confessed. The cops finally had what they wanted, real evidence. They hauled him off.

O'Hara had heard enough, too. Paul had made his point.

DISTRICT Attorney Hadden was normally a patient character. He wasn't normal now. He jumped O'Hara as soon as he came in, ignoring Dr. Williams.

It seemed Bishop's lawyer demanded the release of his client—or immediate trial. The court had refused further delay. Date for the trial was set.

Hadden was sore as a boil at O'Hara. Claimed he'd boxed him into a lousy position. He'd got stay after stay, at O'Hara's insistence. Now he had to try Bishop, and see him acquitted for lack of evidence. All because O'Hara had come up with nothing.

O'Hara sat and took it, while Hadden stamped about chewing his cigar. No case, and all because he had followed O'Hara's hunch about Bishop. Hadden had always thought Bishop was a real psycho. He still thought so. Now what was he to do? Go into court and make a sucker of himself?

Paul spoke up then. He told Hadden Tom Bishop was no psycho. He told him what Tom was: a killer. A deliberate, premeditating murderer. He couldn't be let go. He had to be convicted.

Hadden gaped at Paul as though he saw him for the first time. He wanted to know why the hell he hadn't kept Bishop in the nut house? That would have solved everything.

Finally, Hadden quieted down and listened. By the time Paul paused, Hadden was convinced. But stumped. They'd been suckered. Beautifully. He shrugged. Okay. He'd go in and do the best he could. He had little hope. With what they were up against, Bishop looked certain to get away with the best-planned homicide on record. The perfect crime.

Hadden wasn't sore now. He looked grim and gray. He, too, hated criminals. He sighed, and told O'Hara to get together what he could. Hadden would do his best to get a conviction.

Paul wasn't through, though. He'd been thinking: There *was* something to do, something that might work—might trap the killer. Hadden and O'Hara looked at him, Hadden skeptical, O'Hara hopeful. He'd seen Paul operate.

Paul explained that there was one way to get Bishop: Let him go, without trial—then they could bring him back for trial later. Meanwhile, they'd use his own trick and trap him with it. Use his knowledge of psychos. Trick him as he had tricked the law and the doctors.

Paul got his steam up. The other two went right along with him: Bishop had studied insanity minutely. All the symptoms had been engraved on his memory. So they'd let him go, and then they'd make him think he was going crazy. Make him believe he was really insane. Step by step, they'd fake the symptoms. They'd plant illusions, create hallucinations. Convince him he had amnesia. Break him down. Or, if he managed to hold out, his accomplice would break down. What would happen if Doris thought she was tied to a homicidal maniac? One of the two would crack up. That's all they needed.

That way they'd get Bishop. Get him for the chair.

Paul made it sound good. Hadden and O'Hara were convinced. Hadden didn't relish the shellacking he'd have to take in court when it looked as if he were throwing in the sponge. But he agreed to go along.

O'Hara didn't waste any time. He got together all the men from the homicide squad. He got the heads of the other departments in on it, too: the downtown detail, the safe and loft squad, the traffic squad, the arson squad. O'Hara wanted all the tricks any of them knew.

O'Hara got them into the line-up room. Paul stood up in the light, where Buggsy had stood. He told them what they had to do. They were a hard-boiled crew. A few of them laughed at him. O'Hara had to get tough before they settled down to listen.

But by the time Paul got through, they were all for him. O'Hara let them go with a warning that there was to be no leak. The whole stunt depended on secrecy. They got the point.

TOM BISHOP felt pretty good when he got into court. Everything had gone as he'd planned. Smooth as silk. His lawyer told him he was a cinch to get off. His lawyer wasn't worried. Except about his fee.

Tom wasn't worried about that. The dough would be waiting. Plenty of it.

He saw Doris among the witnesses. She looked a little tense. He took a chance and smiled at her. It wouldn't be long now. Soon he'd be free. Tom was a happy character.

The judge told the D.A. to start his case, and Tom got his first real shock.

Hadden wouldn't start the trial. He asked the court to make an entry for the record of nolle prosequi. No prosecution, that meant. No decision. Maybe later. Not right now.

The judge looked grim. He wanted to know if the D.A. realized what he was doing. What that meant? The court would have to release the prisoner. Hadden nodded miserably. He made an effort to excuse himself. He was half-hearted.

The judge let Hadden have it with both barrels. He reprimanded Hadden as an inefficient, inept public servant.

Hadden shot a sour look at O'Hara while he stood and took the scorching. O'Hara looked bland. He had never liked lawyers anyway. Even those on his side. O'Hara loved every minute of it.

Tom Bishop didn't. His plan was to be acquitted. He got to his lawyer. Told him to insist on a trial.

The lawyer thought he was nuts. Really nuts. In a trial, there was always a chance something would go wrong. He wanted Tom to settle for the nolle prosequi and release.

Tom wouldn't. He forced his lawyer to speak up, to insist that his client was entitled to have his name cleared. The judge agreed. But Hadden stuck to his plea. Miserably, desperately, grimly. But he stuck.

The judge gave up. The court, perforce, released Tom Bishop. Tom Bishop was free. The newspaper people got to him for pictures and an interview. They tried to get to Hadden, too. He brushed by them and got out, fast.

The story was a five-day wonder in the press. Then a Sunday-school teacher took an ax to her husband, and the Bishop case slipped into obscurity.

Tom had a long, long time to make up for. He started to make up for it right away. Doris was waiting for him. Ready and waiting. They didn't waste any time.

It was quite a welcome. She had a long time to make up for, too. Longer than she'd ever waited for a man before. She'd been thinking of things to do and ways to do them to show how long she'd waited.

But it had to stop some time. It was then that Tom learned about the money, Tedley, and the trouble she'd had. Learned that she was back working in the Rumpus Room, where business wasn't too good. She told him the deal for the place had fallen through after what happened to Rufe.

So Tom found out there was only the dough Rufe left. No big wad of insurance money. That brought him down to earth fast.

It made him mad as hell, and he showed it. Doris didn't like that. Again she got the feeling that he didn't really give a damn about her. But this time there was nothing she could do about it.

She told him about the session with Tedley, and how it had scared her. He didn't give a damn. He hadn't gone through what he had just for what was left now. He raised hell, insisted that she get after the insurance company. Sue if necessary. They *had* to get that money!

She pleaded with him. She'd rather take what they could get for the place, forget the insurance dough, and get out of town, fast and far away.

Tom laughed at her. Was she nuts?

He told her to get after the money. When she said she would, he cheered up and got friendly again.

Doris relaxed. Maybe Tom knew best. Maybe she was stupid to worry, to want to run away.

She wasn't stupid. But they didn't find that out until it was too late.

Tom took what money there was and started the splurge they'd planned. Days, they went to the races. Nights, he hung around with Doc and Gussie at the joint. The neon light simply said "Rumpus Room" now, without Rufe's name. Rufe was gone, and nobody cared.

The first Monday, when the place was closed, he and Doris and Doc and Gussie went to the fights. Afterward they stopped off at a night spot, the best in town.

That's where O'Hara's men went to work for the first time. That's when Tom Bishop began to sweat.

He liked driving up in his new convertible, slipping the captain a ten spot, and getting the best table in the place. He liked what Doris had to tell him about Tedley and how nice he'd been. Tedley had assured her that now, since it was all over, she'd be getting the money almost any day.

But Tom felt confused and baffled when the man with the blonde came up and greeted him as if they were old buddies. He started to talk about the races and thanked Tom for the tip he'd given them. The man acted a little drunk, and he was stubborn like a drunk, too. He insisted he'd promised Tom to put something on the horse for him—he'd looked all over after the race, but just couldn't find Tom. He insisted on giving Tom his winnings.

The big blonde with him caused most of the trouble. She got sore when Tom didn't remember ever seeing them before. She decided that they were being snubbed. Okay. She, for one, could take a hint. She went off in a huff, dragging her boyfriend along. He slapped the money on the table for Tom and walked away.

Doris and Doc and Gussie tried to kid Tom about it. He kept insisting he was right. They said he must have been loaded; he'd been to the track that day, hadn't he? He'd bet on the horse, hadn't he? Sure—he must have been fried.

The ribbing made Tom madder. It spoiled the whole evening. He wouldn't touch the money. He acted as if it were jinxed. Gussie took the dough. Folding money never carried a curse for Gussie.

At headquarters, it was charged to "incidental" expenses. O'Hara figured they'd got their money's worth. He would have been happy if he could have seen Tom Bishop's face that night. It was a slightly haunted face. Tom Bishop didn't like the things he'd started to think.

O'Hara kept working on Tom, needling him. He called him in, just to check up. There was nothing Tom could do about it.

Cops came to Doris, too. They were vague, impersonal, and very official. She was baffled and frightened.

Tom tried to laugh it off. He didn't do it well.

Gussie was no help. She felt she had to tell her pals about the police visits. And she did it in great detail.

They let Doc alone, though. They never went near him. That much Tom found out.

Then something else like the night-club business happened. Only it was in reverse, this time.

Tom and Doris were in the car, going through town. It was a nice, clear, cheerful, sunny day. Tom had forgotten his worries. He felt good.

He told her about a man he had met at the Rumpus Room bar. He was a jeweler, had a shop in town. The place was small, but he handled only good stuff, custom-made. The guy had been fried that night when Tom met him. Fried and burned up.

He'd made a bracelet on special order for a customer. Laid out quite a lot of dough on it. Now he was stuck. The customer had run out.

Tom had gone over to the place the next day and had seen the bracelet. It was a hell of a bargain. They'd had a good day at the races. He'd never given Doris anything. Tom wanted to know how she felt about running over to take a look at the bracelet? If she liked it, it was hers. The jeweler had promised to hold it till she came in.

How did she feel about it? That was a laugh. She didn't even have to see it. If Tom liked it, it was good enough for her.

Then it happened again. This time it was tough for Doris, too. After that build-up she'd got, expecting a fancy bracelet.

Tom seemed to know where he was going. He parked the car and said the shop was around the corner.

They walked round the corner. There was no jewelry store there. No jewelry store anywhere around—not on that block, not on the next. Nowhere.

Where Tom thought it ought to be, was a haberdashers' shop. Small and expensive looking, like he said the jewelry place was.

The man in the shop couldn't figure out what Tom was talking about. There'd never been a jeweler there. He'd had this shop for years. Yes sir, right there in the same spot. Doris was disgusted. She made Tom take her home.

Tom didn't like what was happening to him. He could see Doc thought he was imagining things. Doc was afraid for Tom. That made Tom mad. Tom was beginning to be afraid, too. Things had happened to make him afraid, things he didn't dare tell anyone.

Paul Williams was right. Tom was beginning to sweat it out. He'd read those books too well.

THEN they slipped him a good one. The night he went to the fights alone, he was followed all night, by a man in a porkpie hat.

After the fights, Tom went to the bar where he always went. There was the hat, in the corner booth. Finally, he saw the guy who wore it. A funny little guy. Just then the guy got up to put some money in the juke box.

Tom decided to make sure. He paid, stepped out of the joint, and slipped into a doorway near by. Sure enough, the little guy in the green hat came out, looked up the street, and hurried to the corner.

Now Tom was sure. He stopped the little guy.

Porkpie denied everything. That burned Tom. He'd figured he'd make him come through: make him admit that he had followed him all night, and that he worked for O'Hara.

It got kind of hectic. Suddenly, out of nowhere, there was a squad car. The cop came over and wanted to know what cooked.

The little guy had his say. Tom had his.

Porkpie swore he'd been in the bar for hours. He was waiting for his wife, who worked in the kitchen. She was due any minute.

Okay. That was easy to check. They went back to the bar.

Tom didn't like what came up. Six people, including the bartender, backed up the little guy. They'd all been there, watching the fights on television.

The cop looked at Tom. He wasn't friendly. Neither were the others.

Then the woman showed up. She was the little guy's wife all right, and she raised hell.

Tom was glad to get away. He went to his room and sat in the dark, shaking.

SO THE frame began to work.

Tom tried covering up, hard. Maybe too hard. Doris noticed it. Why wouldn't she? She'd been carefully prepared for just that.

It worried her, and that worried Tom. This was the one thing he hadn't thought of: that there could be one thing she wouldn't be able to take. One thing that might loosen her tongue, even if it meant her neck.

It didn't make them a gay little twosome. That was for very sure.

Williams and O'Hara kept working on him. They watched him, spied on him, tricked him. There was the night he managed to get to sleep early for a change. Music woke him, and the sounds of people having a party.

It came from the next apartment. He lay there cursing. A fine way to run a place. After a while he couldn't take it anymore. He banged on the wall. The noise stopped. He fell asleep again. It started again. He banged again.

The next time, he put his robe on and went out into the hall. He'd put a stop to it. He started banging on the next door and yelling in his rage. The house dick came up just as the door opened. Tom gaped.

There was no sign of a brawl. No sign of a party.

All he saw was a big guy in a night-shirt, rubbing his eyes, his hair mussed. Behind him was a dame, in a nightgown and robe, her hair in curlers. A guy and his wife. Just out of bed. No noise, no music, no party.

The big guy raised hell. He and his wife had been sound asleep. He wanted to know what the hell was going on. Tom just stood there, weak all over. The

house dick apologized. It didn't help. The big neighbor didn't go for it. Claimed he was the one to complain. He was the one who'd heard noise from next door, from Tom's place. He hadn't done anything about it. He would now. He, by heaven, was leaving there the next morning. He slammed the door.

The house dick told Tom he'd better figure to leave, too.

Tom got back into bed. Softly, he could hear the noise and music again. He shuddered.

In the next room, O'Hara's man was playing the record they'd made and piped into Tom's room. He grinned at the woman, and said he hoped his wife never found out how he was spending his time —she'd have him back in uniform pounding a beat.

DURING these days, Tom spent most of his time where it was crowded, where he could forget his fears. He went to the fights every chance he got.

One fellow had the seat next to him three times running. A great fight fan. A great peanut eater, too. He kept chomping away all night long. A nice guy, though. He got to talking to Tom, and they started making small bets just to keep it interesting. Tom picked one corner, Peanut Eater the other. They bet fifty cents a bout.

It was fun. Tom liked the guy. Joking and betting with him made the time pass fast, and it helped Tom forget his worries.

Peanut Eater seemed to know all about the racket, and he tipped Tom off to lots of inside dope Tom had never known.

The last night, after eating peanuts all night, he said he was hungry and asked Tom to join him in a bite to eat.

They walked over to the delicatessen-restaurant where most of the downtown crowd went for late chow. The waiter brought the menus. Tom studied his. The other guy couldn't make up his mind. Tom ordered chicken curry. His pal went for the same.

The waiter brought the curry in one casserole for both of them. It looked good. Peanut Eater smacked his lips and dug in. He sure loved food. Tom tasted his. It was nauseating. He dropped his fork and looked around to call the waiter. Peanut Eater was lapping up his curry as if he'd never eaten before!

Tom knew both portions had come out of the same dish. He tried his again. It still tasted poisonous. He couldn't touch it. He sat and watched the other man eat. His insides knotted up. What was wrong with him?

Peanut Eater finished his plateful. Mopped it up with a piece of bread. Said he'd never enjoyed a meal so much. (He was figuring to get a promotion for this job, if he lived—if the spiked curry didn't kill him.) He suddenly pretended to notice Tom hadn't eaten. He asked what was the matter, why Tom looked so funny? Why hadn't he eaten? Tom could hardly answer. He said he felt sick. He looked it.

His pal got worried. Was there something he could do? Did Tom need a doctor?

Tom just wanted to get home. Though he was scared of that, too. Maybe that's why he jumped at the offer when the man said he'd see he got home all right.

Tom would have been better off alone. More things happened. Back in his hotel room, Tom felt better. He didn't want to go right to bed. He suggested his pal stick around a while.

They had a few drinks. Talked about the fights, about baseball, things like that. They were having a good time.

Then it started.

Tom began to hear things. Queer sounds he couldn't quite make out. Voices. He couldn't tell what they were saying. He heard his name once or twice though, and Doris' name. He sat there, petrified. Lights seemed to dart around the room, flickering on and off. There were smells, too, that seemed to change from moment to moment. He got the window open, but it didn't help. Peanut Eater just kept on talking. He never batted an eye, never showed a sign of anything.

Finally it got too much for Tom. He broke down and grabbed the guy. Tom was shaking, so frightened he could hardly speak. He asked the guy if he'd heard anything, smelled anything, seen anything? The guy looked at him in a hell of a funny way and pushed Tom away from him.

No. He hadn't heard a thing. Not a single solitary thing.

Tom slumped onto the bed, and his pal got sorry for him. Told him he'd better get a doctor, a specialist. Asked him if he was hitting the bottle, or if he took dope or anything? Tom said no, but Peanut Eater obviously didn't believe him. He urged Tom to get a good doctor in the morning, not to worry too much. He went on about his cousin's husband's uncle, who went off his rocker. About how the docs cured him: it took a long time, it seemed, but they did a good job. The man started to go into explicit detail—

It was too much. Tom couldn't take it. He told Peanut Eater to shut up and get the hell out.

That stopped his friend; hurt, he took his hat and left. He was damn glad to. The curry was getting to be too much for him. Gulping, he made for the room down the hall with the detectives and the machines in it. He made it just in time, too.

PAUL figured Tom was ready now for the pay-off.

First, they stopped all the tricks. Completely.

Tom began to feel better, to think he was okay again.

So when he started out that night to go to the movies, he felt great. He still felt great when he and the crowd started pushing out of the theatre. The comedy had cheered him up fine.

Then it came.

He began to hear things. Things no one around him could have said.

He felt he was watched. He found no watchers.

He walked up the crowded, noisy avenue, bumping and pushing through the crowd, and he saw the same people—over and over again. Laughing, looking at him. He knew that couldn't be so.

Blind beggars seemed to stare at him. But they couldn't see.

Legless beggars outpaced him. That couldn't be.

Strollers he remembered passing once passed him again from the same direction.

He couldn't take it. So he left the avenue and walked down a deserted street, dark and quiet. There, alone in the night, he heard his name. It stopped him cold. He got up his nerve and turned around. There was a woman, back down the street, standing alone in front of a house. He walked back and looked at her.

She was just standing, waiting. She didn't look like anybody he'd ever seen before. But he had to be sure. Maybe she did know him. Maybe she had called to him. Or maybe she'd heard someone call.

He tried to ask her. She glared and turned away. But he had to know. He kept on questioning her, talking faster and faster. She screamed.

It was late, on a lonely street. Tom grabbed her and tried to shut her up. He was scared. A man ran out, grabbed him, socked him, and knocked him down. Tom scrambled up and tried to explain. The guy wouldn't listen.

Tom pulled away and began to run. He ran till he could hardly breathe—around corners, in and out of alleys, until he felt he was safe. Then he staggered along trying to find his way back to people.

He was in the warehouse district now,

where no lights showed, no cars or cabs passed by.

And there were steps following him—hard, firm footsteps. When he turned, they turned. When he stopped, they stopped. When he started, they started again. He was *sure* it was real—they sounded so loud, so firm and sure. There *had* to be someone there, someone back of him in the dark.

He ducked into a dark alley, doubled back, and came down another alley.

Sure enough. There was someone standing in a dim doorway, as though he were trying to hide. But Tom had been too smart for him.

Tom felt relieved. Here was something concrete to cope with. Something real, alive and tangible. He'd find out what was up.

He rushed out and grabbed the guy. Grabbed him before the man knew what was happening. Tom grinned a funny, set grin. He could see the guy was scared to death. He couldn't say a word.

Tom accused him of spying on him. Wanted to know how come. What for?

The poor sap just shook his head. He wouldn't talk. Tom pulled him out of the dim doorway and raised a fist. He'd *make* him talk.

There was a sound of sticks falling. The man slumped against him and fell to the ground. His coat slipped out of Tom's hand. Tom looked down.

A man with no legs lay covering his head in panic. He lay there, and Tom stared at him and the two rubber-tipped crutches. Those crutches couldn't sound like footsteps.

Tom Bishop turned and ran. He ran like a madman back to where there were people, back to the nearest crowded, noisy bar. He thought maybe having people around would help, and a few drinks. He thought wrong, because O'Hara wasn't through with him yet.

He got to a bar. In his condition, it didn't take him long to get drunk. But it didn't help. He was still scared. Scared of a crack-up. He went to the piano. Music would help him: his playing was a thing he could be sure of.

At first they enjoyed it. But after a while it got kind of weird. A chill settled on the joint. No one moved out, but no one bought a drink. His frenzy got to them. He sensed it, but he couldn't stop.

It was bad for business. They tried to get him to stop. He wouldn't, so they threw him out. Like a bum—into the gutter.

When he pulled himself together, he knew he was nuts.

They'd done a good job.

He needed help, and there was only one man to get it from—Doc.

HE GOT home and sent for Doc. Devers was with Gussie, but he came over. Gussie came, too. Catch her staying away when something was cooking!

Tom came clean with Doc. But he was worried about Gussie. He didn't want that baggy dame let in on it. Doc promised Gussie wouldn't know, and he tried to get rid of her quietly, but it didn't work. Gussie got it out of the old man.

She couldn't leave fast enough then. She'd been afraid of Tom all along. Doris had to be warned, so she could protect herself. Doris wouldn't want to put up with Tom the way he was now, the way it seemed he'd always be. He was too dangerous.

She was right, too. One thousand per cent. Doris sure wanted no part of a maniac. She found it easy to believe, too. It fitted all the things that had been going on. It made sense.

Doris didn't say much; she was too panicky. She had to make plans. She thanked Gussie and got rid of her. She had to figure how to get away, and where to get to.

She didn't have much dough left. Tom had been spending it too fast. She figured she'd pack, get to the bank as soon as it opened, take what money there was, and start off in the car. No, that was dangerous. Cars could be traced. It would be better to get on a plane and get away fast. But the car would get her started. From what Gussie said, she knew Doc planned to hang onto Tom long enough for her to get started.

First thing in the morning, she called Tedley and told him she wanted her insurance money. O'Hara had told Tedley to expect the call. So Tedley stalled Doris.

She offered to make a deal. She'd take half, but it had to be paid right away and in cash.

Tedley pretended to snap at the offer. He was sure the company would agree; it was too good to refuse. But it still would take some time—papers had to be signed. Then there was the matter of getting that much cash. She'd have to give him time.

Doris settled for that.

Tedley reported to O'Hara that he had her sitting tight, waiting right where they could get to her.

It was where Tom could get to her, too.

Tom got Doc to promise not to send him away before he calmed down. Doc promised and gave him a shot of dope, and Tom fell asleep.

Doc thought it would be all right to leave him for a while. That was Doc's mistake.

THE NEXT morning, Paul and O'Hara pulled the last of their stunts.

Tom was groggy when he woke. The doorbell was ringing. When he opened it, there was the little man in the green porkpie hat. He'd come to tip Tom off. He said he felt like a heel, that he wanted to let Tom know he had been framed.

The little guy gave him the whole story, and Tom caught on right away. What a sucker he'd been!

He thanked Porkpie. To show he meant it, he offered the guy some dough.

Porkpie refused. He was hurt. He hadn't done it for that. He just wanted to do what was right. His wife had made him see what a lousy trick it was.

Tom agreed she was a great little woman.

Porkpie said there was something Tom could do for him. He was in a hurry to get home. He wondered if Tom would drive him over: then Tom could come in and meet the wife.

So Tom met the Mrs. and the kids. He ate some of the cake she had just baked and listened to her gab. He patted the kids on the head, gave them each a buck. He wanted to make it more, but their mother stopped that.

Then he scrammed, a happy character.

He knew he had to do a quick job on Doc before Doc turned him in to the hospital people. He had spilled his guts to Doc. Now he had to unspill.

He found Doc wouldn't even pretend to believe him. Tom explained the whole deal, showed him how the frame had worked. But Doc wouldn't buy it. Why should he? It sounded like more of Tom's delusions. Nope, Doc wouldn't go for it. He admitted he had already arranged to commit Tom. This time, he wasn't taking any chances. Look what had happened last time!

Tom was stuck. The only way he could convince Doc was by telling him the truth about Rufe's murder. To do that would sink Tom without a trace. The old lush had a lot of faults. Condoning murder wasn't one of them. That Tom could be sure of.

He kept trying, though. Finally he got Doc to agree to talk to the man in the green porkpie hat.

Doc knew how to handle a psycho, how to go along with a gag.

Tom drove Doc to Porkpie's place. He had no trouble at all finding it. But there was no Porkpie there. No wife, no kids. Other people were in the house. Very uncooperative people. People who had never seen Tom before. Who had never heard of Porkpie.

Doc sure was convinced. There was no doubt left. He *knew* Tom was off his rocker.

Tom knew what that meant. It meant going along with Doc, until he figured another way out.

He got the chance late that night.

ONCE again he pretended to take pills. Once more he waited for Doc to start tearing off snores. Then he got away and made for Doris' place.

Doris was alone in the house. Her bags were packed. She'd cashed in what dough she could, and she was ready. But not for Tom.

Tom came in the back way, through the window, because he thought they might be watching.

They were.

Doris nearly fell apart when she saw him. She thought Doc had him in chains.

But Tom always was a good talker. After he'd told her about Porkpie, about O'Hara and Paul Williams and the whole frame, he almost got her sold. She wanted to believe him. She needed to.

Maybe she would have. But something else happened.

The doorbell rang. Three, long, drawn-out rings. It scared them. Tom quickly found a place to hide. It wasn't good, but it had to do.

When Doris opened the door, there was a cop. The prowl car was parked in the street behind him.

She had to let him in. When the cop got through talking, Doris could hardly stand up.

The office, he said, was worried about her. There'd been a report that a prowler had been seen outside her house. He pussyfooted around cautiously. He made it look good. Kept his hand on his gun all the time. He made it sound good, too.

It seemed they'd got reports about Tom Bishop. He'd been acting up. There wasn't much doubt that he was having a relapse, was dangerous. The cop and his side-kick had been specially warned to keep an eye out for Doris. To protect her.

He went upstairs. Doris stayed down by the door. She couldn't have moved if she'd wanted to.

The cop covered the whole upstairs. He saw Tom's sleeve. Tom never knew that, though: the cop had been well briefed.

When he came down, the cop apologized to Doris. He was sorry he'd disturbed her. Hoped she wasn't too upset? Doris shook her head. He left. The prowl car drove off.

Upset? It took all she had to hold herself together.

She looked at the stairs. He was up there. Mad. Waiting to kill her. She was sure of it now.

She grabbed her bags. Raced through the open door to her car, to safety.

Tom waited a while for her to come back. When he came down, he got the picture right away. She'd run out on him. He hadn't sold his pitch. She had run out on him with the money. The money he'd killed for.

He went after her.

IT DIDN'T take long to figure where she'd gone. She had only one pal, Gussie.

This time he was smarter. The gathering fog helped. He managed to lose the tail. For the first time, O'Hara's men lost track of Tom. That was too bad. It cost another life.

When he got to Gussie's place, Doris had gone. She'd told Gussie and Doc what had happened. Then she'd called Tedley, and made a last desperate pitch for the money. It was no good, so she'd given up and decided to get going as fast as possible. She'd got a plane reservation and left for the airport. Gussie had gone with her.

Doc was waiting at Gussie's. Doc knew Tom would show up there. Tom did, and that was too bad for Doc.

Doc thought Tom was his pal, that he was really sick. And Doc still wanted to help him. He didn't know that Tom was a killer—and a desperate one.

Doc tried to talk to Tom. Tried to get him to agree to accept treatment.

All Tom wanted to know was where Doris was. He pleaded. He threatened. But Doc wouldn't talk.

It cost him his life. Tom grabbed the old man, slapped him around, tried to make him give. Old Doc Devers took it all and came back for more. Still sorry for Tom. Still trying to help him.

That was too much. Tom gave him the truth. The whole truth. It didn't matter now anyway, and he was sick of Doc's trying to doctor him. He told him he'd sooner have a horse doctor. He'd always felt that way. He let the old boy have it all: He'd been used—used like the simple-minded lush he was. Used to help frame a perfect murder. And Tom would kill again before he'd let that female get clean away with the loot.

Now would Doc talk?

For Doc Devers, it all fell into place fast. It all made sense. He had been a sucker. He'd let himself, and his professional knowledge, be used.

Something happened to Doc then. He got cold sober. He made for the phone, to call O'Hara. Tom grabbed him and threw him back into his chair. He turned his gun on Doc, and reminded him he'd used a gun before. Perhaps remembering that would make Doc tell what he knew about where Doris was.

But Devers wouldn't talk. He didn't hope to save himself: After what he'd heard, he knew he was doomed. But somewhere in him, the pride he'd buried came to life.

He told Tom about the oath he'd sworn, such a long time ago, the Hippocratic Oath. He talked about how often he'd forgotten it. He told Tom what sort of man Tom was. He stripped Tom down and laid him bare. He showed him what he really looked like. Doc knew what he was doing, too. He knew he was driving Tom closer and closer to pulling the trigger of the gun he held on him. It looked as if Doc wanted to die.

Tom saw then that he'd never get what he wanted from Doc. And the thought of being stopped by a broken-down old drunk drove him nuts. He let Doc have it.

That's when the telephone rang. It rang again and again. Finally Tom lifted the receiver.

It was the airport. The fog had got too thick. They were calling to advise Mrs. Doris Reeves that all flights were temporarily canceled. Would the message be given to her?

At last Tom had what he'd come for. He left without another look at Doc.

Gussie found Doc when she got back from the airport. She wanted to get help for him, but he stopped her. He had to tell all that he'd found out quick, before he died.

Then Doc died, and Gussie's heart broke.

The two old derelicts had given each other something they'd each lost years before. Now it was lost again. But Gussie didn't weep then. First she did what she knew Doc wanted. She reached for the phone, got to O'Hara, and tipped him off.

O'Hara had been cussing out his men for losing track of Tom. Gussie's call stopped that. He got going—fast.

WHEN Doris got word at the airport about the canceled flight, she decided it was as safe a place to wait as any. But she was still nervous, shaking and scared. Every stranger seemed a menace to her. She stood on the balcony overlooking the field, watching the fog, hoping it would lift. And watching the people, hoping there'd be no one she knew—looking for her, hating her.

She saw Tom when he came in. She saw him go to the desk and talk to the attendant. She knew what he'd find out. She had just been there and left her luggage. She knew the attendant would remember her and tell Tom she was waiting around somewhere.

Tom began to stalk her. He still hoped to talk her into believing his story. But she didn't know that. She only knew a crazy killer was after her with a gun.

She dodged and turned and twisted. Up and down the stairs, in and out of the fog.

She'd left the car in the parking lot. Gussie couldn't drive and had taken a cab back. So it was still there. She'd left the keys in it! She hadn't figured to need them again, ever. Now she did. She finally made it in the fog.

The keys were gone. Tom had been there first.

She saw him coming back. She started to run, knowing he was after her. There were no cabs. She tried to flag a passing car. No one would stop. The drivers almost ran her down, cursing her as they passed. She sobbed in panic and exhaustion.

She ran through the gate, right into the oncoming headlights of the police car. Other squad cars were closing in. She fell, exhausted.

She was through. She confessed to O'Hara, all of it. The whole truth. She wanted to be saved from a madman with a gun. She no longer cared what the others might do to her.

O'Hara turned her over to one of his men. He deployed the others about the airport, and blocked every exit.

Tom saw Doris gathered in by the cops. He knew what that meant: she'd talk. Now the hunter was hunted.

He tried to make his way out, but every exit was blocked.

The fog was lifting, and the airport began to bustle. The loud-speaker announced the take-off of the delayed flights. One of them was calling repeatedly for Mrs. Reeves.

Tom could see the cops closing in. There was only one possible way left: across the field and over the fence on the far side.

Planes were coming in. Planes were taking off. His solitary figure wasn't seen by the tower man when he ran out.

A four-engine job cut him down halfway across the field.

O'Hara and his men didn't find much when they got to him. THE END

Mrs. Brewster's One-Man Show *(Continued from page 65)*

very fast to the train. With a man like Brewster, everything is planned out like that, not to the second, but within five minutes. From what I hear, he's got a comfortable job, head bookkeeper with a company that manufactures radio parts. I figure him for nine thousand a year.

HIS WIFE, Lillian, is a little younger, say around thirty-eight. She was one of those devoted wives you hear about, like every man dreams he will marry. She is kind of attractive if you like the skinny type, but the main thing, her whole life was wrapped up in Mr. Brewster. Like on a Saturday night once when the Brewsters were having people over to the house. It was during the cigarette shortage, and I was all out of Camels, which is the brand Brewster smokes, and I suggested she take Chesterfields, Old Golds, Luckies, or Philip Morrises instead. But she was worried he wouldn't like it, and she drove to the other end of town to pick up a carton of Camels. He came first. One of those devoted women—you know, the house, the children, the husband. Wonderful. Maybe we should have more women like that.

Kranz, the butcher, once told me how he suggested sweetbreads to her one morning—she was the type of housewife who didn't shop by the telephone, she had to personally inspect every food she bought—and she said she loved sweetbreads, particularly creamed on toast, but Mr. Brewster couldn't stand them and she guessed she'd get ground chuck for a meat loaf.

She was always vacuuming around the house—her house must have a small fortune in floor wax and furniture polish invested in it. Her children, Charles, age eight, and Susan, age eleven, were always the cleanest, the nicest dressed, like two bandboxes. I mean, she lived for her home and family. She didn't have any time for beauty parlors and red fingernails and permanent waves or going to New York and killing a day shopping on Fifth Avenue and throwing away her husband's hard-earned salary. No, sir. Not that she wasn't nice looking enough without all this junk the women put on themselves nowadays.

Well, the trouble started right after their third child was born. Molly heard she had a hard confinement. I mean, something like that could start to change a woman's whole slant on life. It's like you're walking in the mountains and you come to a quiet lake. It's absolutely without life, but you throw a big rock into the water and all of a sudden fifty fishes that were sleeping start swimming around like crazy. I mean, sometimes a person is put together like a stack of wooden blocks and you knock one out of place and then everything else gets mixed up. I'm a philosopher. I get the facts. I put two and two together. A man in my business, he can't help seeing things. Little things in the beginning.

A few months after she came home from the hospital, Mrs. Brewster was in one morning to buy a roll of Scotch tape. At the moment, I was waiting on Mrs. Madeline Foy. Cigarettes. Mrs. Foy is a very handsome woman, always in these dresses and jackets that look like a man's suit, this very expensive gray striped flannel that is made to order. She always wears a gold watch in the lapel. Mrs. Brewster was watching Mrs. Foy very carefully. Mrs. Foy put a cigarette into her long gold cigarette holder and lit the cigarette from a fancy gold lighter. I guess Mrs. Foy is one of the most famous people living out our way. She is the senior partner of Foy, Goldwater and Kennedy, some big law firm in downtown New York, and from what I hear she is one of the smartest experts on these will cases, probate cases what they call. She's very active in politics, and I hear the Republicans might put her up for Congress next election. She's not bad looking either, considering that she's a good forty-five. Her husband has the Chrysler agency over in White Plains. She catches the 9:22 into New York every morning, what they call the Banker's Special. She bought a chocolate bar to eat on the train. She gave me six cents. I returned her a penny and said chocolate bars are still a nickel.

Mrs. Brewster is watching this transaction as if Mrs. Foy and me are playing a game of chess, and Mrs. Foy is going to capture my queen in two moves.

"Max"—Mrs. Foy laughed—"it looks like the inflationary spiral is setting in." She got a beautiful way of speaking, like an actress, a deep rich voice. She flipped the penny in the air. It made a somersault, and she caught it in one hand. Then she put on her gloves and walked out. Mrs. Brewster sighed. "Inflationary spiral," she said.

"What?" I asked.

She looked like she was dreaming. The look in her eyes a woman might get from seeing Charles Boyer in the pictures.

"It might be wonderful to be somebody," she said.

"You're somebody," I said.

"It must be wonderful to have nerve enough to wear tailored suits," she said. "In all my life, I've never had a tailored suit. Gerald doesn't believe in them."

"It's such a big deal to have a tailored suit?" I asked.

"Do you consider her beautiful?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Mrs. Foy."

"Sure," I said.

"Do you consider *me* beautiful?" she asked.

"Sure," I said. You can't realize how diplomatic you have to be in my business. I'm a born diplomat.

"I'm nobody," she said. She sounded bitter. "I'm nobody and nothing. Nobody ever thinks of me as Mrs. Brewster. I'm the lady with the most serious husband in town, the two best-behaved children in school, and the most unscratched furniture in the state of New York. Nobody ever thinks of me as Lillian Brewster."

"That's your name, ain't it?" I asked.

"It's a hell of a thing to be forty years old and not to have anything of your own to show for it," she said.

I'm not the most old-fashioned man in the world, you understand, but I was very shocked when she said *hell*. I mean, coming from a sweet person like that, it was a big shock.

RIGHT AFTER this, Mrs. Brewster started being one of my best customers with the rental books. Listen, the average person he rents a book for three, four days. Not Mrs. Brewster. She started with a book every two days. Then a book a night. Finally two books a night. I mean it. And mysteries! To me, it's always a sure sign that a person is miserable when they read mystery books all the time. It's a regular drug. She read every kind—Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Eric Ambler, Leslie Ford. She must have been up half the night reading. And her appearance changed. She was thin enough anyway, but she began to look like from consumption. She has a face, it's the color cream cheese, believe me.

Kranz tells me she telephones in the meat order and not until half-past eleven. You don't have to be a detective to figure out she's not waking up until eleven. Pretty soon they got a maid, to take care of the infant and get meals for the other children and Mr. Brewster. For seventeen years they're married, and Mrs. Brewster can manage a house and raise up two children and cook the meals and shop without a maid, and all of a sudden she becomes Mrs. Rockefeller, with a full-time maid!

Mr. Brewster, he's still the same. He still makes the 8:40 in the morning and the 5:14 in the evening, which gets him into our town at 5:56. But he is not the comfortable-looking man he used to be. He don't discuss the latest political news and how the stock market is shaping up. He don't talk at all. Too busy worrying.

Then Coleman, the druggist on the corner, he was having a cup of coffee one afternoon at my counter, and he remarks he didn't know that the radio-parts business was having a recession. I said, what did he mean? And he said Mr. Brewster was in last night to fill a prescription for yellow jackets. And I said, "Andy, I didn't know you were in the clothing business." And he explained that yellow jackets is what they call these Nembutal pills that put you to sleep if you can't sleep. Me, I never heard of such things. I can sleep even after two cups of coffee with supper.

But I said to myself, "Max Jaffe," I said, "them pills are not for Mr. Brewster. When a person starts reading mystery books that way, she's in trouble. Them pills are for her." I told this to Molly, and she agreed that maybe Mrs. Brewster was not looking herself lately. She said she ought to go away to the mountains and come to herself.

THAT WAS the next thing they did, took a vacation. The two of them, without the children, went to Bermuda on a two-week cruise, and knowing how Mr. Brewster hates to waste money, I knew she was really in trouble. She came back with a tan, but she still had that hurt look in her big eyes, and she was still with those mystery books—two a night.

Then Lanahan—who has that modern-equipped liquor store with the fluorescent lighting, which I am thinking of installing, as it cuts down the electric bill—he tells me that the Brewsters have become big liquor customers all of a sudden. From a bottle of whisky once a month and a bottle of sherry once in two months, he's now selling them a bottle of whisky every few days. *This* Mrs. Brewster is shopping for personally. In the afternoon. I put two and two together. It comes out four. She's drinking it and don't want him to know!

One Friday—that's their bridge night, they usually play over at Sam Anderson's house or the Andersons come over to their place—they came into my store after dinner. Brewster bought a pack of

cigarettes, his usual brand. He handed me a dollar. I started forking over the change. Then Mrs. Brewster leaned over the counter.

SHE SAID, in a very low voice but tensed up like, "I want a package of Lucky Strike cigarettes."

"What's that for?" he asked.

"It's for me," she said.

"Since when have you become a cigarette smoker?"

"I asked for a package of—"

"What's the big idea?" he snapped. "You know how I feel about women smoking." His arm rested on the counter. His arm was brushing back and forth, nervous-like, across the glass, as if he was wiping the counter.

"I know," she said.

"I'd say it was practically indecent."

"That's my affair," she said.

"How you look in public is my affair," he said.

"Most women smoke nowadays."

"I don't like it." Back and forth, he was wiping the counter. "Give me the seventy-nine cents' change, Max. I don't think Mrs. Brewster was serious about the cigarettes."

"I want a package of Lucky Strike cigarettes," she said. She opened her pocketbook and fumbled for change. Her fingers were shaking. She put twenty-one cents on the counter. Listen, I'm not supposed to arbitrate family arguments. I'm in the stationery-store business. I flipped a pack of Luckies on the counter. She tore off the wrapping with her fingernail, which, I noticed for the first time, was manicured long and a very strong red. She lit a cigarette.

His lips were moving back and forth, nervous-like, as if he wanted to say something but couldn't bring out the words. I would say his lips almost turned gray, if you know what I mean.

"I—I don't know what's come over you," he said.

"I guess you wouldn't," she said.

"How long have you been smoking?"

"What difference does it make? Do you want to know how many times a month I wash my hair? And how many pairs of nylons I use every year?"

"All right," he said. "All right." He jerked his elbow off the counter so suddenly it accidentally struck and jarred her. She kept her balance. They started walking out of the store. Then, in the doorway, she stopped and said, "I'm going home."

"We have a date with Sam and Doris."

"I'm going home."

"You got a headache?"

"I'm feeling fine, just fine and dandy."

"What's the matter?" he asked her.

"I loathe bridge," she said. "I can't remember the cards that were played. I don't care if we make what we bid. I don't care if I'm doubled and redoubled. I hate the game."

"That's a pretty sudden decision."

"Isn't it, though?" she asked.

"I don't get it, Lil."

"There's nothing to get," she said. "I don't like the game. Period. You want to go, you go. You can play three-handed. Dummy is resigning."

She started walking in the direction of their house. He stood there for a minute. He was holding his gloves in his fingers. Then he slapped the newsstand outside my store very hard and got into his car. I guess the Andersons and Brewster played three-handed bridge that night. Or maybe pinochle, if Mrs. Anderson can play pinochle.

ABOUT a week and a half later, Mrs. Brewster dropped into the store. She was inspecting the mystery books when she happened to notice a set of bottles with paint I am featuring in the toy department, which I installed recently as there has been a great increase of children in the community. I carry a complete line of dolls and stuffed animals, mechanical cars, and all kinds of games.

"What's that?" she asked.

"It's what they call finger paints," I said. "You don't need a brush. Just stick your fingers in and you put on the paint with your fingers. That's why they call them finger paints. It costs two-fifty for a set of twelve jars in assorted colors and a pad of stiff papers to paint on. It's very educational for the children. It brings out their artistic instincts. I have sold quite a few of them."

"I imagine a thing like this could get a house awfully messy," she said.

"No, Mrs. Brewster," I said. "That's the beauty part of it. This stuff is washable. Get it on clothes, walls—it washes right off. It's some new process. Finger paints."

She bought the set. I figured it was for Susan. I was wrong. The next day she came in to return the mysteries, and she showed me a sheet of this heavy paper that comes with the set. On it was a real nice picture of a tree.

"I didn't know Susan had artistic talent," I said.

"That's me," she said. "I did it."

"Congratulations, Mrs. Rembrandt," I said. I like to kid around with my customers. But believe me, this was no joke. She stopped with the mysteries. She stopped being one of Lanahan's best customers for bonded whisky. Now she was a painter. She used up four, five sets of finger paints, and then she decided to try water colors. She also bought a box of pastel crayons. Any time you passed their house, there she was on the porch, all wrapped up in concentration, sketching or drawing or smearing with a brush. When I say all day, I mean all day. She threw herself on this painting like a starving dog would bite a juicy porterhouse steak. I never saw anything like it.

Well, at first Mr. Brewster was pleased. He starts discussing the United Nations again with me in the morning. He gives me his reactions to the trend in Anaconda Copper. He has a smile in the morning. When it comes her birthday, he told me he was going to buy her a fancy easel and oil paints and a dozen canvases, real professional merchandise. He told me it was a great little hobby for her and it took her mind off things and it was a good thing for every person to have a hobby.

That night when we were cleaning up the store, Molly said, "With her, it's not a hobby. She's found something."

"Hobby or not a hobby," I said. "It's good for her. It's good for him. They're both happy."

"He's not going to be so happy when he realizes it's not a hobby. She's found something she's been looking for all her life, something that belongs only to her, not to her husband, not to the children. That's why she was so miserable. She realized she was getting older, and she didn't have nothing of her own to show for her life. What's a lot of shined-up glasses? What's a vacuum bag filled with grit?"

"You're becoming a philosopher, Molly," I said. "But it's hard on poor Brewster. A man is standing on the floor of his living room. All of a sudden somebody in the basement chops up the floor. He collapses. One day she's a sweet wife, then she's a Mrs. Rembrandt."

"Maybe," Molly said, "she was a good sweet wife because she was crazy about the husband, the children, and not because she was in love with polishing up silverware or standing over a stove with four pots filled with food."

"I STILL say it is not fair to do that to Mr. Brewster."

"Maybe Mr. Brewster wasn't so fair to her," Molly said. "How do you and I know what heartaches she kept down in her heart for all those years?"

"It's no use arguing," I said. "Women always stick together."

"Have a cup of coffee, Max," she said, smiling. Then we locked up the store.

COME a year or so later, Mrs. Brewster invited me and Molly to see her latest work. She sort of felt like I had started off her career, selling her the set of finger paints. She had fixed up one of the rooms upstairs like a studio, and every wall was hung with pictures large and small, and two easels, each with an unfinished picture on it. Now a man like me, I don't know much about pictures. But it looked like powerful work. She had pictures of people, people in the neighborhood—I recognized myself in one of them—pictures of trees and flowers, houses and automobiles, the viaduct on Center Avenue with a New York, New Haven and Hartford train passing underneath. I saw right away she had put a lot of work in these pictures. I mean, all the details were worked out, little things, and the colors were beautiful. She had a feeling about our village, too, something I can't put in words. In one of her pictures—a man shoveling snow off a path—all you can see is his back; he's got on a plaid lumberjacket, and you can almost feel his muscles pushing the snow away, and it gives you the feeling of peace in our village. I said to Molly, "I don't know if she's a Cézanne, but she certainly is no amateur. She's got talent."

"It's wonderful," Molly said. I wished one of my children—I got two wonderful kids—had some artistic talent. I wanted my boy, Ira, to be a violin player like Jascha Heifetz. I bought him a fiddle for $150 when he was eight years old, but he didn't want to practice. Basketball, that was his craziness. So now he's a center on the basketball team at Rutgers. A person has to be a philosopher about things like that. I mean, you can give a horse a chocolate-ice-cream soda, but if a piece of hay makes him happier you got to give him the hay, particularly if you like the horse.

"Mrs. Brewster," I said, "you got talent, real talent."

"Oh, sure, she's a genius," Mr. Brewster said.

"I'm so happy that you like them," she said. "I'd like to make you a present of this one." She gave me the picture of myself. It's me sitting on a folding chair outside of my store, and I'm taking a nap in the sun. They tell me someday this picture might be worth real money.

When Molly and Mrs. Brewster got into a discussion, Mr. Brewster took me aside and said, "Well, Max, you think there's anything in all this mess?" He pointed to the paintings.

"I don't know nothing about art," I said. "But to me, it looks like talent."

"For this talent," he said, "she's wrecking our marriage, the kind of life we built up, neglecting the children . . ."

Now wait a minute there, Mr. Brewster, I wanted to say. *What kind of neglect, what kind of wrecking? She's still running the house, even if she's not on call twenty-four hours a day. She still plans the meals even if somebody else cooks them. What did you marry—a cook and bottle washer or a human being? A human being wants to paint, let her paint. My son Ira wanted to play basketball, go to the gym seven nights a week, what am I going to do: tie the fiddle to his neck?* But I'm a philosopher. I didn't say it.

"Wreck is a pretty strong word," I said.

"If this goes on much longer," he said, "I'll go out of my mind. She works in this room morning, noon, and night. She knows the inside of every art gallery in New York. She's got these friends of hers, these artistic friends, and they encourage her. You never saw such a crazy collection as her new friends. Men who don't take haircuts. Women who cut their hair off. Drinking and smoking and talking like stevedores. I'm just quietly going out of my mind, Max, and I haven't been able to say a word to anybody until now."

"What's the difference, Mr. Brewster?" I said. "You love her. She loves you. Maybe now that she's come to herself and found this art work, she can be a more—well, interesting wife to you."

"I've just about had it up to here," he said, chopping at his neck.

"Look," I said, "if she said she didn't love you, it would be something to worry about. She's not talking Reno and custody of the children, is she?"

"She says she loves me," he said.

"I'm a philosopher, Mr. Brewster," I said. "Don't worry about it. If she was running around with gigolo men, it would be another story."

"Sometimes I wish it were that," he said. "I could understand that. But this is so mixed up, crazy. I don't know whether I'm coming or going."

"Try to get used to it," I said. "It's not poison."

"You don't understand," he said. "If this keeps up, everything is ruined."

QUITE a few months afterward, on a Tuesday night, they stopped in for a soda on their way home from the movies, and I heard them having another argument. She wanted him to put up eight hundred dollars to rent a gallery for two weeks for a one-man show of her best pictures. He said it was absolutely ridiculous. Really, they were yelling at each other.

But she must have convinced him. The next morning as he was paying for his paper, he smiled and said, "Ever hear of a guy named Reginald Quimby?"

"Quimby? Quimby?" I said. "No."

"On him depends the future happiness of my marriage," he said sarcastically.

"Who is Quimby?"

"He's the art critic of the *Times*. He's a fat little man who knows more about paintings, past and present, than anybody else alive; that's what Lil says. I promised her a one-man show at the Macready Gallery on condition that if Quimby says her paintings are no good, she give up this ridiculous waste of time and energy, and concentrate on being a wife again."

"Mr. Brewster," I said, "as a philosopher, permit me to say that your definition of a wife is very narrow-minded."

"I'm not worried," he said. "I think Quimby has too much sense to fall for the junk she paints. I think my worries will soon be over."

About five months later, in October it was, they had the exhibition of Mrs. Brewster's paintings. The following Sunday I opened the store myself; Molly sleeps late on Sunday. It was a windy morning, and the wind had scattered a hill of dead red leaves outside the door. I opened the store, got the broom, and swept away the leaves. I percolated myself a cup of coffee. It was about six-thirty, and I started making up the Sunday papers from New York, which consist of several sections that have to be put together. Molly came in at seven-thirty. Around eight, the first customer arrived. It was Mr. Brewster. I could see he hadn't slept all night. His eyes were like two open sores. He didn't have a shave—the first time I ever saw him in public without a shave. He didn't have a tie. Just his overcoat over his pajamas.

He took a *Times*. He put fifteen cents on the counter. I said good morning to him. He didn't hear me. He started unfolding the sections of the paper, and he walked out like he was in a dream. I wonder what kind of write-up Quimby gave his wife, I thought. He was standing outside and he had folded the rest of his paper under his elbow and he was turning the pages of the amusement section looking for the art page. He found it. He started to read.

"Poor guy," I said to Molly. "I hope Quimby gives her a bad write-up."

"It makes no difference what kind of write-up Quimby gives," Molly said. "That isn't going to change things."

"Sure," I said. "She promised to give up painting pictures."

"Can she tear out a piece of her heart?" Molly said. "Can she pull out an eye just to satisfy Mr. Brewster?"

"So," I said, "either way he's licked. If she gets a beautiful write-up, Brewster is miserable. If she gets a bad write-up, she is miserable."

"So you tell me, how can Mr. Brewster be happy if she is unhappy?" Molly demanded.

"All right," I said. "*You* tell *me* how Mrs. Brewster can be happy if *he's* unhappy?"

"Here's a cup of coffee, Max," she said.

I wanted to run right out of the store. I wanted to grab Mr. Brewster by the arm and scream at him, Listen, don't worry, life is what you make of it. Listen, all my life I dreamed my son should be a Jascha Heifetz and now he throws balls into baskets—is this a noble activity for the son of a philosopher? But if it makes Ira happy, if it's what he wants to do, what's the difference? Life is too short to try to chop up people into patterns like material for a dress.

I even started to walk outside. He had his nose buried in the section with the art write-ups. The rest of the paper had slipped out of his arm, and the wind was rolling it up the street with the dry leaves.

He finished reading the write-up. Then he looked in the sky. The sun was just coming out good and strong. Then, like he couldn't believe what he read the first time, he took another look at the page. After that, he folded up the section and stuck it under his arm. He started to turn around and go home, and he saw me standing outside the store. He looked into my eyes. He had a funny expression on his face. I was praying that God would give him human understanding.

Then he gave me a big smile.

I WAS afraid to smile back. I ran into the store, but Molly beat me to it. She was already reading over the write-up in the art section.

"Well," I asked, "does that Mr. Quimby think she's got possibilities as a painter?"

"He says she's wonderful, and the artistic find of the season," Molly said.

"How do you like that?" I asked. We smiled at each other.

"Let's both have a cup of coffee to celebrate," Molly said.

THE END

Men Need a New Line *(Continued from page 39)*

under way, provided she is in the mood for a Doormat, which women often are, especially when they are feeling low and need to have their egos built up.

Don't ever think I'm against the masculine use of a line. If I were Dorothy Dix and a young man asked me, "Is a good line necessary?" I'd answer with a resounding, "Yes! It's part of What Every Young Man Should Know."

And don't think it's displeasing to women, either. Whatever men want to say, there will always be women to listen to them. The only thing is, it would be refreshing if an original approach came along.

I'm afraid this isn't likely to happen very often. There's the male ego to consider, and it's much better developed than the female ego.

Boy meets girl. Boy and girl talk, that being our tribal custom. Sooner or later, boy must say something announcing his intentions, that also being our tribal custom. But not one man in a dozen is satisfied with a straight frontal attack. That might require a retreat, which would be humiliating. So he prefers to feel his way, watching you out of the corner of his eye to see what progress he's making. If you prove unreceptive, his ego is undamaged. After all, he didn't get turned down; he couldn't have, because he never came right out and asked.

Listen to the Supersalesman, who often starts off with an exit line.

HE: I mustn't see you again; you arouse the beast in me.

SHE (provocatively): You silly boy!

HE (somewhat encouraged): No, I mean it. I don't want to offend you, but I'd be bound to, you're so attractive.

SHE (accepting the challenge): Don't you worry about *me*. I can take care of myself.

Now the line has been dangled and the bait has been bitten. We may entrust the rest to natural processes.

As for the Superior Male, I'd prefer to leave the analysis to you. (And you can have him. Actresses are especially allergic to him.) You'll recognize him easily enough. He knows no woman is worth bothering with. But still he sympathizes with you, knowing you're mad for him (no matter what *you* say). And all the while a supercilious smile plays around his lips, expressing his feelings perfectly—and it ought to be perfect; he's been practicing it in front of a mirror since he was seventeen.

I met one the other night at a dinner party, and found myself next to him at the table. He opened his attack with, "I suppose I should be impressed—" Meaning me. Then he went on, "I hate actresses. They're all so conceited."

How's that for a line? I know enough to identify the pattern: In his great insecurity, he is on the defensive and must attack. Actually it's a line in reverse. I doubt if it often pays off, but when it does—oh, oh! The egotist who admits it is the most dangerous man a girl can face.

There's even greater danger in the approach of the Naïve Soul. His line is a dead giveaway because he goes to such lengths to pretend he hasn't got one. His approach is stumbling, awkward, and presumably endearing. He'll upset the coffee table, if he can manage to get his elbow into the right position to make it look accidental. Where the Superior Male wouldn't dream of lighting your cigarette, even if you asked him to, the Naïve Soul forgets to light it, just to emphasize his ingenuousness. And of course, he's never been in love before—not much he hasn't.

I saw Kirk Douglas act that way one night—without much success, I must say. "Kirk," I asked curiously, "where did you learn that naïve act?" "In a play," he confessed. "I got seventy-five dollars a week." There is a nice guy who can laugh at himself.

I think the Naïve Soul is not a bad line, but you have to pick your spots. A shy guy appeals mostly to the maternal instinct, so he has to look for a frustrated mother. It can't be me, with four children to occupy my time.

When you come right down to it, I suppose the Practical Man is the most prevalent, the corniest, and the most successful of them all. His line doesn't fool anybody, and he doesn't want it to. He wants to be just as transparent as possible. He's the flowers-and-flattery boy. He starts off by giving unmistakable evidence that he's in pursuit, and he expects to be rewarded accordingly.

I asked Mercedes McCambridge what was the corniest approach she knew. She answered unhesitatingly, "Let me take you out of all this." That line is the trade-mark of the Practical Man. He can make it fit any circumstances. To the shopgirl or waitress, it means, "Let me provide a home and an income for you." To the successful career girl, who doesn't need his money, it means, "Let me make you into the wife and mother I know you want to be."

The Practical Man says it with flowers or jewelry or mink coats, depending on his pocketbook. His pocketbook doesn't really count for as much as you might think. The girl who has plenty of money gets flowers, and I know—being sentimental, like most women—how the arrival of a couple of dozen roses can seem at the moment just about the most exciting thing that can happen. The girl who doesn't have things will get a diamond bracelet and learn later that every diamond bracelet has to have a catch, whether it's plated or platinum.

You might sum it up this way: The Practical Man, first, last, and always, appeals to your sense of what's most advantageous to you. This isn't enough singlehandedly to control a girl's romantic instinct, but it helps; it helps.

Come to think of it, whatever did I do with that stuffed owl?

Sometimes I wonder if the best line of all might not be the no-line line. The native girls of Bali, according to a book I read, have a system that has gone unchanged for centuries. When a girl is thirteen, she puts up a table in the village square and loads it with sweets and other delicacies. She wears a white flower over her left ear, to show she is ready for matrimony. The young men come and exclaim over her cooking, vie with each other for her attention, turn handsprings and otherwise cavort, just as Tom Sawyer did almost a hundred years ago.

At the end of the day, Little Blossom takes the flower from her left ear and hands it to the young man who has won her fancy.

Yes, but how about that paragon of young Balinese manhood who has been sitting disdainfully under the banana tree all day, never joining in the proceedings? Wouldn't Little Blossom love to step over the exhausted bodies of her suitors and run to the swain under the banana tree?

Maybe she would, and maybe she wouldn't, but you can bet on one thing: She's curious. She's asking herself, "Now what kind of a line is *that*?" And if a line can arouse a girl's curiosity, that's half the battle.

I am sure you know the wonderful line that our Hollywood columnist Sidney Skolsky often uses to end his column. He says, "But don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood!" I hope Mr. Skolsky doesn't mind if I paraphrase his line and wind up this article by saying, "But don't get me wrong—I love men!"

THE END

Don't Fly the Unscheduled Air Lines! *(Continued from page 67)*

were responsible for delaying the flight.

In the first place, thirty-one-year-old William F. Leland, owner of Seattle Air Charter, had been able to nail only one of the crew of three he needed—Captain-pilot George W. Chavers, thirty-three, with six thousand hours, of which half were in multi-engine aircraft. He found a second man, Emmett G. Flood, who arrived planeside at 7:30—an hour and a half late, by the way, in keeping with the undisciplined habits of charter flying.

WHEN Flood saw the condition of the plane, he flatly refused to fly in it, and left the field. Much later in the evening, Leland managed to interest another co-pilot—Kenneth A. Love, thirty-nine, with three thousand hours of unspecified flying time. In the end, Leland himself had to go along as third man. Leland had a commercial pilot's license and a total of 466 officially logged hours up to February, 1945. There was no record of what flying, if any, he had done in the intervening four years. Chavers and Love were both Air Force trained; but each had only a commercial pilot's license. *Not one man in that cockpit had the transport pilot's license or the ratings necessary for captains of scheduled air liners.*

Another major departure from obligatory scheduled-air-line requirements was Seattle Air Charter's lack of regard for weight load. The plane, empty, weighed 17,700 pounds. It had 3,814 pounds of fuel aboard. That left 3,832 pounds for crew, passengers, and baggage before the maximum gross take-off weight (25,346 pounds) allowed the plane under Government regulations would be reached. Neither crew members nor passengers were weighed. If it is assumed they averaged 160 pounds each, their total weight was 4,800 pounds, although heavy winter clothing may well have added a couple of hundred pounds. But 4,800 alone raised the load nearly 1,000 pounds above the permissible maximum. Again, nobody bothered to weigh the baggage: each man's "guess" as to his own was marked on the manifest. The combined "guesses" amounted to 533 pounds, or 17⅔ for each individual. This was obviously absurd for persons crossing and recrossing a continent on a two weeks' vacation. Moreover, the students' luggage was undoubtedly swollen by Christmas gifts they were taking back to school, and therefore scores of pounds over what it had weighed Seattle-bound. But even 533 pounds would have brought the overloading to 1,501 pounds. It is safe to say the true figure was more than 2,000; a full ton of defiance of the laws of aerodynamics.

Overweight in a plane, especially on take-offs, and most especially on take-offs in unfavorable weather, is a supremely delicate and dangerous matter. Yet *still more* overloading, incalculable and insidious, was to handicap this plane's struggle to become airborne.

The most unorthodox factor, closed away from the knowledge of the youths and their farewellers back in the cozy terminal, concerned the frantic work in progress on the plane itself. Number NC-79025 was a Douglas—a Tiffany name in air transports. Manufactured in September, 1943, it was later bought as war surplus from the War Assets Administration. Certificated on September 11, 1946, by the Civil Aeronautics Administration, it had been flown 5,419 hours since leaving the factory. Its last annual Government inspection had been in April, 1948; its last "hundred-hours" inspection by a certificated mechanic had been three days before Christmas. No mechanical or structural trouble had been found in the plane, its Pratt & Whitney engines, Hamilton propellers, or any other parts.

Throughout this January day of abominable weather, NC-79025 had been sitting exposed, without wing covers, on the open field. The first snow, melting, had spread a film of water on all its upper surfaces and controls. When the temperature sagged, this water froze—and the continuing snow began to adhere, until the plane was top-sheeted with frozen slush. At six o'clock—the hour of promised departure, and the very moment the unsuspecting throng in the terminal was being told there would be a delay—Leland and Chavers and a mechanic were striving to rid the plane of its icy armor by the primitive trick of dragging a rope over the wings! Only loose snow was brushed off in this manner; the solid ice underlay was not budged.

Time was pressing critically. Weather conditions worsened, and the airport forecast warned that the expected fog would soon roll in. Leland knew that the students would presently grow restless, their relatives anxious, and a showdown would become unavoidable. Seattle Air Charter could not afford a flop with people like these. So he thought up another de-icing stunt. A high-pressure hose was brought to play upon the wing tops. It was like pouring gasoline on fire. The gush washed off the snow and slush, all right, but it added a new coat of clear and thicker ice to the base. Moreover, the water trickled along the underwing surfaces, causing ice to accumulate there, also. The temperature reached the dew point, twenty-nine degrees, and the result was that frost began to form on the whole exterior of NC-79025, giving it a grotesque resemblance to a huge, sugared Christmas-tree decoration.

IT WAS at this stage that Pilot Emmett G. Flood reported for duty, took one startled look at the plane, and turned on his heel. Flood said that when he reached home at 8:45, he telephoned a CAA safety agent and told him about NC-79025's condition. The agent said the call was not received until 9:50, and that he, in turn, immediately notified his CAA superior. In any case, while the Government men were hashing it over, affairs at Boeing Field were advancing grimly.

After Flood had gone, an alcohol solution was applied to the upper surfaces of the plane; and this treatment, according to the mechanic, was successful. No attack was made on the ice on the undersides, however; *its presence wasn't even noticed.* Pilot Chavers' confidence had apparently grown shaky. He called over another pilot on the field, John Vineyard, to have a look. Vineyard saw patches of ice and frost still fast upon the top of the left wing (*remember* that left wing!) and ice layered on the bottoms of both wings. He advised Chavers that if he attempted to fly the plane that night he'd damn well better have plenty of speed before trying to rise from the runway.

It was almost 9:30, and fog tatters had been eddying across Boeing Field for more than an hour. Leland, having succeeded in hiring Love as co-pilot to replace Flood, ordered the ship to the loading stand. The students climbed in at last, yelps of relief mingling with last good-bys shouted to the parents and friends strung out along the terminal fence to watch the take-off. They smiled and waved to the boyish faces pressed against NC-79025's windows as she taxied away.

But "delay" was not done with. At 9:38 the plane came to a halt near the head of Runway 13. While she idled there, three other transports came out to the same runway and took off without incident. Evidence of confused discussion and uncertainty in the cockpit of NC-79025 was suggested by its radio exchanges, meanwhile, with the control tower.

OVERHEAD, the sky showed "ceiling unlimited." But the ground fog—which would have been avoided if flight had begun at the agreed time—alternately thickened and thinned, and surface visibility ranged in quick shifts from a fourth of a mile to a mile. There are different take-off rules for different types of planes, services, and circumstances. Under the weather combination then existing, the surface visibility required for a nonscheduled carrier is one mile. Yet, at a quarter to ten, the cockpit spokesman *asked the tower what his minimum requirement was*—something he and his two mates should have known as well as they knew the location of their right thumbs. When the tower confirmed the one-mile rule, the pilot naïvely inquired: "If we take off now, we'll be in violation, won't we?" The tower—ground visibility from its vantage station having shrunk again—snapped, "Yes!"

At 10:01 the crew informed control that it could now see the green lights at the far end of Runway 13, approximately one mile distant, and wheeled the plane into position. Three minutes later, the tower granted clearance. NC-79025 began to roll soggily forward. Elsewhere, the two CAA men were in their huddle over Pilot Flood's warning.

For a thousand feet, the plane held its run straight and true. Then, suddenly, the expert eyes of the control tower detected her navigation lights beginning to swerve to the left. The tower personnel instantly alerted the airport fire brigade, many seconds before the watchers from the terminal gates below could have dreamed that something was amiss.

Eight hundred feet farther along, the plane slugged into the air. Her veer had developed into a quarter-turn from the proper runway heading. As her wheels cleared the ground, the left wing dipped, and its tip knifed along the snowy turf for 117 feet, rapidly increasing her change of direction. By some despairing strength, the crew got the overburdened plane leveled off, so that when she floundered back to earth after a brief airborne interval she was in good landing attitude, and might have been fetched to a stop with small harm done *—on the runway.* But her path was already at a full right angle to the runway. Skidding and plowing, churning up a tempest of snow and dirt, she lunged

directly toward the nearest revetment hangar. The time was 10:05. NC-79025 was out of the hands of Man.

THIS IS the mark at which the usual accident story would just begin. Yet the real story here was over exactly one minute before. It was spelled out, detail by detail, in the preparations for the take-off. So it is better to turn away deliberately now from the holocaust on Boeing Field and seek the larger issue, in which it is but one incident among many wanton and unnecessary group killings of trustful people.

The students' chartered fate will serve as a case example and guide in this search. It was not the greatest air disaster in American records. The circumstances that surrounded it, however—Yuletide, high-spirited boys, the presence of families, the classic transition of unbearable drama from heights to depths—made it the saddest. But its lasting distinction will be that it was the first catastrophe really to break wide open to public attention the perilous division in standards between the scheduled and nonscheduled air lines—which has rent American passenger air travel since the end of World War II.

The nonscheduled air lines resulted from the wartime dreams of young pilots in the military air service. Seeing the contrast between "plush job" planes for generals and VIP's, and "bucket jobs" for the lowly, the boys realized that there would be a place for "bucket jobs" in commercial aviation back home. Much cheaper fares would be possible, and would naturally have mass appeal, as coaches do over Pullmans.

The War Assets Administration "saw 'em coming." It spread the red priority carpet for veterans and provided them with gaudy come-on brochures filled with visionary descriptions of aviation's glowing horizons, and with pictures of vets who already were making good with their own aircraft. It did not consult the Government agencies responsible for aviation—the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Civil Aeronautics Administration—as to the practical and honest prospects.

By May of 1947, the WAA had sold 35,000 surplus war planes, the majority to vets. By that same May, 3,600 air ventures, of various sizes and purposes, had mushroomed in a sphere in which no more than thirty regular air lines had ever flown before. The newcomers were operating about 17,000 planes (seven-eighths were single-engine types) and trying to look as contented and prosperous as the nice illustrations in the WAA's sucker literature. Two years later, the WAA washed its hands, and complacently folded—leaving a situation akin to arming all football teams with loaded six-shooters.

Most of the vet buyers of the surplus planes were hot-shot pilots, wonderfully experienced in all kinds of weather, terrain, and navigational problems in the miraculous air-logistics net the United States had spun around the globe. Few had more than a casual notion of the enormous business organization or financial resources employed to keep that net pulsing. Fewer had any sense of simple bookkeeping, customer relations, or the technique of commercial flying. They treated pay passengers like Army free riders, and still flew the hot-shot military way, scaring a lot of customers shoeless. They rented telephone booths in hotel lobbies for offices, or worked from a chair in the terminal waiting room. Tiring even of that ("We're airmen, not auditors"), they gave their "business" side over entirely to ticket or tourist agencies—sometimes very dubious agencies—and got a bad name for unreliable dealings.

SUCH ventures were true postwar phenomena, like barnstorming after World War I. And like that, they began to fade—over a countryside littered with wrecked dreams, crumpled planes, ruined bank accounts, and mangled bodies. But the vast domestic and international services of regular American scheduled air lines had come out of the hardiest residue of World War I barnstormers—and in the same fashion, "irregular" service resulted from World War II. Out of the hopeful 3,600 "companies" that sprang up after World War II, the CAA today lists only 73 active operators with 180 multimotored transports.

(Some of the remainder of those 3,600 ventures entered the third, and most dangerous, field of aviation—"noncarrier operations." These embrace the whole vast crop of miscellaneous civil and commercial airmanship—from skywriting and private hire to pleasure flying—and afford an outlet to nearly 500,000 of the nation's licensed pilots. One of the private hire's most lucrative activities is "charter flying"—usually on a small tack, because at least ninety per cent of the big charter jobs are handled by the reserve planes of the scheduled air lines. Passengers pay much more to charter a scheduled air liner, but they gain the advantages of nation-wide ground organization, the biggest and latest air liners, and experienced crews. Chartees like the college and professional football teams—and Vice President Barkley on his six-week preelection stumping last fall—are driven to it by such factors as insurance, safety, and minimization of delays.

(Many a vet, laundered out of the air-carrier scramble, took his WAA plane into noncarrier activities and set up as a "charter flyer"—a pilot sitting beside his air taxi, waiting for somebody to whistle. The charter man is quite prepared to "take anyone, anywhere, anytime." He knows that a plane makes no money on the ground, so between cross-country taxi jobs he keeps busy with student instruction, transmission-line patroling, sight-seeing hops, crop-dusting, forest-fire fighting, and every odd air chore his locale affords. In its very diversity, the noncarrier field is risky, and it cannot be controlled by CAA regulations or policed by CAA inspectors as thoroughly as the carrier operations are. Its carnage doesn't make the national headlines, because it comes in driblets and its records take longer to compile. But they mount up! From 1946 to 1948, noncarrier flying killed 4,000. In 1948 alone, the latest year for which reasonably complete notes are available, one and a half billion miles were flown; with 9,253 accidents and a death toll of 1,352.)

Now, the regular scheduled air lines (called skeds) receive Government subsidies. The irregular carriers (nonskeds) do not. The Federal regulations for both are the same, in the broad fundamentals—but the book for the skeds is a lot thicker, and the measures for seeing that it is strictly followed are more numerous, frankly because the skeds get that subsidy for carrying the mail. The Government's paramount concern may be for the safety of the American public, but its *opportunity* to guarantee that safety arises, as is often the case, through the force of its monetary backing. In demanding the safety and regularity of the mail, it forces additional safety measures on the scheduled air lines. The skeds must therefore make "flap-stops" at many communities unprofitable for passenger or cargo traffic. Far more important, the Government has compelled the skeds to invest in way-station facilities, in communications, in operational and maintenance personnel and equipment, in constant safety and efficiency research, in new plane development, in national and international passenger-traffic offices. In other words, it compels safety measures in addition to the safeguards afforded by the Government-owned Federal Airways System.

The nonskeds, receiving no subsidy, are not so heavily breathed upon; and

"Something fishy is going on over there."

they are under no compulsions to make large static investments in organization and maintenance, or in any safety measures beyond the minimums required to get their planes certificated. They are left free to concentrate on long hauls, tapping the best traffic centers, and to make use of whatever private or municipal facilities exist on their routes.

That is the background of the Great Partition.

WHATEVER the merits of the low-punching it has caused between the skeds and nonskeds, the fight can be resolved only by Congress, the pertinent Government agencies, or the courts. For the lay citizen whose social and business routine includes air travel, the main concern is his own neck. That is the larger issue, of which the Seattle crash was just an instance.

One fact immediately emerges from this purely aviation background. It was well-illustrated by what happened at Seattle. The flagrant carelessness, the gross missteps, the uncross-checked faults in judgment, and the downright bungling of those pre-take-off hours could not conceivably have occurred with a scheduled carrier, because of its formalized and self-protective regimen.

A second fact emerges—this one from the whole sum of human experience down the ages. "Safety" is a relative thing. Absolute safety can never be hoped for in any undertaking in which men and machines and the laws of physics are combined. The first cave man who discovered that he could get across a river by clinging to a log and paddling with his feet, spelled watery graves for untold millions in subsequent centuries. Likewise the primitive Mesopotamian Edison who invented the wheel five or eight thousand years ago during the Bronze Age, doomed countless millions of later men to violent deaths.

But it is undeniably true that of all means of regular transportation mankind has devised, air travel is still the most inherently dangerous, because its vehicle has to contend with the laws of gravity ("what goes up must come down") in addition to the many dangerous physical laws ("irresistible force meets immovable body") that act upon all ground vehicles. That is why pilots have always referred to altitude as "money in the bank." Except in rarest instances, "air" deaths do not happen in the *air*. They happen on the ground—more than seventy per cent in landings and take-offs alone in 1948. That same year, the *causes* of air-line accidents were nearly forty per cent due to personnel errors; in earlier postwar years, over fifty per cent. No matter *what* the reasons, in 1948 the nonskeds killed one in every 2,100 passengers they carried.

The difference is clearly related to the difference in human and organizational standards—i.e., *pilots* and *maintenance*.

The sked captain-pilots have to hold scheduled air-transport licenses, with horsepower and instrument ratings. They are paid from $6,000 to $15,000 a year. To avoid occupational fatigue, they are prohibited by law from flying more than a thousand hours a year, or more than eighty-five hours in any one month. They have the mental comfort of regular salaries, and fly over the same routes, trip after trip, until they know them as well as their home linoleum. Besides the semi-annual Government-required medical examination, there is a company doctor to check them at least once each month. Also, their flying is regularly checked by a chief pilot, and they are checked, too, for proficiency in any new model or type to which they happen to be assigned.

The nonsked captain-pilot needs only a commercial license, with a minimum of 1,200 logged hours behind him, and an instrument rating. He is seldom on salary—gets whatever he can, on a trip basis, without the benefits of collective bargaining. There is no legal restriction on the number of hours he can fly monthly or annually, nor on the horsepower range of the types he flies—twin to four motors. He does not have the same plodding, easy familiarity with routes, for he may fly one place today, and in a completely different direction tomorrow.

"MAINTENANCE" is much too complex and lengthy to go into here. But airmen regard it as the key to the safest flying you can get in this decade. Let us sum it up by saying that the best maintenance is gained only by immense outlays for planes and equipment, and for organizational, technical, and material resources.

A couple of examples, within the past two years, indicate the grave roles associated with pilot and maintenance responsibility:

In California, a crew assigned to fly an Airline Transport Carrier plane certificated for thirty-two passengers, took the *wrong plane* by mistake—one certificated for only twenty-six passengers, which, besides, was awaiting its required hundred-hour inspection, already seven flying hours overdue. The crew took twenty-nine passengers aboard; three of them had to sit on the luggage, without safety belts, because there were only twenty-six seats. Belts would not have helped. At 5,000 feet there was an explosion, and the left wing and left engine fell off. No survivors.

A NEW England Air Express transport, on a flight from New Jersey to Miami, left the coastline at Atlantic City and was not seen again. The crew made the customary checks on land radio stations as they bore southward, but failed to pick up the Florida shore at the expected time and point. They saw lights, and landed on the beach of one of the Bahama Islands, about a hundred and fifty miles off course. There were no casualties, but the plane was destroyed by the surf. The official report said: "Though there is no factual evidence to support it, a probability exists that the crew was asleep during part of the flight, and the automatic pilot . . . turned the plane leftward"!

You can't personally smell the pilot's breath, inspect the plane and engines, search the cockpit, examine the company's financial statements, or make up your own weather chart for comparison with that of the airport meteorological office every time you travel by air—any more than you can do the equivalent with the *S.S. America* or the Twentieth Century Limited. You can, at least, check with your insurance man and find out whether your life and ordinary accident policies have "riders" against paying benefits unless you stick to scheduled air lines that travel regularly established routes.

Also, those five-thousand-dollar policies sold for a quarter by slot machines at airports are limited to sked passengers. Moreover, the insurance that may be held by the plane operator is *liability* insurance—not intended to protect you or your family, but to protect the operator against the possibility that you, or your survivors, may sue him and be able to prove that your death or dismembering was due to his negligence. Often there isn't enough left of plane or victims to prove anything; sometimes, as in disappearance at sea, no proof is ever found on which a suit might be based.

If your gypsy instinct still tingles, remember Seattle: eleven students and the crew mashed together in what had been the front of the plane, fused into a single, charred, indistinguishable heap; eight students gravely injured; eight others less torn—but all bearing permanent emotional scars.

How many of NC-79025's gay young passengers would have boarded her that night, how many of their relatives and friends would have so cheerfully waved them Godspeed, if they had known as much as you do now about how such flights are piloted and maintenanced?

THE END

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Alp climbers *know the ropes* or else--

1 **"2000 feet of nothing** lay below —and there I hung on a rope no thicker than my thumb," a friend of Canadian Club writes. "Struggling up Switzerland's Berne Oberland peaks, we'd run into sheer cliff. I shouldn't have been scared. Hadn't I taken a hand in testing the rope myself? I *still* ached from *that* workout . . .

2 **"Every man a 'Hercules,'** these Swiss muscle-men strain in a tug-of-war that would snap almost anything short of steel cable. If they didn't break my rope, nothing would. They make just as sure about *all* their gear . . .

3 **"A man's life** may depend on anything in the back-breaking load a guide totes. So before every climb, his rucksack, sleeping bag, lantern, spikes and picks get close scrutiny. A good thing, too—if those spikes had given way I'd never have got off that cliff in one piece.

4 **"'Done like a veteran,'** the guides said back at Meiringen. I was glad just to be back . . . and find my favorite whisky—Canadian Club!

5 **"It takes a human fly** to walk up an Alpine cliff, but it's almost a cinch you'll find Canadian Club down below. I find it everywhere I travel."

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